Hymns of the Morning

1873.

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Advent Christian; — footnote, p. 4.
[Advent Harmony, p. 430.]

HYMNS

OF THE

MORNING.

Designed for the use of

GOD'S PEOPLE.

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JUN 10 1921
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

COMPILED BY
CHARLES C. BARKER,
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

"The night shades have begun their flight,
The mists are passing into light,
The morning star is on the height—
Jubilate!"

CONCORD, N. H.:
CHARLES W. SARGENT, PRINTER.
OFFICE OF REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.
1873.

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PREFACE.

Among the many natural endowments of mankind, none appear more conspicuous or delightful than the capacity for song. Vocal utterance was bestowed upon us by the "Giver of every good and perfect gift," without doubt, that we might praise and adore him, and that we might make each other glad. The correctness of this view is established in our thoughts at once, as we remember how, — when the Mosaic ritual and service was ordained, — a certain portion of the children of Israel were set apart for this express purpose; and how, also, in this "dispensation of the fullness of times," the great Apostle exhorts the people of God to "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

The church of the living God has ever been inspired to sing; but never before has she had such inspiration to break forth in joyful lays of praise and thanksgiving as now. *For now* "The night is far spent; the day is at hand." They who have heeded the "light" which was ordained to "shine in a dark place until the Day-dawn," know that the dreary night-shadows — brought upon this earth by humanity's sin, and the chaos conjured by man's selfishness — are soon to give place to the beauteous glory of a never-ending day, and the ceaseless harmonies of an immortal regeneration, quickened by God's Spirit of everlasting grace and perfect love.

The "morning watch" is here — "*Blessed is he that watcheth and keepeth his garments.*" We hail the dawning.

Thus believing, I felt moved to prepare a Hymn Book suited to the use of the waiting Church, now standing on the verge of redemption. My plan was, first, to select all the old favorite Hymns, as far as known, which had become standards among us; and these will be found in our book, — unset to music, however, inasmuch as the old tunes must be quite familiar to all; hence I considered it unnecessary to print them, as this would make the book far more costly. Second, I designed to embody with the choice old Hymns the new and fresh Advent Poetry which has for its inspiration the Prophetical fulfillments, light, and experience of these later years; and I feel much pleasure in presenting in these pages a large number of beautiful Hymns written by Horatius Bonar of Scotland, than which finer poetry has never been written. Quite a number will be found from the pen of our Brother D. T. Taylor (delightful poetry), as well as several from our be-

loved and venerable Bro. S S Brewer, (whose whole heart longingly waits to see the King in his beauty,) and others whom I cannot stay to mention here. Suffice it to say, that in the Index of first lines, the authorship of each Hymn, as far as known, has been credited.

Third, I desired to introduce among us a fresh and inspiring selection of music, which should more fully develop our song service. We give you some seventy-five pages of choice and valuable music, among which are two or three of the oldest tunes, published by request. A number of the pieces I have published by *purchasing* permission of the copyright owners at heavy prices. Other publishers have, however, freely granted me permission to use their property when asked; and my grateful thanks are hereby tendered to Messrs. L. Marshall and L. O. Grover, of Boston, Philip Phillips & Co., and Biglow & Main of New York, and Gould & Fischer of Philadelphia. The thanks of all are due to Amanda Bailey, Geo. E. Lee, and Samuel C. Hancock, for their valuable contributions.

The beauty of many of these selections depends upon their being sung in harmony. Learn, then, to sing them with all the parts. My object has been to get out a little work intrinsic in value, well printed and bound, and convenient for the pocket, which might be furnished at a moderate price.

I now present this little volume to my brethren, believing that we have not a long time in which to sing our "Hymns of the Morning" ere the Day, with all its glorious effulgence and gladdening beams shall burst upon us, when we shall, if found faithful, with all the intuition of a redeemed nature, take our several parts in the Grand Anthem which shall waken more responsive echoes than even the Angels' Song heard on Judea's plain, — echoes which shall stir and thrill a *new Creation*, from which sin has been forever banished; a new earth, inhabited by GOD'S PEOPLE, — *holy, happy, immortal.* To be there to sing those songs, — through Christ, the Lord, — is precious grace. Amen.

With love, your Brother,

CHAS. C. BARKER.

WEST MERIDEN, CONN., Jan. 28th, 1872.

NOTE.—The name of a tune printed in *italic* indicates that the music may be found in the JUBILEE HARP.

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HYMNS OF THE MORNING.

God.

1. ***Olive's Brow.*** L. M.

EXISTENCE.

1 There is a God—all nature speaks,
Thro' earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See! from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God,
And bow before him, and adore.

---

2. ***Peterboro.*** C. M.

PERFECTIONS.

1 I sing th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

5 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

6 Creatures that borrow life from thee
Are subject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

3. ***Rockingham.*** L. M.

GLORY.

1 Come, O my soul! in sacred lays
Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Almighty power with wisdom shines;
His works, thro' all this wondrous frame,
Declare the glory of his name.

4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul, his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds shall join the song.

---

4. ***Dundee.*** C. M.

ETERNITY.

1 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

4 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

5. Mornington. Page 77. S. M.

1 Ah! how shall fallen man
Be just before his God?
If he contend in righteousness,
We fall beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict, inquiring eyes,
Could we, for one of thousand faults,
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None — none can meet him and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

6. *Windham.* L. M.

1 Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man, whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart —
But we're defiled in every part.

3 Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
No outward rites can make me clean, —
The leprosy lies deep within.

4 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

5 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone:
Thy blood can make me white as snow,
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7. *China.* C. M.

1 Death's not the "Gate of paradise,"
Nor "opening key" to heaven;
Nor a bright "angel from the skies,"
Or boon in mercy given.

2 Death, to the saint, is not the hour
When Christ his Lord hath come,
In all the glory of his power,
To waft him to his home.

3 Nature will mourn departing friends,
And shake at death's alarms;
'Tis not "the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

4 No! 'tis a dark and cruel foe,
Which has invaded earth;
And to distress, and fear, and woe
Intense hath given birth.

5 'Tis Satan's ally, sent abroad
To execute his will;
Permitted by a righteous God,
His purpose to fulfill.

6 But Death, and he who hath its power,
Shall be at last destroyed,
And saints no more, O joyful hour!
Will be by them annoyed.

8. *Duke Street.* L. M.

1 Blest is the man that walketh not
In counsel of the wicked race,
Who standeth not in sinners' path,
Nor sitteth in the scorners' place.

2 But in Jehovah's perfect law,
He ever findeth his delight;
And on that holy law of His
He meditates both day and night.

3 Like tree set by the water-brooks,
His leaf, a leaf that cannot fall;
In season due its fruit it yields,
And all he doeth prosper shall.

4 Not so the wicked: they shall be
As chaff before the wind that flies;
And, therefore, in the judgment-day,
Shall not these wicked ones arise.

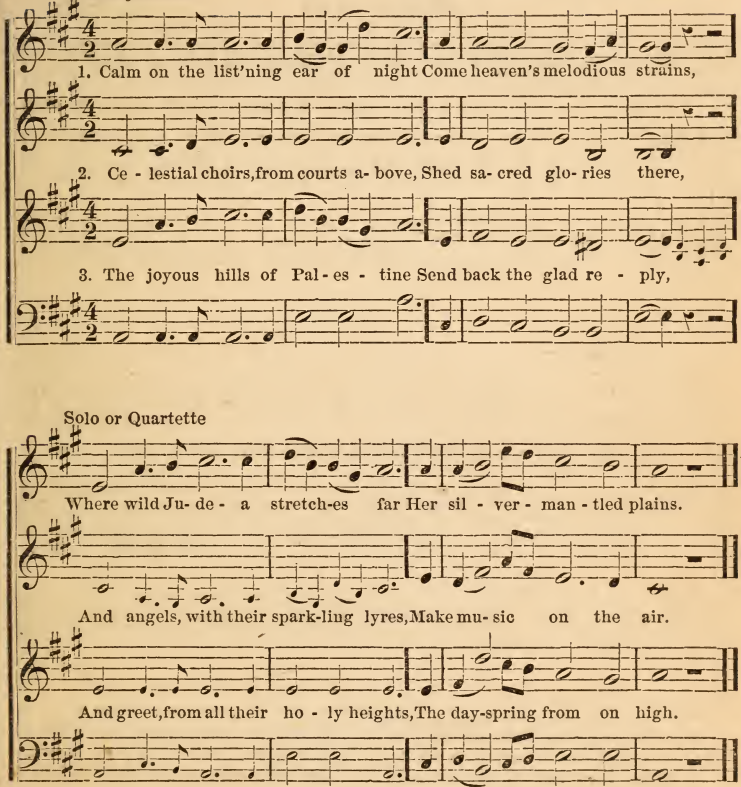
5 Not in the assembly of the just
Shall the unrighteous stand at all;
For just men's way Jehovah knows;
The way of sinners perish shall.

9. *Hebron.* L. M.

1 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

2 My days are shorter than a span;
A little point my life appears;
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears.

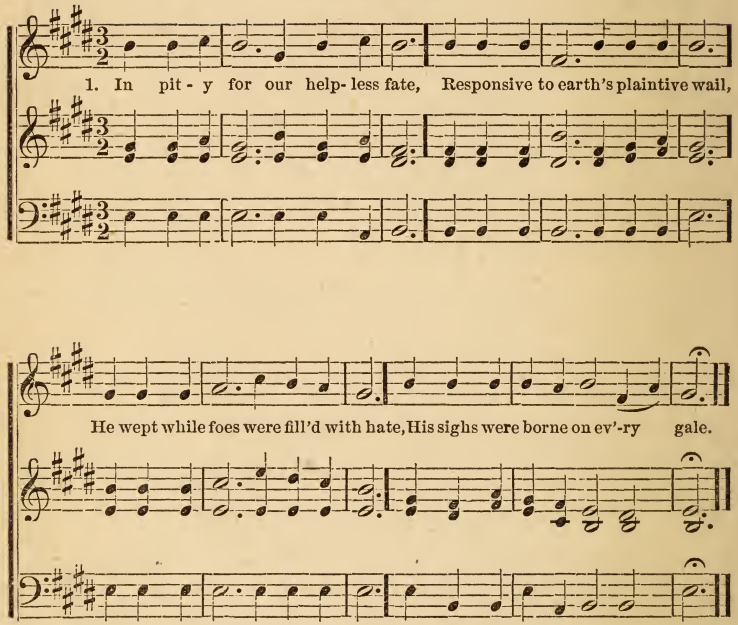
10. *Adagio molto.* **GOULD. C. M.** J. E. GOULD. By permission.


1. Calm on the list'ning ear of night Come heaven's melodious strains,
2. Ce - lestial choirs, from courts a- bove, Shed sa- cred glo- ries there,
3. The joyous hills of Pal - es - tine Send back the glad re - ply,
Solo or Quartette
Where wild Ju- de - a stretch-es far Her sil - ver - man - tled plains.
And angels, with their spark-ling lyres, Make mu- sic on the air.
And greet, from all their ho - ly heights, The day-spring from on high.

4 O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm,
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

5 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring —
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,"
From heaven's eternal King.

11. REFUGE. L. M. G. E. Lee.


1. In pit - y for our help- less fate, Responsive to earth's plaintive wail,
He wept while foes were fill'd with hate, His sighs were borne on ev'-ry gale.

2 Those sighs shall wrap the world around,
And all the air shall feel their balm,—
Till storm and curse no more are found,
And heaven breathes down a holy calm.

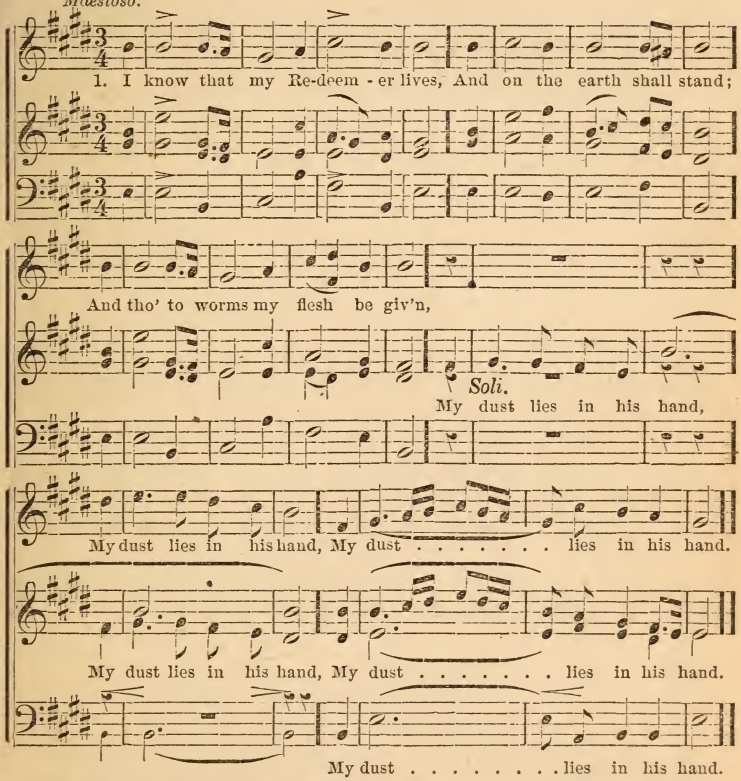
3 O precious, spotless Son of God,
Who only breathed out love for man;
Whose feet did consecrate earth's sod,
Whose sighs did bless redemption's plan:

4 Who wept that we may weep no more,
Who sighed, that all our sighs might end,
Who died, and death's long reign was o'er,
Who lives—the sinner's lasting friend!

5 And shall *my* crimes find pardon there?
And will *my* sins forgiveness meet?
And shall *I* see that face so fair,—
O Bridegroom—King! so kind, so sweet?

12. **MESSIAH. C. M.**

Theme by G. F. HANDEL. Arr. by L. MARSHALL. By permission.

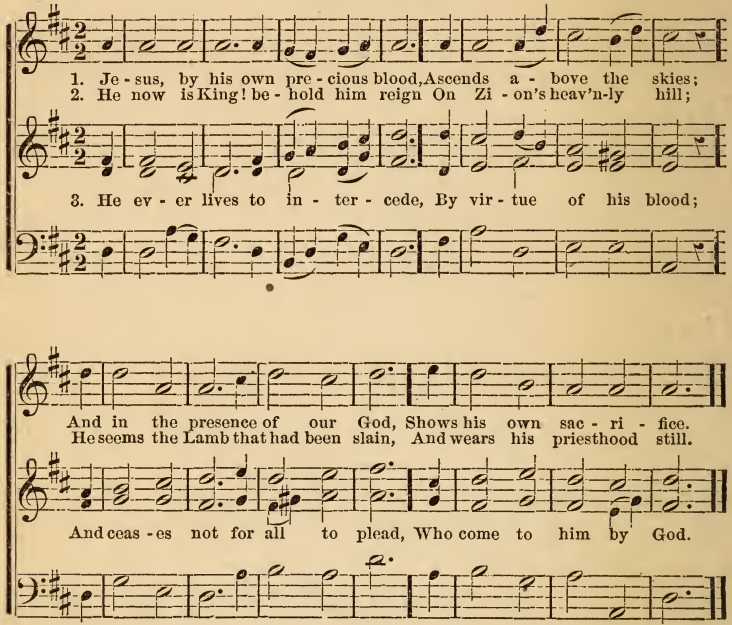
Maestoso.

1. I know that my Re-deem - er lives, And on the earth shall stand;
And tho' to worms my flesh be giv'n,
Soli.
My dust lies in his hand,
My dust lies in his hand, My dust . . . . . lies in his hand.
My dust lies in his hand, My dust . . . . . lies in his hand.
My dust . . . . . lies in his hand.

2 I find him lifting up my head,
He brings salvation near;
His presence makes me free indeed,
And He will soon appear.

3 He wills that I should holy be!
Who can withstand his will?
The counsel of his grace in me
He surely shall fulfil.

4 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

13. **BETHEL. C. M.** L. O. GROVER.


1. Je - sus, by his own pre - cious blood, Ascends a - bove the skies;
2. He now is King! be - hold him reign On Zi - on's heav'n-ly hill;
3. He ev - er lives to in - ter - cede, By vir - tue of his blood;
And in the presence of our God, Shows his own sac - ri - fice.
He seems the Lamb that had been slain, And wears his priesthood still.
And ceas - es not for all to plead, Who come to him by God.

14. **Christmas.** C. M. p. 29.

CHRIST THE WAY, TRUTH AND LIFE.

1 Thou art the Way — to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conqu'ring arm:
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

15. ***Zerah.*** C. M.

1 To us a child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given:
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heaven.

2 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
Forever more adored;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.

3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne of love,
And peace abound below,
Justice shall guard his throne of love,
And peace abound below.

4 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

---

16. ***Marlow.*** C. M.

1 Come, happy souls! approach your God
With new, melodious songs;
Come, render to almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 So strange, so boundless was the love,
That pitied dying men,
The Father sent his only Son
To give them life again.

3 Thy hands, dear Jesus, were not armed
With a revenging rod;
No hard commission to perform —
The vengeance of a God:

4 But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When Christ on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.

5 Here, sinners, come and heal your wounds,
Come, wipe your sorrows dry;
Come, trust the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

17. ***Rockingham.*** L. M.

MESSIAH'S MISSION.

1 Not to condemn the sons of men,
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;
No weapons in his hands are seen,
No flaming sword, nor thunder there.

2 Such was the pity of our God,
He loved the race of man so well,
He sent his Son to bear our load
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's word;
Trust in his mighty name, and live;
A thousand joys his lips afford,
His hands a thousand blessings give.

---

18. ***Vernon.*** S. M.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

---

19. ***Olive's Brow.*** L. M.

GETHSEMANE.

1 'Tis midnight — and on Olive's brow,
The star is dimmed that lately shone;
'Tis midnight — in the garden now,
The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight — and from all removed,
Immanuel wrestles lone, with fears;
E'en the disciple that he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight — and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt,
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight — and from ether plains,
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

20. ***Lee.*** L. M.

DEATH AND RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

1 He dies! — the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

2 Ye saints, approach! — the anguish view
Of him who groaned beneath your load;
He gave his precious life for you,
For you he shed his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree!
The Lord of glory died for men! —
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, reviv'd again!

4 The Son of God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies!

---

21. **Watch.** p. 92. 7s.

RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

1 Angels! roll the rock away!
Death! yield up thy mighty prey!
See! — he rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom.

2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise
Your triumphant shouts of praise!
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.

3 Lift, ye saints — lift up your eyes!
Now to glory see him rise!
Hosts of angels on the road
Hail and sing th' incarnate Word.

---

22. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 The Christ, the Son of God, hath died!
In life, in death, our surety He;
Within the tomb of rock He lay,
And with Him in that grave were we.

2 The Christ, the Son of God, now lives!
Death could not hold Him in its power;
He rose on the appointed morn,
And we were with him in that hour.

3 Our life is hid with Christ in God;
When He who is our life descends,
That hidden life shall be unveiled,
In beauty that all thought transcends.

4 And we shall see Him as He is,
And we shall know as we are known;
His bride, His love, His undefiled,—
The sharers of His endless throne.

5 The day when He, the Son of God,
Once more upon this earth appears,
Shall be the last of time's dark course,
The first of the eternal years.

6 The day when He, the living One,
In glory and in light shall come,
From out the grave shall burst a song,
And death-sealed lips no more be dumb.

---

23. ***Hendon.*** 7s.

1 Morning breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies, —
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

---

24. ***Arnheim.*** L. M.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay: —
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene:
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord who all our foes o'ercame;
Who sin, and death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay: —
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!"

6 Who is the King of glory — who?
The Lord, of boundless power possessed;
The King of saints and angels, too,
God over all, forever blessed.

25. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

CHRIST OUR ADVOCATE.

1 He lives — the great Redeemer lives! —
What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now, before his Father, God,
He pleads the merit of his blood.

2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice armed with frowns appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles — and all is peace!

3 Hence, then, ye black, despairing tho'ts —
Above our fears — above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes — and terror dies.

4 In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart —
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On thee our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For thou dost plead, and must prevail.

---

26. ***Fountain.*** C. M.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a sweeter, nobler song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransomed from the grave.

---

27. ***Uxbridge.*** L. M.

SALVATION ONLY IN JESUS.

1 Jesus, no other name but thine,
Is given by everlasting love,
To lead our souls to joys divine;
No other name will God approve.

2 Here let my constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly way depart!
Let thy good Spirit be my guide,
Direct my steps — and rule my heart.

3 In thee, my great almighty Friend,
My safety dwells — and peace divine;
On thee alone my hopes depend,
For life, eternal life is thine.

---

28. **Gould.** p. 9. C. M.

1 Life but in Christ, O, joyful theme!
The righteous never die;
Theirs is a sleep — the wicked dead
Shall all forgotten lie.

2 Our loved ones fall asleep in Christ;
And O, we miss them sore —
The loving glance, the smiling face
Will meet us here no more.

3 But O, bright hope! our Lord shall come,
And bid the sleeping dust
To Everlasting Life awake,
In mansions of the just.

4 *Then* may we sing that joyful strain,
O, death where is thy sting?
O, gloomy grave, thy victory where?
Our Christ is Lord and King.

---

29. ***Missionary Chant.*** L. M.

1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.

4 Behold! on flying clouds he comes,
And every eye shall see him more;
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day;
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariot long delay.

30. ***Sabbath Morn.*** 7s.

MARANATHA.

1 Hark! a mighty swelling sound
Filleth all the air around;
Voices shrill, and lifted high,
Waft it upward to the sky!
Higher yet the strains ascend,
And with Angel's anthems blend;
Heaven and earth repeat the strain:
"Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"

2 Sun, in solemn darkness veiled,
Moon, whose midnight glory paled,
Stars, in myriads falling fast,
As the leaves 'mid Autumn's blast, —
Roarings of the storm-waked sea,
Kingdoms in perplexity, —
All take up the rushing strain:
"Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"

3 Deep with sin the world is stained;
Long the tyrant Death has reigned;
Long the earth has groaned aloud;
Long the church in sorrow bowed;
Soon the absent Lord will come
And reveal the Eden home;
All creation wakes the strain:
"Jesus comes, and comes to reign!"

4 Haste the day, and speed the hour,
When with awful pomp and power,
And with trumpets' rolling sound,
Christ shall come, in glory crowned!
Then shall Paradise appear,
Then shall beauty bless and cheer;
Voices ring o'er earth and main:
Jesus now has come to reign.

---

31. ***Is He Coming?***

1 Hark! down through the starry portals,
And over the distant main;
Glad tidings are ringing and rolling,
"The Bridegroom is coming again!"

2 There's a stir on the ramparts of Zion,
There is boding in all the land,
There is wailing among the nations, —
Bespeaking His advent at hand.

3 Through Europa's fifty old Kingdoms,
And where Afric's hot sands burn,
'Mid the realms of the high and the lowly,
Men wait for His blest return.

4 Where the rich bend over their coffers,
Where the poor go sad to their task,
Where humanity crushed, lies bleeding, —
Is He coming? men, yearning, ask.

5 Not long will the Dark One triumph,
Not long will the martyrs sigh;
Till the Lord, on some glorious morning,
Rides down through the op'ning sky.

6 Not long will His chariot linger,
Not long will the weepers wait,
Ere, welcomed home to His Kingdom,
They will pass through the golden gate!

---

32. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 The Saviour comes, his advent's nigh,
He soon will rend the azure sky;
Descending swift to earth again,
When God shall dwell indeed with men.

2 O, happy day, when wars shall cease,
And ransomed earth be filled with peace:
When sin and death no more shall reign,
And Eden bloom on earth again.

3 Saints, lift your heads; that day is near,
When your Redeemer shall appear,
To take the kingdom and the crown,
And make his ransomed bride his own.

4 Shall not his people sing for joy?
Shall not the Church their songs employ?
Sing, ye who will; sing while ye may,
And shout for joy th' approaching day.

---

33. ***Exhortation.*** L. M.

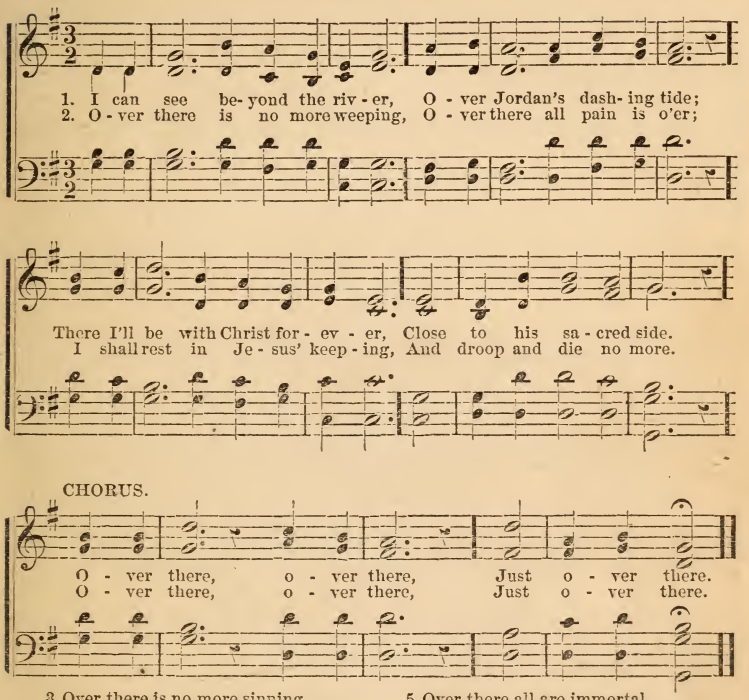
1 The Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

2 The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came;
A silent Lamb to slaughter led,
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

3 The Lord will come, a dreadful form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

4 Can this be he who wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

5 While sinners in despair shall call,
"Rocks, hide us! Mountains, on us fall!"
The saints, ascending from the tomb,
Shall joyful sing, "The Lord is come!"

34. **OVER THERE.** G. E. Lee.

1. I can see be-yond the riv-er, O-ver Jordan's dash-ing tide;
2. O-ver there is no more weeping, O-ver there all pain is o'er;
There I'll be with Christ for-ev-er, Close to his sa-cred side.
I shall rest in Je-sus' keep-ing, And droop and die no more.
CHORUS.
O-ver there, o-ver there, Just o-ver there.
O-ver there, o-ver there, Just o-ver there.

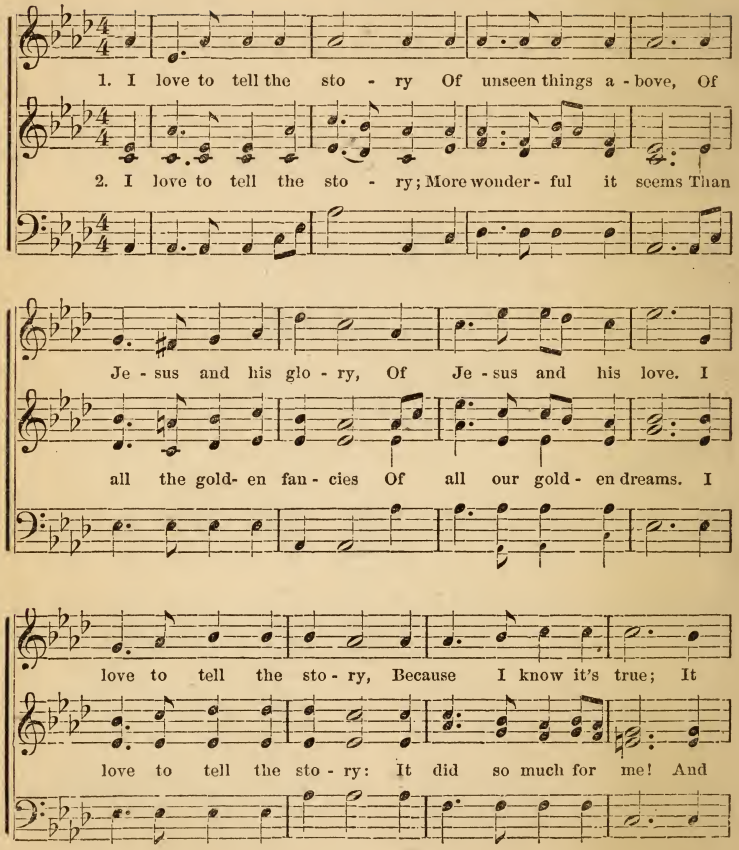
3 Over there is no more sinning,
Over there are sunny skies;
Crowns of fadeless beauty winning,
And flowers of Paradise.
Over there, over there,
Just over there.

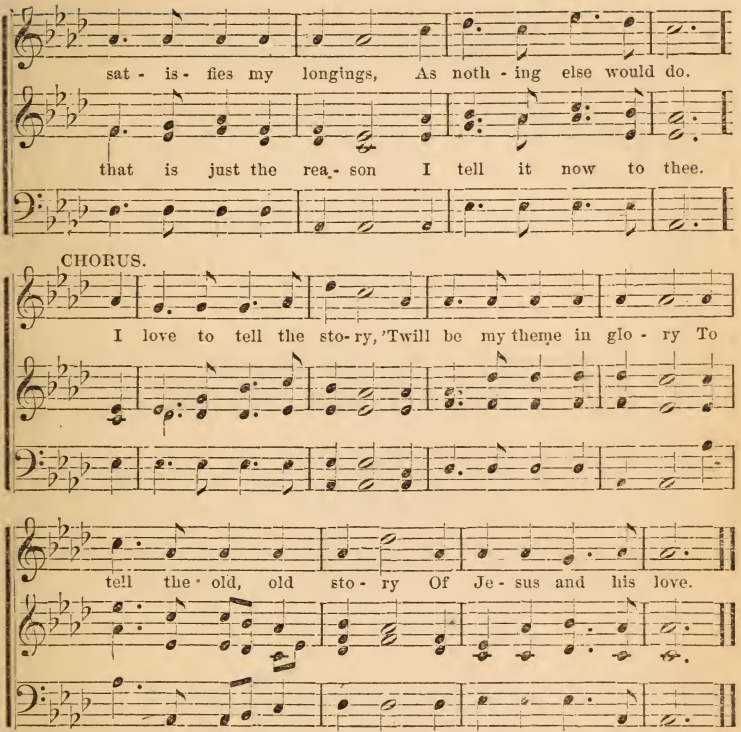
4 Over there I'll find my treasure,
Jewels lost, long, long ago,
Love and bliss in fullest measure,
There my sad heart shall know.
Over there, over there,
Just over there.

5 Over there all are immortal,
Over there is no more night,
And the City's pearly portal,
Is now almost in sight.
Over there, over there,
Just over there.

6 Will you go, dear sinner, with me
Where the Lamb will ever reign,
Where the lov'd of earth will greet thee,
And never part again.
Over there, over there,
Just over there.

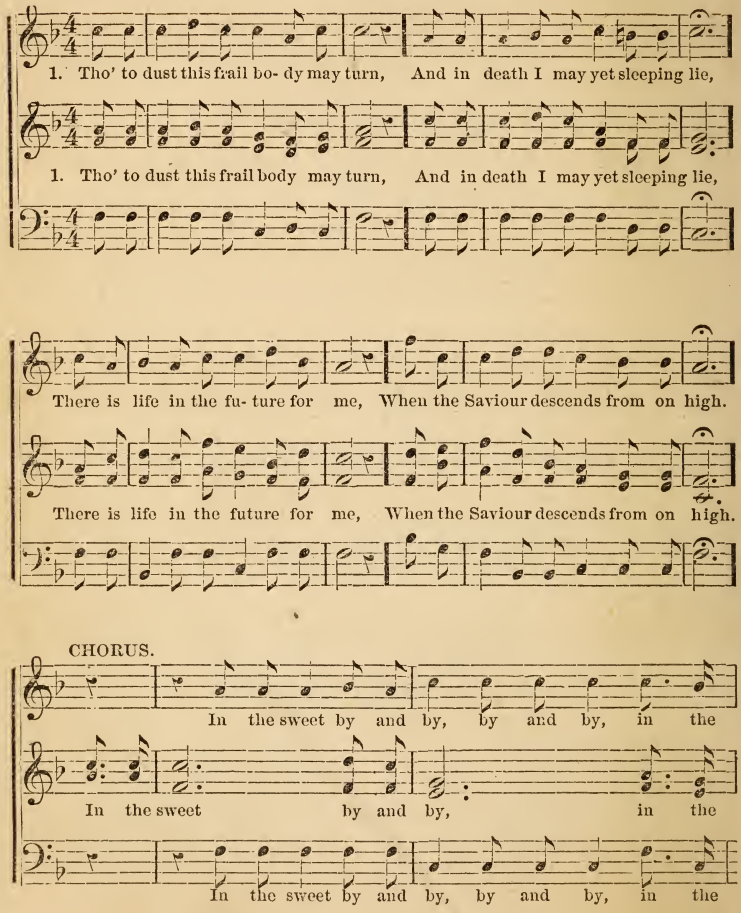
35. **I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.**

Music by W. G. Fischer. By permission.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonder - ful it seems Than
Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I
all the gold- en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I
love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true; It
love to tell the sto - ry: It did so much for me! And

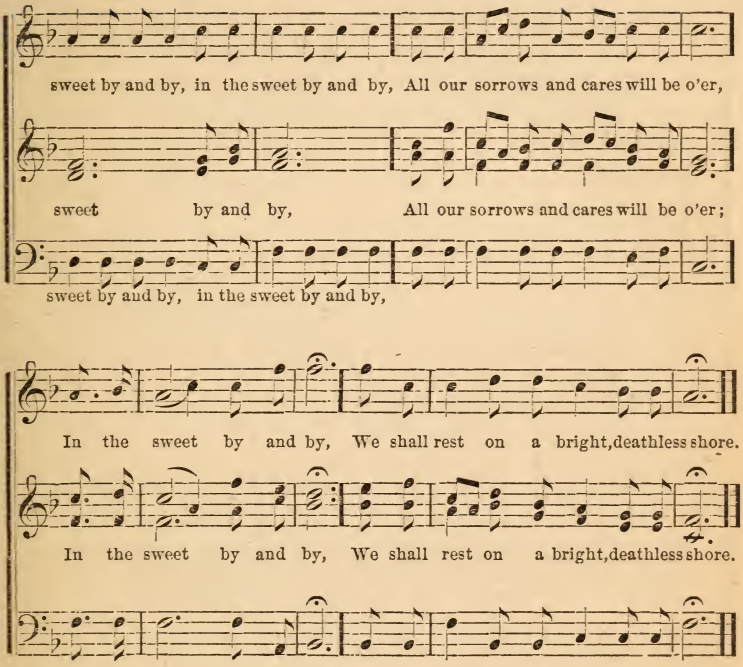
"I love to tell the Story." Concluded.

sat - is - fies my longings, As noth - ing else would do.
that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To
tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

3 I love to tell the story;
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderful and sweet.
I love to tell the story;
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—CHO.

4 I love to tell the story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long!—CHO.

33. **LIFE IN THE FUTURE.** GEO. E. LEE.

1. Tho' to dust this frail bo- dy may turn, And in death I may yet sleeping lie,
1. Tho' to dust this frail body may turn, And in death I may yet sleeping lie,
There is life in the fu- ture for me, When the Saviour descends from on high.
There is life in the future for me, When the Saviour descends from on high.
CHORUS.
In the sweet by and by, by and by, in the
In the sweet by and by, in the
In the sweet by and by, by and by, in the

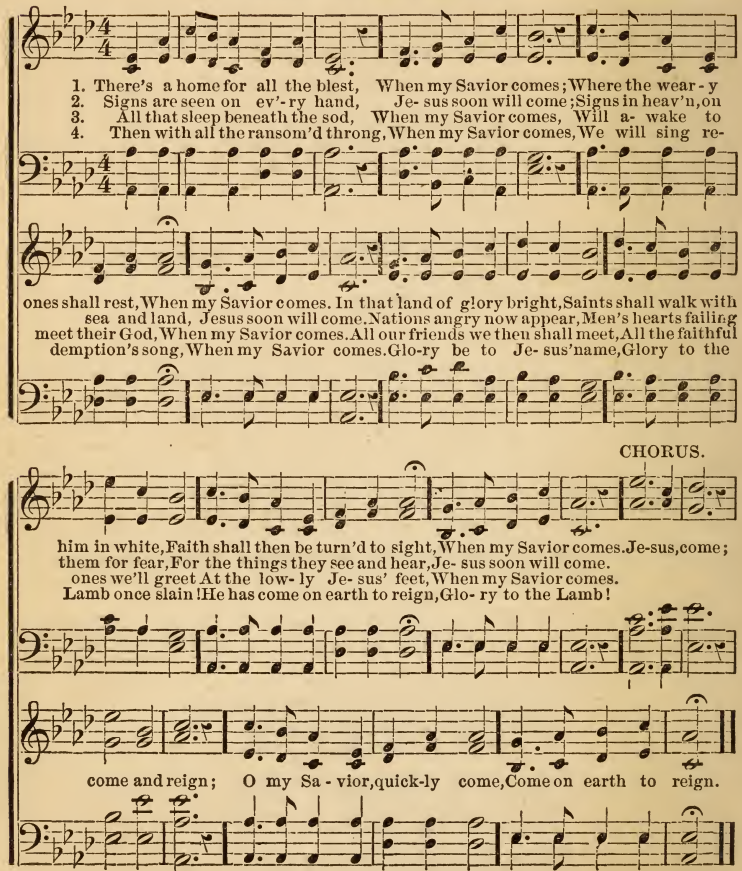
"Life in the Future." Concluded.


sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by, All our sorrows and cares will be o'er,
sweet by and by, All our sorrows and cares will be o'er;
sweet by and by, in the sweet by and by,
In the sweet by and by, We shall rest on a bright, deathless shore.
In the sweet by and by, We shall rest on a bright, deathless shore.

2 Though through sickness and want I may pass,
And though lonely my earthly lot be,
There is health and rich treasures untold,
To possess in the future for me. — CHO.

3 There are songs that no mortal has heard,
There are sights that no mortal can see;
There are pleasures and friends that are true,
And a home that's eternal for me. — CHO.

4 Pilgrim, cheer thee, and trusting go on,
For not long shall thy pilgrimage be;
There is rest, there is life, there is peace,
And a home in the kingdom for thee. — CHO.

37. **A HOME FOR THE WEARY.** G. E. Lee.

1. There's a home for all the blest, When my Savior comes; Where the wear - y
2. Signs are seen on ev'-ry hand, Je- sus soon will come; Signs in heav'n, on
3. All that sleep beneath the sod, When my Savior comes, Will a- wake to
4. Then with all the ransom'd throng, When my Savior comes, We will sing re-
ones shall rest, When my Savior comes. In that land of glory bright, Saints shall walk with
sea and land, Jesus soon will come. Nations angry now appear, Men's hearts failing
meet their God, When my Savior comes. All our friends we then shall meet, All the faithful
demption's song, When my Savior comes. Glo-ry be to Je- sus' name, Glory to the
CHORUS.
him in white, Faith shall then be turn'd to sight, When my Savior comes. Je-sus, come;
them for fear, For the things they see and hear, Je- sus soon will come.
ones we'll greet At the low- ly Je- sus' feet, When my Savior comes.
Lamb once slain! He has come on earth to reign, Glo- ry to the Lamb!
come and reign; O my Sa - vior, quick-ly come, Come on earth to reign.

38. ***Dennis.*** S. M.

1 Not what these hands have done
Can save this guilty soul;
Not what this toiling flesh has borne
Can make my spirit whole.

2 Thy work alone, O Christ,
Can ease this weight of sin;
Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God,
Can give me peace within.

3 I bless the Christ of God;
I rest on love divine;
And with unfaltering lips and heart,
I call this Saviour mine.

4 His cross dispels each doubt;
I bury in his tomb
Each thought of unbelief and fear,
Each lingering shade of gloom.

5 My life with him is hid,
My death has passed away,
My clouds have melted into light,
My midnight into day.

---

39. ***Boylston.*** S. M.

1 I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood,
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God.

2 'Tis everlasting peace!
Sure as Jehovah's name,
'Tis stable as his steadfast throne,
For evermore the same.

3 That which can shake the cross,
May shake the peace it gave,
Which tells me Christ has never died,
Or never left the grave!

4 Till then my peace is sure,
It will not, cannot yield,
Jesus, I know, has died, and lives—
On this firm rock I build.

5 And yonder is my peace,
The grave of all my woes!
I know the Son of God has come,
I know he died and rose.

6 I know he liveth now,
At God's right hand above,
I know the throne on which he sits,
I know his truth and love.

40 ***Ward.*** L. M.

1 God is the refuge of his saints
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And wat'ring our divine abode.

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

---

41 ***Anvern.*** L. M.

1 Blest are the humble souls who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart;
The blood of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.

3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness:
They shall be well supplied, and fed
With living streams, and living bread.

---

42 ***Lee.*** L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives,
He lives and on the earth shall stand;
And though to worms my flesh he gives,
My dust lies numbered in his hand.

2 In this reanimated clay
I surely shall behold him near;
Shall see him in the latter day
In all his majesty appear.

3 I feel what then shall raise me up;
Th' eternal Spirit dwells in me;
This is my confidence and hope,
That God I face to face shall see.

4 Mine own and not another's eyes,
The King shall in his beauty view;
I shall from him receive the prize,
The starry crown to victors due.

43. ***Peaceful Rest.*** C. M.

1 As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

2 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend;
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heavens and earth shall rend.

3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.

4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

44. ***Resurrection.*** C. M. Double.

1 My faith shall triumph o'er the grave,
And trample on the tombs;
My Jesus, my Redeemer lives,
My God, my Saviour comes;
Ere long, I know he shall appear,
In power and glory great,
And death, the last of all his foes,
Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment day.
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see,
My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye,
And pains and groans and griefs and fears
Shall cease eternally.
How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
O hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day!

45. ***Hinton.*** 11s.

1 The night is far spent, and the day is at hand:
Already the dawn may be seen in the sky;
Rejoice then, ye saints, 'tis your Lord's own command;
Rejoice, for the coming of Jesus draws nigh.

2 What a day will that be when the Saviour appears!
How welcome to those who have shared in his cross!
A crown incorruptible then will be theirs,
A rich compensation for suffring and loss.

3 What is loss in this world when compared with that day,
To the glory that then will from heaven be revealed?
"The Saviour is coming," his people may say;
"The Lord whom we looked for, our Sun and our Shield."

4 O pardon us, Lord, that our love to thy name
Is so faint, with so much our affections to move!
Our deadness should fill us with grief and with shame;
So much to be loved, and so little our love.

46. ***Heavenly Home.*** 11s.

1 My home is in Eden, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are near?
Be hushed, my dark spirit, soon Jesus will come,
To shorten my journey and welcome me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss;
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not pil'd,
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow;
I would not recline upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.

47. ***Bremen.*** C. P. M.

1 The night is spent — the morning ray
Comes ushering in the glorious day,
The promised time of rest;
Hark! 'tis the trumpet, sounding clear,
Its joyful notes burst on the ear,
Proclaiming tidings blest.

2 Ah! see, the graves are opening now,
The saints come forth, and every brow
Beams with a radiant joy;
To life immortal they arise,
Inheritors of Paradise,
Where death cannot destroy.

3 Stupendous scene! those men of old,
Prophets, who have the story told
Of this transcendent day,
The Patriarchs, Apostles too,
Who lived and died with it in view,
Collect in bright array.

4 Now "satisfied," for like their Lord,
Whose promise shines within the word,
His likeness they should wear:
A glittering host, like stars on high,
In glory and in majesty,
Upon the earth appear!

---

48. ***Missionary Hymn.*** 7s & 6s.

1 The glorious day is coming,
The hour is rolling on,
Its radiant light is beaming,
Resplendent as the sun.
In yon bright clouds of heaven
The Saviour will appear,
And gather all his chosen
To meet him in the air.

2 Then fire, from God descending,
Shall sweep this wide earth o'er,
And nations, loud lamenting,
Shall sink to rise no more.
Though tears with groans are blended,
Yet still in vain they cry;
The day of hope is ended;
The sinner now must die.

3 But saints shall be victorious,
And joy to meet the Lord;
An earth more bright and glorious
Is promised in his word.
Our God himself, there reigning,
Shall wipe all tears away;
No clouds or night remaining,
But one eternal day.

4 O Christian, wake from sleeping,
And let your works abound;
Be watching, praying, weeping,
For soon the trump will sound!
O, sinner, hear the warning,
To Jesus quickly fly;
Then you on that blest morning,
May meet him in the sky!

---

49. ***Better Land.***

1 We have heard from the bright and the better land;
We have heard, and our hearts are glad;
For we were a lonely pilgrim band,
And weary, and worn, and sad.
They tell us the pilgrims ever dwell there,
No longer are homeless ones;
We know the goodly land is fair;
Life's river of water there runs.

2 They say green fields are waving there,
And they never a blight shall know;
That desert wilds are blooming fair,
And roses of Sharon grow;
And lovely birds in bowers green,
Their melody ever repeat;
Their warblings mingle in every scene,
With harpings of Seraphs so sweet.

3 We have heard of the robe, the palm, the crown,
And the silvery band in white;
The city of gems in a high renown,
Illumin'd with heav'nly light;
The King is seen in his beauty fair,
The joy and the light of the land;
A little while, and we hope to be there,
To join with that glorious band.

50. ***Time's Farewell.***

1 It is the hour of Time's farewell,
And soon with Jesus we shall dwell;
The speeding moments hasten on,
And quickly they will all be gone!

CHORUS.

I'm going, I'm going — I'm on my journey home;
I'm traveling to a city just in sight!
Yes, I'm going, I'm going — I'm on my journey home,
I'm traveling to the New Jerusalem!

2 Then will the sleeping martyrs rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies!
No more will cry, "How long, O Lord!"
But be avenged and have reward.

3 Then will the sleeping saints come forth,
Who lie entomb'd in sea and earth;
And, robed in immortality,
Their Jesus face to face will see.

4 The living saints — they too will be
Remembered in the Jubilee;
Caught up together in the air,
Their Saviour's triumph they will share.

5 O, happy saints, whose burning light
Illuminates departing night,
Who go to meet the Bridegroom Lord,
Securely trusting in his word.

---

51. ***Lee.*** L. M.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives —
What joy the blest assurance gives!
He lives — he lives! who once was dead,
He lives, my everlasting head!

2 He lives to bless me with his love,
He lives to plead for me above;
He lives my hungry soul to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath,
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives my mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring me safely there.

4 He lives! — all glory to his name!
He lives, my Saviour still the same;
How great the joy this sentence gives,
"I know that my Redeemer lives!"

52. ***Woodland.*** C. M.

1 I know that my Messiah lives —
He ever lives for me!
A token of his love he gives,
A pledge of liberty.

2 He now is lifting up my head;
He brings salvation near;
From death he'll make me free indeed,
For he will soon appear.

3 Jesus, I hang upon thy word;
I steadfastly believe
Thou wilt return, and claim me, Lord,
And to thyself receive.

---

53. ***The Happy Land.***

1 There is a world to come,
Happy and pure;
That is the Christian's home,
Long to endure.
O, 'tis a world of light!
No more death, nor woe, nor night;
Faith views it with delight,
Knowing 'tis sure.

2 There Christ will ever reign,
All-glorious King!
There music's rapt'rous strain
Ever will ring;
Saints, who in ages by
Suffered and were called to die,
There, in sweet harmony,
Anthems will sing.

3 There is our paradise,
Eden restored;
All beauteous in their eyes,
Who love the Lord;
Wastes that are now so drear,
Like the rose shall blossom there,
And be a garden fair:
Thus saith the word.

4 O, that bright world to come,
Tongue cannot tell!
Thrice blessed is the home
Where saints will dwell;
Turn, then, from sin away,
And the word of God obey,
Then at the last great day
All will be well.

54. ***Anvern.*** L. M.

1 No, not the love without the blood;
That were to me no love at all;
It could not reach my sinful soul,
Nor hush the fears that me appall.

2 I need the love, I need the blood,
I need the grace, the cross, the grave,
I need the resurrection-power,
A soul like mine to purge and save.

3 The love I need is righteous love,
Inscribed on the sin-bearing tree,
Love that exacts the sinner's debt,
Yet in exacting sets him free:

4 The love that blotteth out each stain,
That plucketh hence each deadly sting,
That fills me with the peace of God,
Unseals my lips and bids me sing;

5 The love that quickens into zeal,
That makes me self-denied and true,
That leads me out of what is old;
And brings me into what is new;

6 That purifies and cheers and calms,
That knows no change and no decay;
The love that loves for evermore,
Celestial sunshine, endless day.

55.

1 We're marching through a wilderness;
Marching, marching;
We're marching through a wilderness,
Beset on every side;
We are but a pilgrim band,
Marching toward the promised land,
Every foe we can withstand
With Jesus for our guide.

CHORUS.

No fears disturb us as we go,
Nor fill us with dismay;
For He is a pillar of fire each night,
A pillar of cloud each day.

2 We're marching through a wilderness;
Marching, marching;
We're marching through a wilderness,
In search of Canaan's land.
Soon we'll reach that blissful shore,
Pilgrim days will soon be o'er,
Then in Christ, for evermore,
We'll be a happy band! — CHO.

3 We're marching through a wilderness:
Marching, marching;
We're marching through a wilderness,
Beset on every side.
But the smitten rock will give
Healing draught that we may live;
He will all our sins forgive,
And every want provide. — CHO.

56. ***I Love Thee.*** P. M.

1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord!
I love thee, my Saviour, I love thee, my God.
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can show.

2 If ever I loved, sure I love thee, my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word:
I love all my brethren, I love sinners, too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them to him.

3 I'm happy, I'm happy, Oh, wondrous account!
My joys are immortal — I stand on the mount;
I hear of sweet Eden, and long to be there,
With Jesus, my Saviour, the kingdom to share.

4 Redemption, redemption, Through Jesus's blood;
Is streaming from Calv'ry, and rolls like a flood:
When the sun shall be darken'd, the moon turned to blood,
We'll shout full redemption in the Kingdom of God.

---

57. The Sweetest Name.

1 There is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

CHORUS.

We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus;
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abram's son they called him;
The name that still, by God's good will,
Deliverer revealed him.

3 And when he hung upon the tree,
They wrote his name above him,
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love him.

4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to relieve us
From sin and death, he gladly reigns
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.

58. *Hoist Every Sail.* C. M.

1 What vessel are you sailing in?
Declare to us the same.
Our vessel is the ark of God,
And Christ our Captain's name.

CHORUS.

Then we'll hoist every sail,
Each sailor ply his oar;
The night begins to wear away,
We soon shall reach the shore.

2 Pray, what's the port to which you sail?
Declare to us straightway.
The New Jerusalem's our port,
The realms of endless day.

3 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm?
We cannot fear, the Lord is near,
Our Father's at the helm.

4 Our compass is the sacred Word,
Our anchor, blooming hope;
The love of God our main top-sail,
And faith our cable rope.

5 We've looked astern, and many toils
The Lord has brought us through:
We're looking now ahead, and lo!
The "land" appears in view.

6 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
The heavens above are clear;
The city bright appears in sight,
We're getting round the pier.

7 And when we all are landed safe
On the celestial plain,
Our song shall be, "Worthy's the Lamb
For rebel sinners slain!"

59. *Happy Home.* C. M.

1 Jerusalem, my happy home,
O, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

2 Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Most glorious to behold;
Thy gates are richly made of pearl,
Thy streets are paved with gold.

3 Thy garden and thy pleasant walks
My study long have been;
Such dazzling views by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 If such thy holy city, Lord,
Why should we linger here?—
Still cleaving to this vile abode,
Nor wish thee to appear?

5 Lord, help us by thy mighty grace
To keep in view the prize,
Till thou dost come to take us home
To that blest paradise.

6 When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun,
We've no less days to sing God's praise
Than when we first begun.

60. *Hebron.* L. M.

1 Yes, He will come though Pharisee
And learned Doctors disagree;
Though many wise and great oppose,
And fearless rally with his foes.

2 For it hath ever pleased the Lord,
That such should stumble at his word;
While babes and humble souls receive
His spirit's teachings, and believe.

3 Then fear not, He will *surely* come,
And take his waiting servants home;
But closer to the Scriptures cling,
From which alone true light shall spring.

4 The Bible! now what glories shine
In its unvarnished truths divine;
Tho' long in sackcloth shades concealed,
Its mysteries are at length unsealed.

5 And we rejoice with joy untold,
To see its latest signs unfold;
For now we "KNOW the summer's near,"
And hail the glorious advent here.

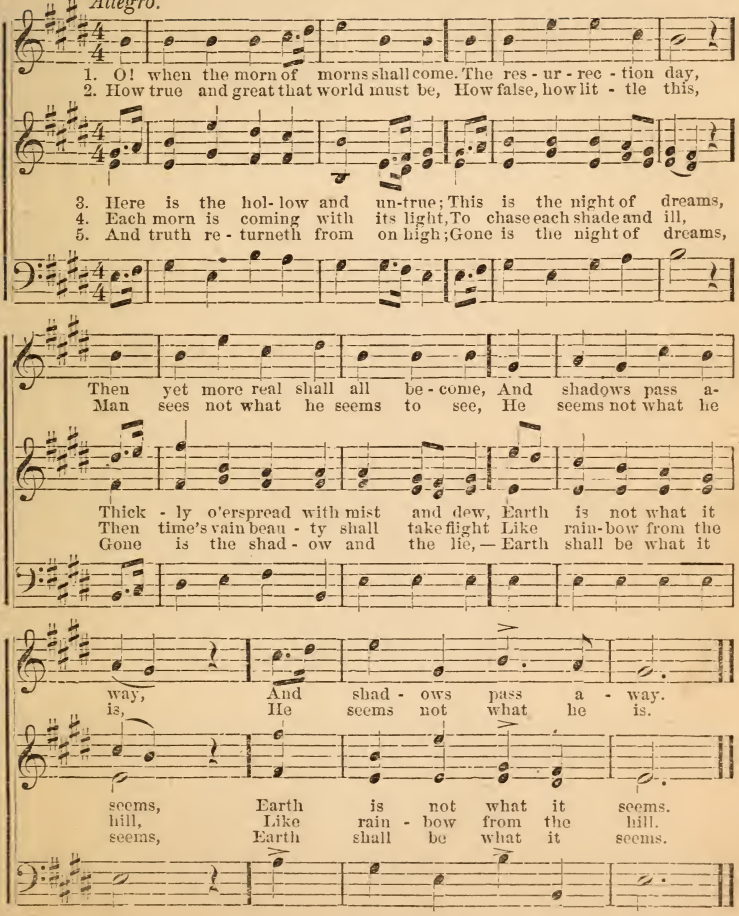
61. C. M.

1 There is a safe and secret place
Beneath the wings divine,
Reserved for all the heirs of grace:
Oh, be that refuge mine.

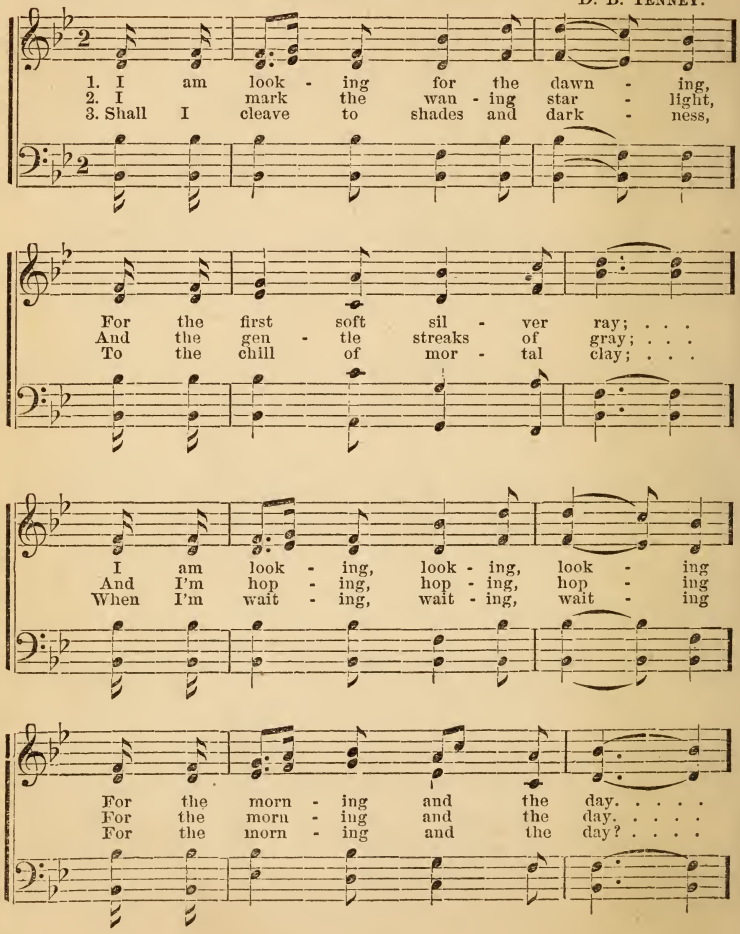
2 The least and feeblest there may bide,
Uninjured and unawed;
While thousands fall on every side,
He rests secure in God.

3 He feeds in pastures large and fair,
Of love and truth divine;
O child of God, O glory's heir!
How rich a lot is thine!

4 A hand almighty to defend,
An ear for every call,
An honored life, a peaceful end,
Eternal life crowns all!

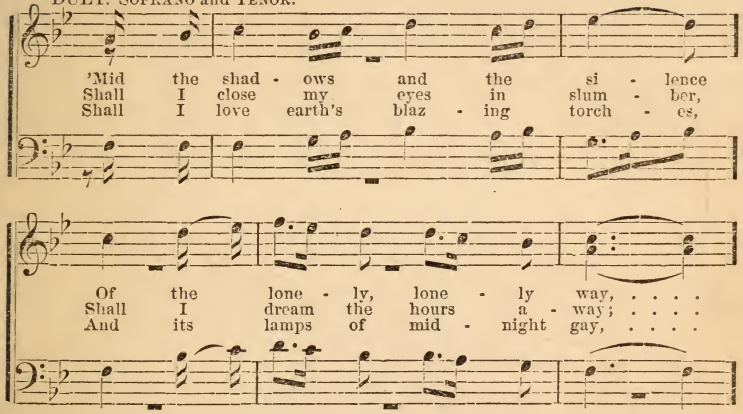
62. **CHRISTMAS. C. M.** G. F. HANDEL.

Allegro.
1. O! when the morn of morns shall come. The res - ur - rec - tion day,
2. How true and great that world must be, How false, how lit - tle this,
3. Here is the hol- low and un-true; This is the night of dreams,
4. Each morn is coming with its light, To chase each shade and ill,
5. And truth re - turneth from on high; Gone is the night of dreams,
Then yet more real shall all be - come, And shadows pass a-
Man sees not what he seems to see, He seems not what he
Thick - ly o'erspread with mist and dew, Earth is not what it
Then time's vain beau - ty shall take flight Like rain-bow from the
Gone is the shad - ow and the lie, — Earth shall be what it
way, And shad - ows pass a - way.
is, He seems not what he is.
seems, Earth is not what it seems.
hill, Like rain - bow from the hill.
seems, Earth shall be what it seems.

63. **PILGRIM.**

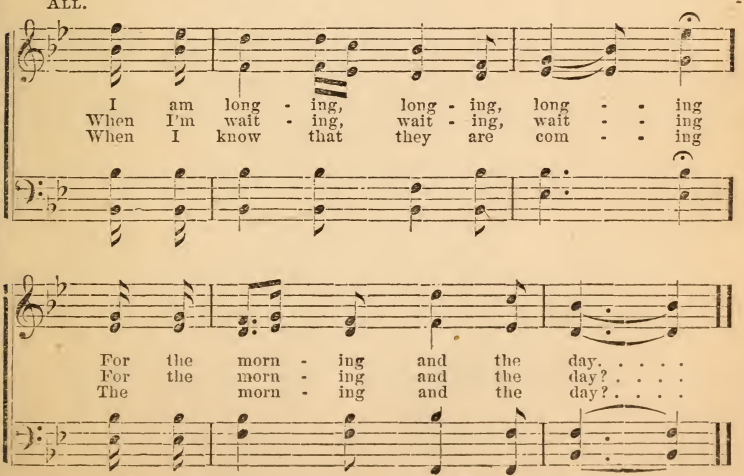
D. B. TENNEY.

1. I am looking for the dawning,
2. I mark the waning star - light,
3. Shall I cleave to shades and darkness,
For the first soft silver ray; . . .
And the gentle streaks of gray; . . .
To the chill of mortal clay; . . .
I am looking, looking, looking
And I'm hoping, hoping, hoping
When I'm waiting, waiting, waiting
For the morning and the day. . . . .
For the morning and the day. . . . .
For the morning and the day? . . . .

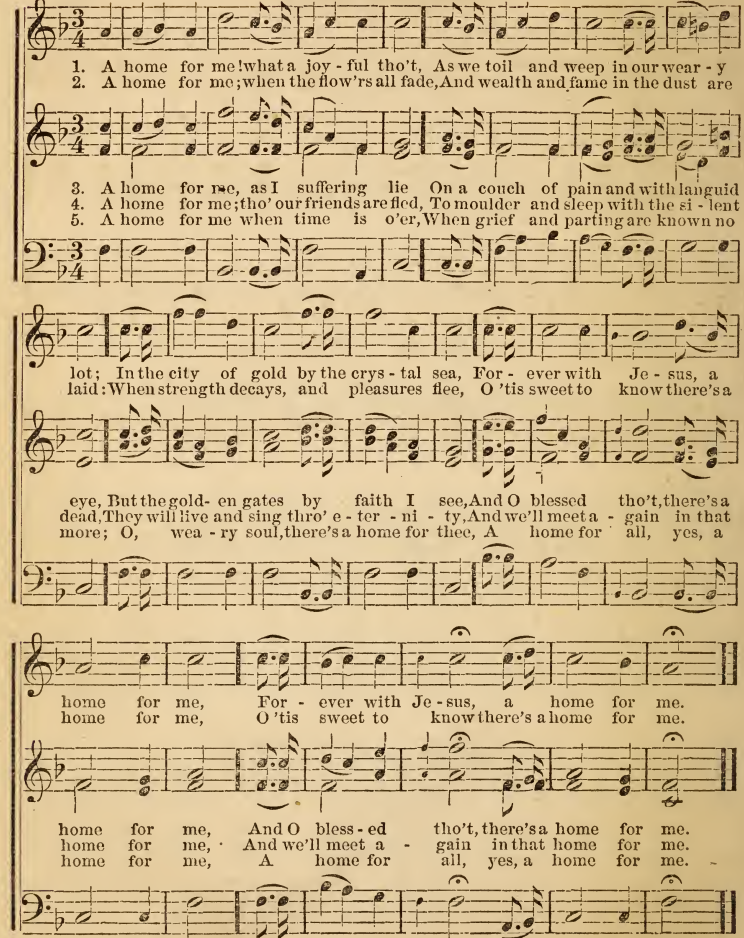
"Pilgrim." Concluded.

DUET. SOPRANO and TENOR.


'Mid the shad - ows and the si - lence
Shall I close my eyes in slum - ber,
Shall I love earth's blaz - ing torch - es,
Of the lone - ly, lone - ly way, ...
Shall I dream the hours a - way; . . . .
And its lamps of mid - night gay, ...

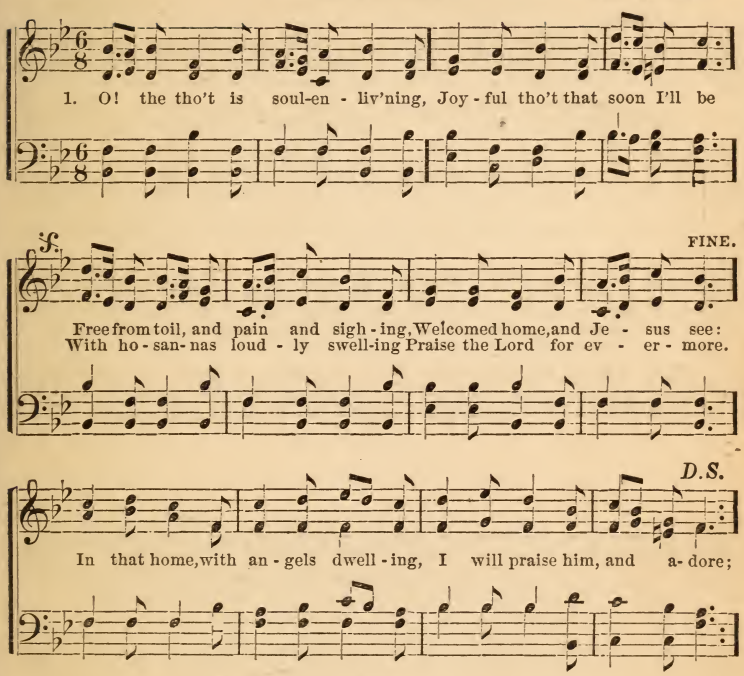
ALL.


I am long - ing, long - ing, long - - ing
When I'm wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - - ing
When I know that they are com - - ing
For the morn - ing and the day. . . . .
For the morn - ing and the day? . . . .
The morn - ing and the day? . . . .

64. **A HOME FOR ME.** S, J. VAIL.

1. A home for me! what a joy - ful tho't, As we toil and weep in our wear - y
2. A home for me; when the flow'rs all fade, And wealth and fame in the dust are
3. A home for me, as I suffering lie On a couch of pain and with languid
4. A home for me; tho' our friends are fled, To moulder and sleep with the si - lent
5. A home for me when time is o'er, When grief and parting are known no
lot; In the city of gold by the crys - tal sea, For - ever with Je - sus, a
laid: When strength decays, and pleasures flee, O 'tis sweet to know there's a
eye, But the gold- en gates by faith I see, And O blessed tho't, there's a
dead, They will live and sing thro' e - ter - ni - ty, And we'll meet a - gain in that
more; O, wea - ry soul, there's a home for thee, A home for all, yes, a
home for me, For - ever with Je - sus, a home for me.
home for me, O 'tis sweet to know there's a home for me.
home for me, And O bless - ed tho't, there's a home for me.
home for me, And we'll meet a - gain in that home for me.
home for me, A home for all, yes, a home for me.

65. **TRANSPORT. 8s & 7s.**

GEO. E. LEE.


1. O! the tho't is soul-en - liv'ning, Joy - ful tho't that soon I'll be
FINE.
Free from toil, and pain and sigh - ing, Welcomed home, and Je - sus see:
With ho - san - nas loud - ly swell-ing Praise the Lord for ev - er - more.
D.S.
In that home, with an - gels dwell - ing, I will praise him, and a- dore;

2 Of that pure and living fountain,
Soon, if faithful, I shall taste,
And that high and holy mountain,
I shall seek with utmost haste:
There where living water's flowing,
In the new Jerusalem;
There's the home to which I'm going,
Trusting in the Saviour's name.

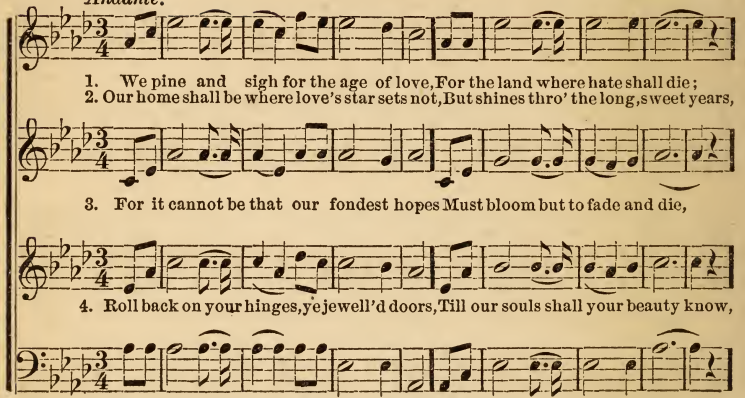
3 If I would that home inherit,
I must seek to overcome;
Purchased by a Saviour's merit,
Thankful be to God's dear Son:
Only through the precious Saviour,
Is my hope of heaven secure;
I will pray and still endeavor,
That my life shall all be pure.

4 Blessed Saviour, O! come quickly!
Thou in whom I put my trust;
Then may I obtain the vict'ry,
And be numbered with the just.
'Tis for Thee I long have waited,—
Thou wilt come, and that to save;
To the meek and lowly-minded,
Life eternal Thou wilt give.

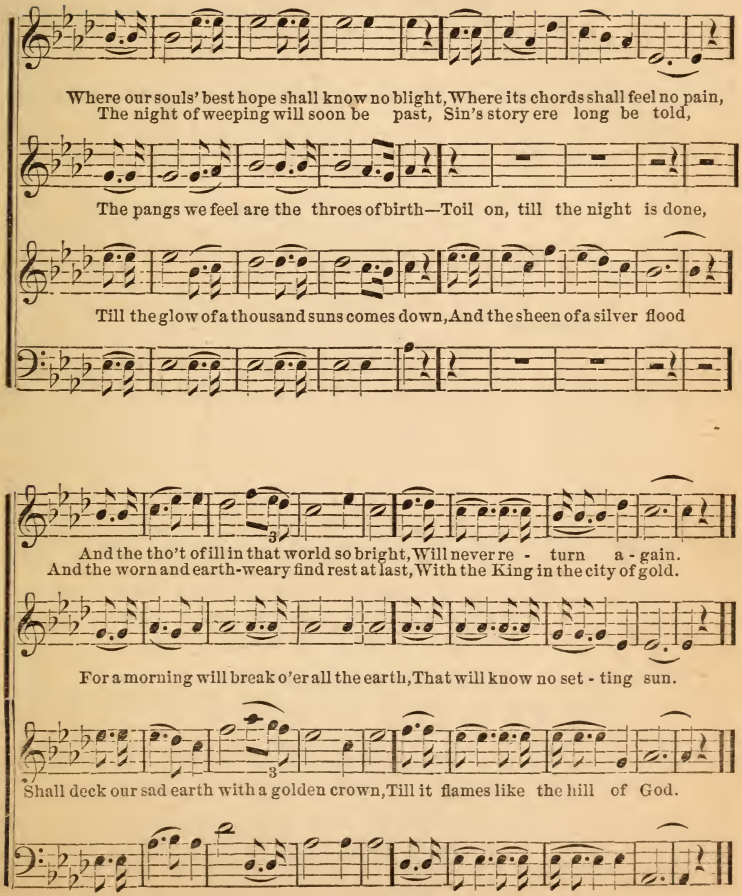
66. **REDEMPTION.**

S. C. HANCOCK.

Andante.

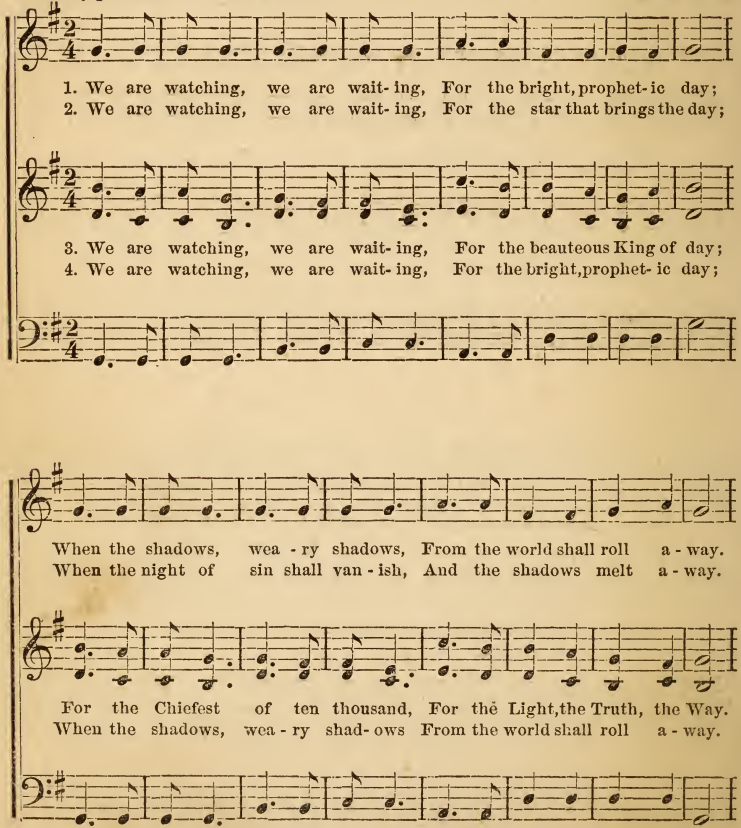

1. We pine and sigh for the age of love, For the land where hate shall die;
2. Our home shall be where love's star sets not, But shines thro' the long, sweet years,
3. For it cannot be that our fondest hopes Must bloom but to fade and die,
4. Roll back on your hinges, ye jewell'd doors, Till our souls shall your beauty know,
Where deathless friendship the heart may prove, And truth shall light each eye;
Where the pangs of parting are all forgot, All vanish'd life's bitterest tears.
As the meteor gleams on the gloomy clouds, Then bursts on the mid- night sky
Till heav'n bursts thro' her starry floors, And strews all her lights be - low;

"Redemption." Concluded.

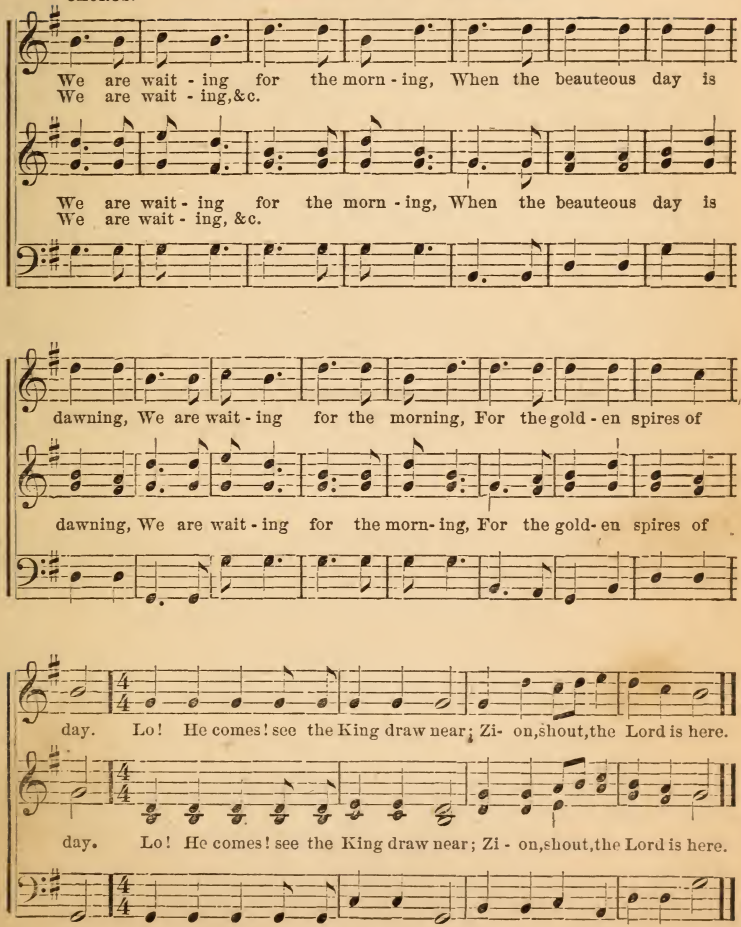

Where our souls' best hope shall know no blight, Where its chords shall feel no pain,
The night of weeping will soon be past, Sin's story ere long be told,
The pangs we feel are the throes of birth—Toil on, till the night is done,
Till the glow of a thousand suns comes down, And the sheen of a silver flood
And the tho't of ill in that world so bright, Will never re - turn a - gain.
And the worn and earth-weary find rest at last, With the King in the city of gold.
For a morning will break o'er all the earth, That will know no set - ting sun.
Shall deck our sad earth with a golden crown, Till it flames like the hill of God.

67. **THE BEAUTEOUS DAY.**

By permission of ROOT & CADY. G. F. R.

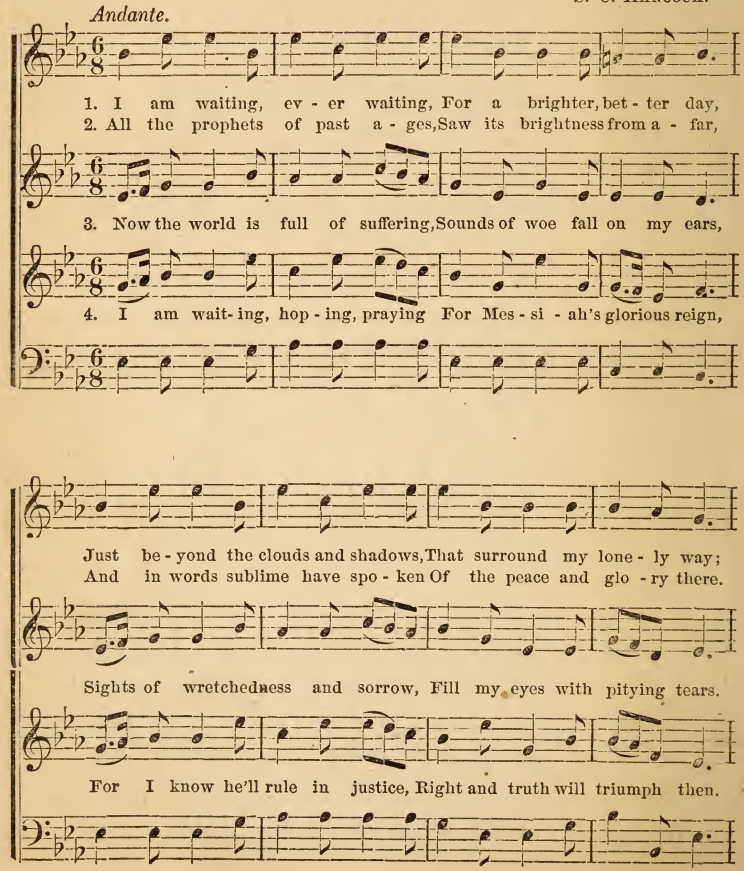

1. We are watching, we are wait- ing, For the bright, prophet- ic day;
2. We are watching, we are wait- ing, For the star that brings the day;
3. We are watching, we are wait- ing, For the beauteous King of day;
4. We are watching, we are wait- ing, For the bright, prophet- ic day;
When the shadows, wea - ry shadows, From the world shall roll a - way.
When the night of sin shall van - ish, And the shadows melt a - way.
For the Chiefest of ten thousand, For the Light, the Truth, the Way.
When the shadows, wea - ry shad- ows From the world shall roll a - way.

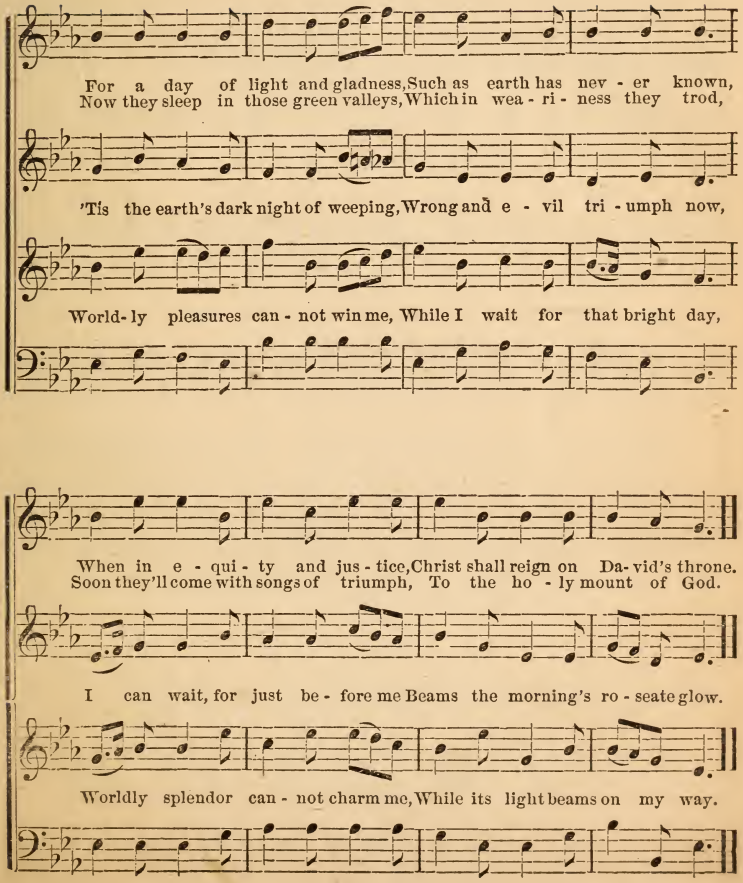
"The Beauteous Day." Concluded.


Chorus.
We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, When the beauteous day is
We are wait - ing,&c.
We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, When the beauteous day is
We are wait - ing, &c.
dawning, We are wait - ing for the morning, For the gold - en spires of
dawning, We are wait - ing for the morn - ing, For the gold - en spires of
day. Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zi - on, shout, the Lord is here.
day. Lo! He comes! see the King draw near; Zi - on, shout, the Lord is here.

68. **"WAITING."**

S. C. HANCOCK.

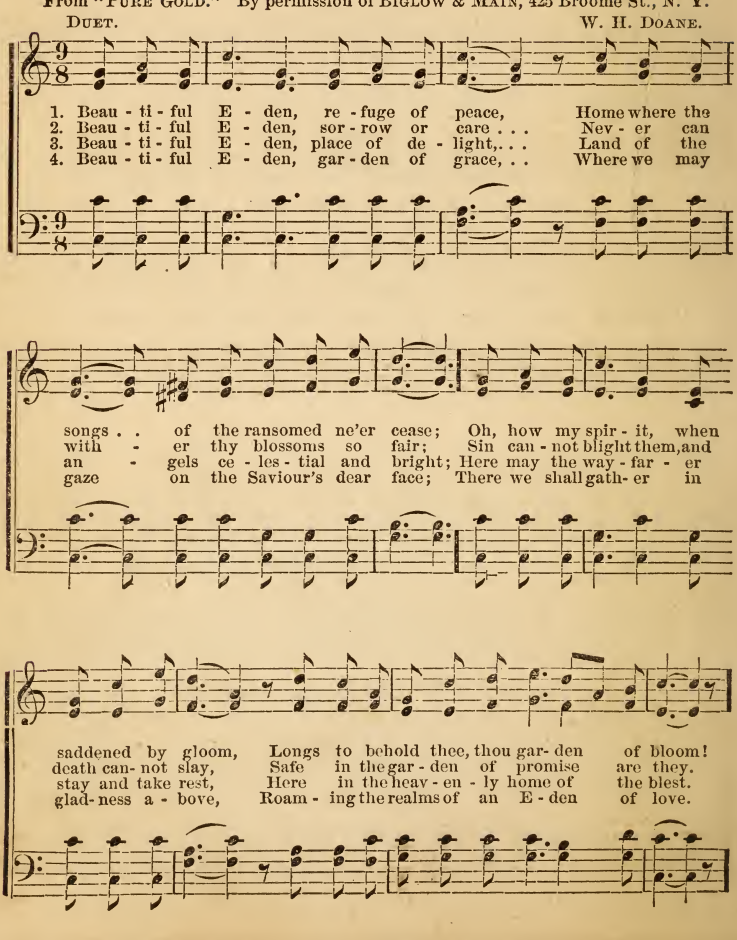

Andante.
1. I am waiting, ev - er waiting, For a brighter, bet - ter day,
2. All the prophets of past a - ges, Saw its brightness from a - far,
3. Now the world is full of suffering, Sounds of woe fall on my ears,
4. I am wait- ing, hop - ing, praying For Mes - si - ah's glorious reign,
Just be - yond the clouds and shadows, That surround my lone - ly way;
And in words sublime have spo - ken Of the peace and glo - ry there.
Sights of wretchedness and sorrow, Fill my eyes with pitying tears.
For I know he'll rule in justice, Right and truth will triumph then.

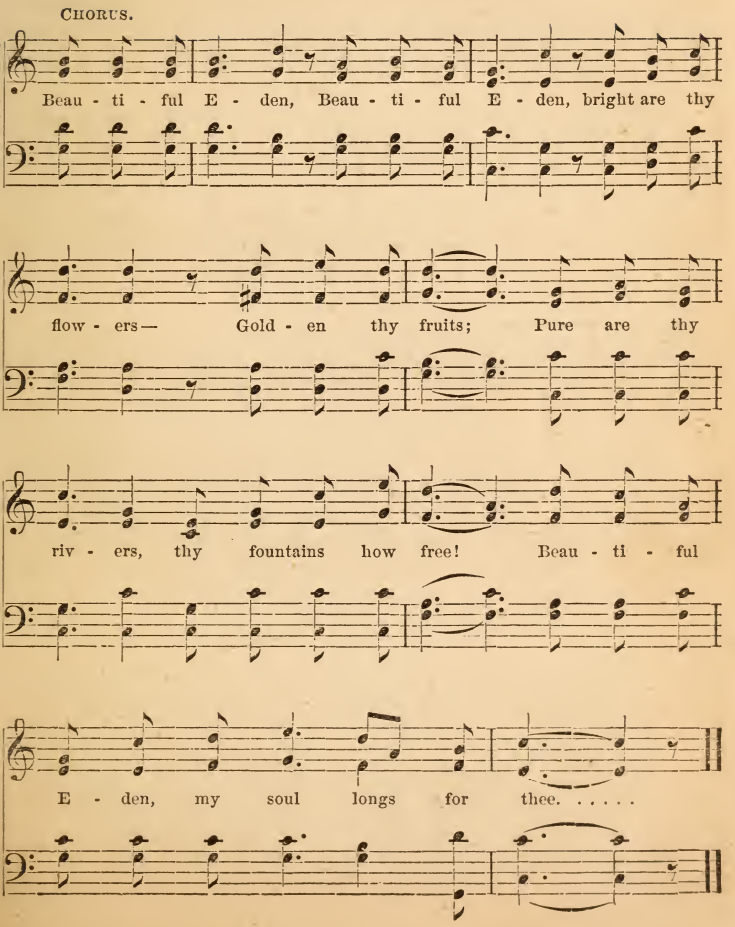
"Waiting." Concluded.

For a day of light and gladness, Such as earth has nev - er known,
Now they sleep in those green valleys, Which in wea - ri - ness they trod,
'Tis the earth's dark night of weeping, Wrong and e - vil tri - umph now,
World-ly pleasures can - not win me, While I wait for that bright day,
When in e - qui - ty and jus - tice, Christ shall reign on Da-vid's throne.
Soon they'll come with songs of triumph, To the ho - ly mount of God.
I can wait, for just be - fore me Beams the morning's ro - seate glow.
Worldly splendor can - not charm me, While its light beams on my way.

69. **BEAUTIFUL EDEN.**

From "PURE GOLD." By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN, 425 Broome St., N. Y.

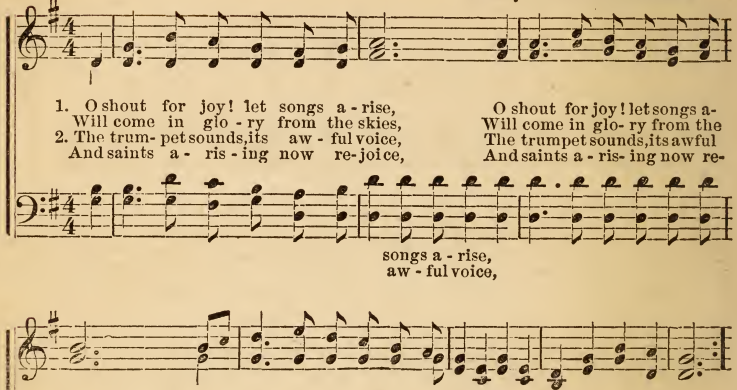
DUET. W. H. DOANE.


1. Beau - ti - ful E - den, re - fuge of peace, Home where the
2. Beau - ti - ful E - den, sor - row or care . . . Nev - er can
3. Beau - ti - ful E - den, place of de - light, . . . Land of the
4. Beau - ti - ful E - den, gar - den of grace, . . Where we may
songs . . of the ransomed ne'er cease; Oh, how my spir - it, when
with - er thy blossoms so fair; Sin can - not blight them, and
an - gels ce - les - tial and bright; Here may the way - far - er
gaze on the Saviour's dear face; There we shall gath - er in
saddened by gloom, Longs to behold thee, thou gar - den of bloom!
death can - not slay, Safe in the gar - den of promise are they.
stay and take rest, Here in the heav - en - ly home of the blest.
glad - ness a - bove, Roam - ing the realms of an E - den of love.

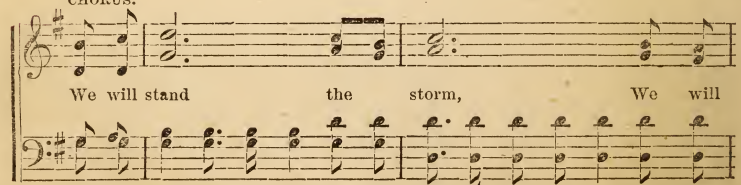
"Beautiful Eden." Concluded.

CHORUS.
Beau - ti - ful E - den, Beau - ti - ful E - den, bright are thy
flow - ers— Gold - en thy fruits; Pure are thy
riv - ers, thy fountains how free! Beau - ti - ful
E - den, my soul longs for thee. . . . .

70. "WE'LL STAND THE STORM." C. M.

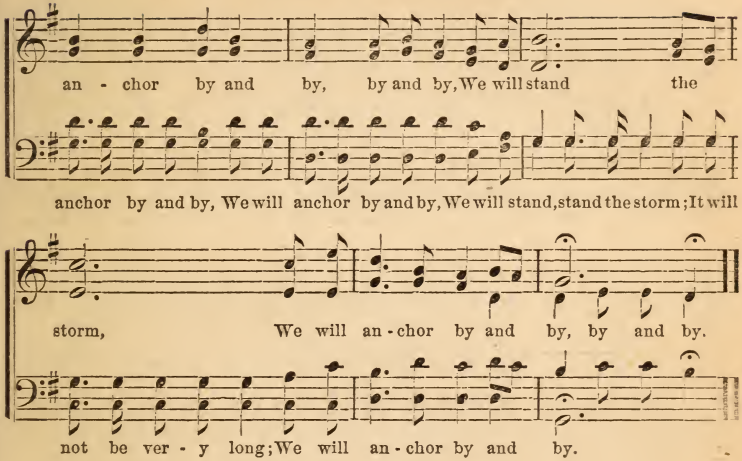
Melody from the FREEDMEN.


1. O shout for joy! let songs a - rise,
Will come in glo - ry from the skies,
2. The trum- pet sounds, its aw - ful voice,
And saints a - ris - ing now re-joice,
O shout for joy! let songs a-
Will come in glo- ry from the
The trumpet sounds, its awful
And saints a - ris- ing now re-
songs a - rise,
aw - ful voice,
rise;
skies,
voice,
joice,
O shout for joy! let songs a - rise, The Lamb that once was slain,
Will come in glo- ry from the skies, Up- on the earth to reign.
The trumpet sounds, its aw- ful voice Is heard o'er land and sea,
And saints a - ris- ing now re - joice, To live e - ter- nal - ly.
songs a - rise.
aw- ful voice,

CHORUS.



"We'll Stand the Storm." Concluded.


an - chor by and by, by and by, We will stand the
anchor by and by, We will anchor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will
storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by.
not be ver - y long; We will an - chor by and by.

3 Yes, they shall live for evermore,
Secure from toil and pain;
And on that bright and happy shore,
With their Redeemer reign.—CHO.

4 All hail that bright, eternal day,
When David's rightful heir
Shall take the throne and hold the sway,
In glorious triumph there.—CHO.

Glory to God in the highest.

TUNE.—"We'll Stand the Storm."

1 Mortals, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 Wrapt in the silence of the night,
Lay all the eastern world,
When, bursting, glorious, heavenly light,
The wondrous scene unfurled.

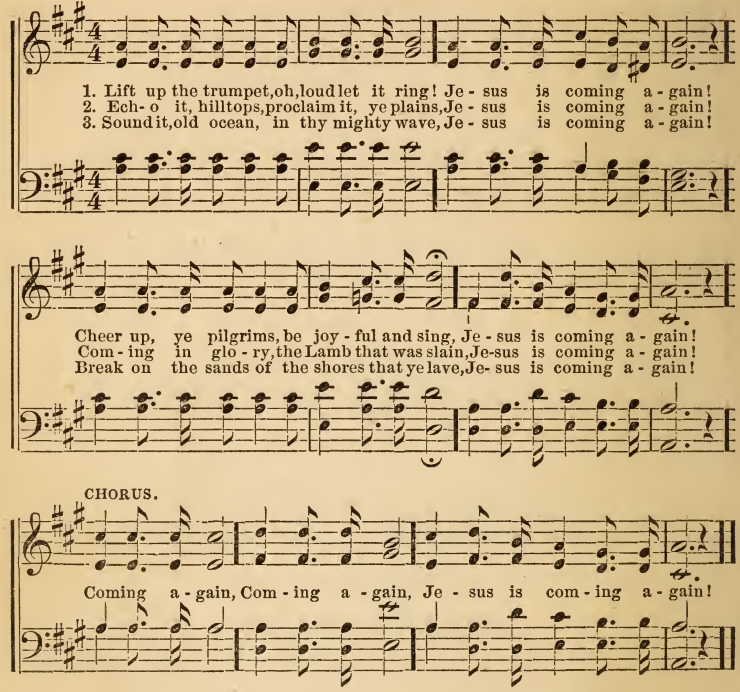
3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

4 O for a glance of heavenly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high!
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die!

6 Hail! Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, brother, friend;
Though earth and time and life should fail
Thy praise shall never end.

71. "JESUS IS COMING AGAIN."

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Lift up the trumpet, oh, loud let it ring! Je - sus is coming a - gain!
2. Ech- o it, hilltops, proclaim it, ye plains, Je - sus is coming a - gain!
3. Sound it, old ocean, in thy mighty wave, Je - sus is coming a - gain!
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joy - ful and sing, Je - sus is coming a - gain!
Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain, Je-sus is coming a - gain!
Break on the sands of the shores that ye lave, Je- sus is coming a - gain!
CHORUS.
Coming a - gain, Com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing a - gain!

4 Heavings of earth, tell the vast, wond'ring throng, Jesus, &c.
Tempests and whirlwinds, the anthem prolong, Jesus, &c. — CHO.

5 Nations are angry, — by this we do know, Jesus is coming again!
Knowledge increases; men run to and fro, Jesus, &c. — CHO.

6 Then, weeping ones, join in this glad refrain, Jesus, &c.
Now list'ning angels re-echo the strain, Jesus, &c. — CHO.

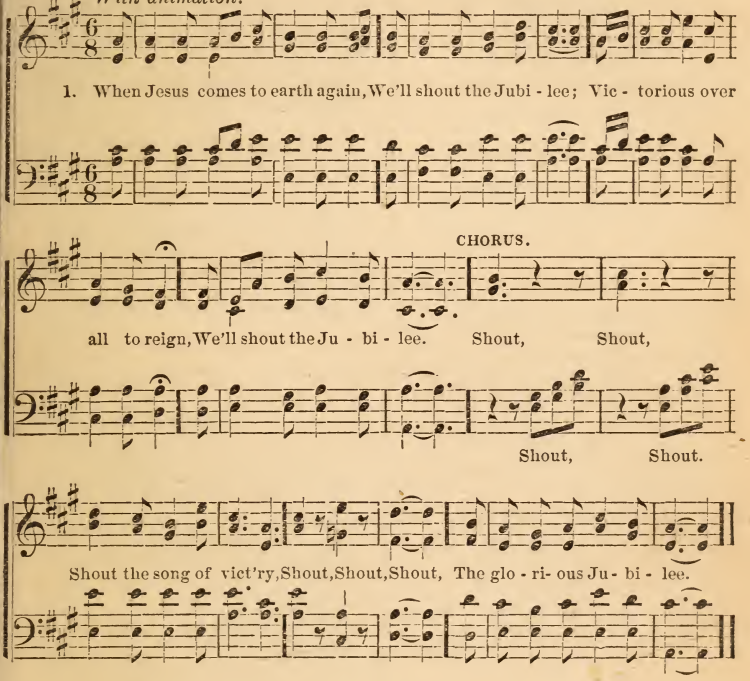
7 Lov'd ones now slumb'ring in death will awake, Jesus, &c.
Then will our Saviour the prison-bands break, Jesus, &c. — CHO.

8 Soon we will wing our glad flight through the air, Jesus, &c.
Enter the kingdom, its glories to share, Jesus, &c. — CHO.

72. **THE GLORIOUS JUBILEE!**

GEO. E. LEE.

With animation.


1. When Jesus comes to earth again, We'll shout the Jubi - lee; Vic - torious over
CHORUS.
all to reign, We'll shout the Ju - bi - lee. Shout, Shout,
Shout, Shout.
Shout the song of vict'ry, Shout, Shout, Shout, The glo - ri- ous Ju - bi - lee.

2 When earthly dynasties shall fall
We'll shout the Jubilee;
And Zion's King be all in all,
We'll shout the Jubilee.

3 The captor then shall captive be,
We'll shout the Jubilee;
And Rachel's children shall be free,
We'll shout the Jubilee.

4 O how the ransomed host will sing,
And shout the Jubilee;
O'er conquer'd grave, and death its king,
We'll shout the victory.

5 When earth's dread night of gloom is o'er,
We'll shout the Jubilee;
And thorns and thistles rise no more,
We'll shout the Jubilee.

6 When all in earth, and air, and sky,
Shall blend in symphony,
And praise the Lord in harmony,
We'll shout the Jubilee.

7 O what a thrilling shout 'twill be —
Eternal victory
From sin and death, and Satan free,
A glorious Jubilee.

73. *O for a closer walk with God.* C. M.

1 There's not a bright and beaming smile,
Which in this world I see,
But turns my heart to future joy,
And whispers "heaven" to me.
Though often here my soul is sad,
And falls the silent tear,
There is a world where all is glad,
And sorrow dwells not there.

2 I never clasp a friendly hand,
In greeting, or farewell,
But thoughts of an eternal home
Within my bosom swell:
A prayer to meet in heaven at last,
Where all the ransomed come,
And where eternal ages still
Shall find us all at home.

---

74. *Hendon.* 7s.

1 Jesus comes with all his grace,
Comes to fill the earth with peace;
Object of our glorious hope,
Jesus comes to raise us up!

2 He hath our salvation wrought;
He our precious souls hath bought;
He hath reconciled to God;
He hath washed us in his blood.

3 We shall gain our calling's prize;
After Christ we all shall rise,
Fill'd with joy, and love, and peace,
Perfected in holiness.

4 Let us then rejoice in hope,
Steadily to Christ look up;
Trust to be redeemed by him,
Wait, till he appear again.

5 "Hasten, Lord, the advent day,"
Let thy every servant say;
Hasten to display thy power,
Raise us up to die no more!

75.

1 This groaning earth is too dark and drear
For the saints' eternal home;
But the city from heaven will soon appear,
And we know that the moment is drawing near
When she in her glory shall come.
Her gates of pearl we soon shall see,
And her music we soon shall hear;
Joyous and bright our home shall be,
And we'll walk in the shadow of Life's fair tree,
With our Saviour for evermore.

2 We'll gladly exchange a world like this,
Where death triumphant reigns,
For a beautiful home in that land of bliss,
Where all is happiness, joy and peace,
And nothing can enter that pains.
There is no more sorrow and no more night,
For the darkness shall flee away;
The crucified Lamb is its glorious light,
And the saints shall walk with him in white
In that happy, eternal day.

3 Oh, there the loved of earth shall meet,
Whom death has sundered here;
The prophets and patriarchs there we'll greet,
And all shall worship at Jesus' feet,
No more separation to fear.
Though trials and griefs await us here,
The conflict will soon be o'er;
This glorious hope our hearts doth cheer,
For we know that the Saviour will soon appear,
And then we shall grieve no more.

---

76. *Woodland.* C. M.

1 How sweet the Christian's hope to me,
While here I'm call'd to roam;
It points me to a better land
That I may call my home.

2 This hope reminds me of the time
When Jesus will appear;
It gives me joy, it gives me peace,
It drives away my fear.

3 When darkness hovers o'er my path,
And I no light can see,
This hope sustains my drooping heart,
And bids me joyful be.

4 When friends that once I loved so well,
Leave me alone to sigh,
This hope bids me rejoice and sing,
For my redemption's nigh.

5 This hope—it purifies my heart,
And turns my night to day;
It plants my feet upon the Rock,
And keeps me in the way.

6 The day is near—O joyful thought,
When I shall gain the prize;
This hope will then be turned to sight
Before my wondering eyes.

77. ***Exhortation.*** C. M.

1 How cheering is the Christian's hope,
While toiling here below!
It buoys us up while passing thro'
This wilderness of woe.

2 It points us to a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.

3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations ne'er annoy;
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 O how unlike the present world
Will be the one to come!
Here, pain and sorrow, care and fear,
Attend where'er we roam.

---

78. ***Howard.*** C. M.

1 Thine oath and promise, mighty God,
Recorded in thy word,
Become our hope's foundation broad,
And surety afford.

2 Like Abraham, the friend of God,
Thy faithfulness we prove;
We tread in paths the fathers trod,
Blest with thy light and love.

3 Largely our consolation flows,
While we expect the day
That ends our griefs, and pains, and woes,
And drives our fears away.

4 Let floods of mighty vengeance roll,
And compass earth around;
Let thunder sound from pole to pole,
And earthquakes vast astound;

5 Let nature all convulse and shake,
And angry nations rage;
Thy name our hiding-place we make;
To save thou dost engage.

---

79. ***Shall We Gather at the River?***

1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our humble hearts deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints, whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

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80. **Meriden.** p. 56. S. M.

1 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armor tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.

2 Nor less we feel the blank
Of earth's still absent King;
Whose presence is of all our bliss
The everlasting spring.

3 Thus onward still we press,
Thro' evil and thro' good,
Thro' pain, and poverty, and want,
Thro' peril and thro' blood.

4 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true;
We follow where he leads the way,
The Kingdom in our view.

81. ***Turner.*** C. M.

1 Sweet rivers of redeeming love
I see before me lie;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd to those rivers fly.

2 I'd rise superior to my pain,
With joy outstrip the wind,
I'd cross bold Jordan's stormy main,
And leave the world behind.

3 A few more days, or months, at most,
My troubles will be o'er;
I hope to join the heavenly host
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 My rapturous soul shall drink and feast
In love's unbounded sea;
The glorious hope of endless rest
Is ravishing to me.

5 O, come, my Saviour, come away,
And bear me to the sky!
Nor let thy chariot wheels delay;
Make haste and bring it nigh.

6 I long to see thy glorious face,
And in thine image shine;
To triumph in victorious grace,
And be forever thine.

---

82. ***Boylston.*** S. M.

1 In expectation sweet,
We'll wait, and sing, and pray,
Till Christ's triumphal car we meet,
And see an endless day.

2 He comes, the Conq'ror comes;
Death falls beneath his sword;
The joyful pris'ners burst the tombs,
And rise to meet their Lord.

3 The trumpet sounds, "Awake!
Ye dead, to judgment come!"
The pillars of creation shake,
While man receives his doom.

4 Thrice happy morn for those
Who love the ways of peace!
No night of sorrow e'er shall close,
Or shade their perfect bliss.

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83. ***Bartimeus.*** 8s & 7s.

1 This is not my place of resting;
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

---

84. ***Ariel.*** C. P. M.

1 O glorious hope of heav'nly love!
It lifts me up to things above;
It bears on eagle's wings;
It gives my ravished soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With Jesus, priests and kings,
With Jesus, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow,
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile;
With every blessing blest;
There dwells the Lord, our righteousness
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess!
This moment end my toilsome years
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and fears —
A howling wilderness!
A howling wilderness!

85. ***Forever with the Lord.***

S. M. Double.

1 The church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits;
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still in weeds of widowhood
She weeps, a mourner yet.
Mourner yet, mourner yet,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died;
And as they left us one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn;
We laid them but to ripen there,
Till the last glorious morn.
Glorious morn, glorious morn,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

3 The serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold;
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt thou not judge thy suffering church,
Her sighs and tears and blood?
Tears and blood, tears and blood,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

4 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.
Should not the loving bride
The absent bridegroom mourn?
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return?
Lord return, Lord return,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

5 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice,
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
World again, world again,
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

86. ***Anvern.*** L. M.

1 In love, the Father's sinless child
Sojourned at Nazareth for me;
With sinners dwelt the undefiled,
The Holy One, in Galilee.

2 Jesus, whom angel hosts adore,
Became a man of griefs for me;
In love, though rich, becoming poor,
That I through him enriched might be.

3 Though Lord of all, above, below,
He went to Olivet for me;
There drank the cup of wrath and woe,
When bleeding in Gethsemane.

4 The ever-blessed Son of God
Went up to Calvary for me;
There gave his blood, there bore the load,
In his own body on the tree.

5 Jesus, whose dwelling is the skies,
Went down into the grave for me;
There overcame my enemies,
There won the glorious victory.

6 In love the whole dark path He trod,
To consecrate a way for me:
Each bitter footstep marked with blood,
From Bethlehem to Calvary.

Hope. 6s.

1 Come nearer, nearer still,
Let not thy light depart;
Bend, break this stubborn will,
Dissolve this iron heart.

2 Less wayward let me be,
More pliable and mild;
In glad simplicity,
More like a trustful child.

3 Less, less of self each day,
And more, my God, of thee;
O keep me in the way,
However rough it be.

4 Less of the flesh each day,
Less of the world and sin;
More of thy Son, I pray,
More of Thyself within.

5 More moulded to Thy will,
Lord, let Thy servant be,
Higher and higher still,
Liker and liker Thee.

87. ***Jerusalem.*** C. M.

1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears,
To our believing eyes;
The earth and seas have passed away,
And the old rolling skies.

CHO.—O, that will be joyful,
When we meet to part no more.

2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
That holy, happy place;
The New Jerusalem comes down,
Adorned with shining grace. — CHO.

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King! — CHO.

4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men are the objects of his love,
And he their gracious God. — CHO.

5 "His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die. — CHO.

6 How bright the vision! O, how long
Shall this glad hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day. — CHO.

88. ***Beautiful Zion.***

1 Beautiful Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple — God its light;
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir:
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wand'rings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.

89. ***Come Away.***

1 O hail, happy day, that speaks our trials ended,
Our Lord has come to take us home; O hail, happy day;
No more by doubts or fears distressed,
We now shall gain our promised rest,
And be forever blest; O hail, happy day.

2 Swell loud the glad note, our bondage now is over;
The Jubilee proclaims us free; O hail, happy day;
The day that brings a sweet release,
That crowns our Jesus Prince of Peace,
And bids our sorrows cease; O hail, happy day.

3 O hail, happy day, that ends our tears and sorrows,
That brings us joy without alloy, O hail, happy day;
There peace shall wave her sceptre high,
And love's fair banner greet the eye,
Proclaiming victory; O hail, happy day.

4 We hail thy bright beams, O morn of Zion's glory;
Thy blessed light breaks on our sight, O hail, happy day;
Fair Beulah's fields before us rise,
And sweetly burst upon our eyes,
The joys of Paradise; O hail, happy day.

5 Thrice hail, happy day, when earth shall smile in gladness,
And Eden bloom o'er nature's tomb, O hail, happy day.
Where life's pellucid waters glide,
Safe by the dear Redeemer's side,
Forever we'll abide; O hail, happy day.

90. ***Cambridge.*** C. M.

1 O joyful sound of gospel grace!
Christ shall on earth appear;
I, even I shall see his face;
Shall see him ever here.

2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reached out I view;
Conqu'ror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.

3 The promised rest from Pisgah's top
I now rejoice to see:
My hope is full! O glorious hope!
Of immortality!

91. ***Happy Day.*** L. M.

1 "A little while," our Lord shall come
And we shall wander here no more,
He'll take us to our Father's home
Where he for us has gone before.

Cho. — Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away,
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 "A little while," he'll come again;
Let us the precious hours redeem.
Our only grief to give him pain;
Our joy to serve and follow him.

3 "A little while," 'twill soon be past,
Why should we shun the shame and cross?
O let us in his footsteps haste,
Counting for him all else but loss!

4 "A little while," come, Saviour, come!
For thee thy church has tarried long!
Take thy poor, wearied pilgrims home,
To sing the new eternal song.

92. ***Pisgah.*** C. M.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven.
This earth, he cries, will be my place,
No other place is given;
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O, by faith I see
The land of rest, the saint's delight —
The earth restored for me.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours,
While waiting here we stay.
We feel the resurrection powers,
And antedate that day;
We know the resurrection's near,
Our life in Christ is sure,
And with his glorious presence here,
Our hopes would be secure.

3 O would he now the trumpet blow!
Then, like our Lord we'd rise,
Our bodies fully ransomed, go
To take the glorious prize;
On him, with rapture then, I'll gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace,
Through all eternity.

93. ***Victory.*** 10s.

1 Joyfully, joyfully onward I roam
Bound for the land of the bright world to come,
Angelic choristers welcome me on,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Soon shall I pass from this dark vale of woe,
Home to the land of the righteous I'll go,
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

2 Friends fondly cherished now sleep in the ground,
But they'll awake when the last trump shall sound,
Singing to cheer me as upward I soar,
Joyfully, meeting my Lord in the air.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on the ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I'll hear,
Ringing with harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to my home.

3 Death with his weapons of war has laid low
Many a pilgrim who feared not the blow;
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully they will come home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then, shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

94. *Resurrection Morning.*

1 Glory to God! the night is almost o'er,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning,
Soon shall we meet on Eden's blissful shore,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

CHO. — In the morning, in the morning,
In the resurrection morning,
Sweetly we'll sing the praises of our King,
And we'll shout hallelujah in the morning.

2 Jesus is coming. soon he'll rend the sky,
And we'll shout &c.,
Lift up your heads,redemption draweth nigh,
And we'll shout &c. — CHO.

3 Soon we shall rest where living waters flow,
And we'll shout &c.,
Sickness and sorrow never more to know,
And we'll shout &c. — CHO.

4 Come, blessed Saviour, come, O quickly come,
And we'll shout &c.,
Take us, we pray, to glory's fadeless home,
And we'll shout &c.—CHO.

95. *The Captive's Lament.* C. M.

1 On time's tempestuous ocean wide,
A gallant ship set sail;
And out into the raging deep
She stood before the gale;
Well fitted to abide the storm,
And angry waters' foam,
And bring the captives that she bore,
Unto her haven home.

2 Long was to be her voyage — the time,
Six thousand years almost —
Ere she would make the highland height,
Along the heavenly coast;
Yet with her sails expanded wide,
On, on she swiftly flew:
Bearing with ardent hope and love,
Her passengers and crew.

3 Oft tempests have assailed her round,
And stormy winds rose high;
And dark have been the mountain waves,
That bore her to the sky;
But o'er them all, with steady helm,
She onward pressed her way;
Her compass, true unto the pole,
Guides her to endless day.

4 Long, long she has been out, and now
She nears her haven home;
A beacon light hangs o'er her bow,
And bids her thither come.
And voices joyful oft are heard,
And music swelling high;
The land! the land! the land ahead!
With rapture now they cry.

5 Now soon will she be safely moor'd,
And anchored in the bay:
And all her passengers on shore,
Will keep a festal day:
And long their songs of joy will rise,
Beneath high heaven's dome—
They've passed the stormy sea of time,
They've reached their haven home.

96. *Howard.* C. M.

1 My soul is happy when I hear
The Saviour is so nigh;
I long to see his sign appear
Upon the op'ning sky.

2 I love to wait, and watch, and pray,
And trust his living word,
And feel the coming of that day
No longer is deferred.

3 I do rejoice that life was given
In these last days to me,
That deathless I may rise to heaven,
And my Redeemer see.

4 Then, waiting brethren, let us sing;
He will not tarry long;
And fill with love the hours that bring
The glory of our song.

5 Yes, he will come, no longer fear,
Though earth and hell assail;
His *Word* attests the moment near,
And that can never fail.

97. 8s, 6s, 7s, 6s.

1 He is coming; and the tidings
Sweep through the willing air,
With hope that ends forever
Time's ages of despair.

2 Old earth from dreams and slumber
Wakes up and says, Amen;
Land and ocean bid him welcome,
Flood and forest join the strain.

3 Yes, he, thy King is coming
To end thy woes and wrongs,
To give thee joy for mourning,
To turn thy sighs to songs.

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98. ***Antioch.*** C. M.

1 Joy to the world! the Lord will come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world! the Lord shall reign!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more shall sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He'll rule the world with truth and grace,
And make the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness
And wonders of his love.

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99. 8s & 7s.

1 Star of our hope! He'll soon appear!
O, shout and sing hosanna!
The last loud trumpet speaks him near!
Hosanna! sing hosanna!

Cho.—Eternal life! Eternal life!
We have it through our Saviour!
Eternal life! Eternal life!
O, come and live forever.

2 Hail him, all saints, from pole to pole,
And raise one loud hosanna!
How welcome to the faithful soul!
How worthy our hosanna!

3 Descending on his azure throne,
While rings one grand hosanna,
He claims the kingdoms as his own;
All nations shout hosanna!

4 The saints rejoice—they shout, they sing,
With rapture chant hosannas;
And hail him their triumphant King!
Forever sing hosannas!

100. ***Hail to the Brightness.*** 11s & 10s.

1 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain!
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing;
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing;
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See the dead risen from land and from ocean;
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high:
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

101. ***Edinburg.*** 11s.

1 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
Our glorious Deliv'rer will soon, soon appear;
In clouds of bright glory, to our rescue he'll come,
And angels will hail us to our heavenly home.
Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen!

2 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
On the plains of fair Canaan we soon shall appear;
With harps tun'd celestial, our rescue he'll come,
And angels will hail us to our heavenly home.
Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

3 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
'Tis the voice of th' archangel, methinks, that I hear,
Arousing the nations, awaking the dead
From their cold, dusty pillows, where long they have laid.
Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

4 Glad tidings! glad tidings! the kingdom is near,
Rejoice, then, ye pilgrims, your redemption is near;
The promis'd possession we soon shall receive,
And with Jesus in glory eternally live.
Hallelujah, amen; hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

102. ***Heavenly Home.*** 11s.

1 My hope is in heaven—till Jesus appear,
Then why should I mourn when trials are near?
Be hushed, my sad spirit—the worst that can come
But shortens thy journey and hastens thee home.

2 A pilgrim and stranger, I seek not my bliss,
Nor lay up my treasures in regions like this;
I look for a mansion which hands have not piled,—
I long for a city by sin undefiled.

3 Though foes and afflictions my progress oppose,
They only make heaven more sweet at the close;
Come joy or come sorrow—the worst may befall
One moment in glory makes up for them all.

4 The thorn and the thistle, around me may grow,
I would not repose me on roses below;
I ask not my portion—I seek not my rest,
Till seated with Jesus, I lean on his breast.

5 No scrip for my journey—no staff in my hand,
A pilgrim impatient I press to that land;
The path may be rugged, it cannot be long—
With hope I'll beguile it, and cheer it with song.

103. P. M.

1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
And my Saviour will not tarry
To fulfil my soul's request.
There is rest for the weary, [*Repeat.*]
There is rest for you;
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 Jesus comes to plant a kingdom,
That eternally shall stand,
And nothing shall be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Pain or sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
And its sting shall be withdrawn,
Shout for gladness, O, ye ransomed,
Hail with joy the rising morn.

5 Sing, O, sing, ye heirs of glory,
Shout your triumph as you go,
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

---

104. ***Switzer.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Weary pilgrim, why this sadness,
Why, 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
The "trial strange" brings joy and gladness;
For all things shall yet be thine;
Oh! yes, all things shall yet be thine!

2 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
Shall rejoice in hill and vale;
And sweetest harpings tell the story
Of the love that could not fail!
Oh! yes, the love that could not fail.

3 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
Where joy's gushing songs arise;
Thou shalt have all thy well-stored treasure
In the new earth, Paradise!
Yes, in the new earth Paradise.

4 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
To Mount Zion thou art come!
Now swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
And rejoice in thy blest home!
Thine own, and Jesus' heavenly home.

105. ***Lanesboro.*** C. M.

1 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert tents,
And quit this desert sand.

2 Fair vision! how thy distant gleam
Brightens time's saddest hue;
Far fairer than the fairest dream,
And yet so strangely true!

3 Thy light makes ev'n the darkest page
In memory's scroll grow fair;
Blanching the lines which tears and age
Had only deepened there.

4 With thee in view, how poor appear
The world's most winning smiles;
Vain is the tempter's subtlest snare,
And vain hell's varied wiles.

5 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.

6 Come crown and throne, come robe and palm!
Burst forth glad streams of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!

---

106. ***Brattle Street.*** C. M.

1 How oft the morn has cheated us,
As with unsleeping eye
We lay upon our silent couch,
And watched the changing sky.

2 'Tis thus, beguiled with fond desire,
And sick with hope deferred,
The watching Church, with eager ear,
The well-known cry has heard:—

3 Age after age, in love and faith,
She has with longing eye,
Been watching every streak of dawn
In yon perplexing sky.

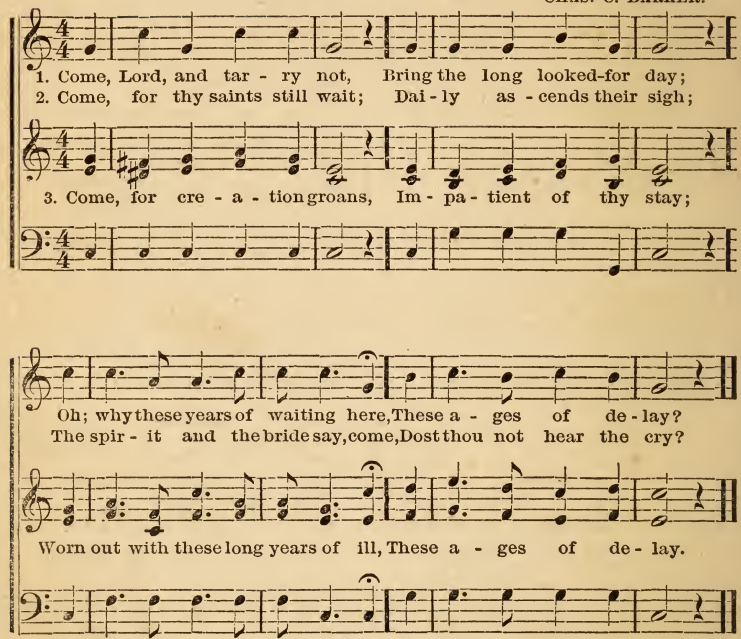
4 The morn shall come; nay, He himself,
Brighter than morn's best ray,
Shall come to bid the night depart,
And bring at last the day.

5 'Twas not in vain she kept the watch,
When all around her slept;
'Twas not in vain she waited thus,
And loved, and longed, and wept.

6 It dawns at last, the long-loved morn,
It comes, the meeting-day,
And in its joys shall be forgot
The sorrows of delay.

107. **MERIDEN. S. M.**

CHAS. C. BARKER.


1. Come, Lord, and tar - ry not, Bring the long looked-for day;
2. Come, for thy saints still wait; Dai - ly as - cends their sigh;
3. Come, for cre - a - tion groans, Im - pa - tient of thy stay;
Oh; why these years of waiting here, These a - ges of de - lay?
The spir - it and the bride say, come, Dost thou not hear the cry?
Worn out with these long years of ill, These a - ges of de - lay.

4 Come, for thy foes are strong;
With taunting lips they say,
"Where is the promised advent now,
And where the dreaded day?"

5 Come, for the good are few;
They lift the voice in vain,
Faith waxes fainter on the earth,
And love is on the wane.

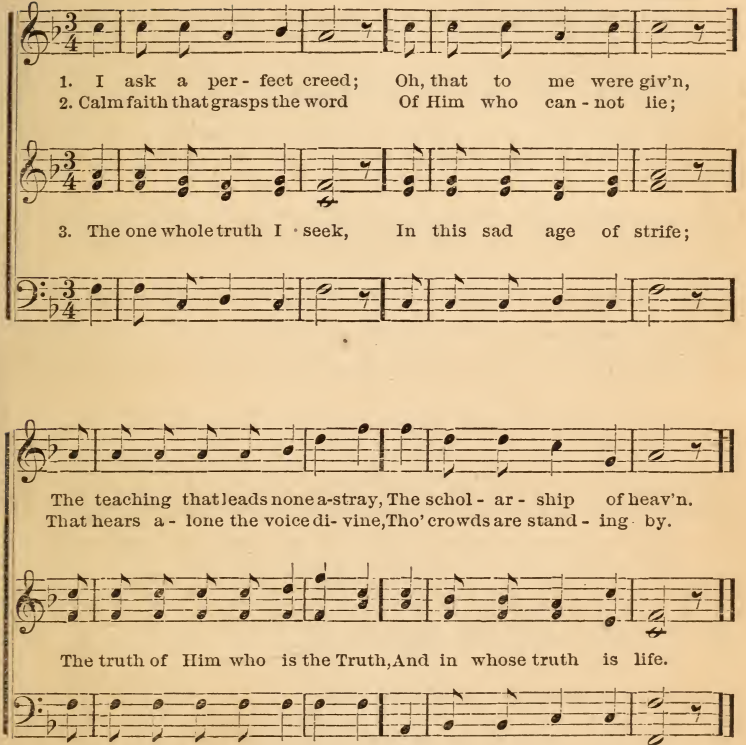
6 Come, for the truth is weak,
And error pours abroad
Its subtle poison o'er the earth,—
An earth that hates her God.

7 Come, for the grave is full,
Earth's tombs no more can hold;
The sated sepulchres rebel,
And groans the heaving mould.

8 Come, for the corn is ripe,
Put in the sickle now,
Reap the great harvest of the earth,—
Sower and reaper thou!

9 Come and make all things new,
Build up this ruined earth,
Restore our faded Paradise,
Creation's second birth.

108. BONAR'S CHANT. S. M.

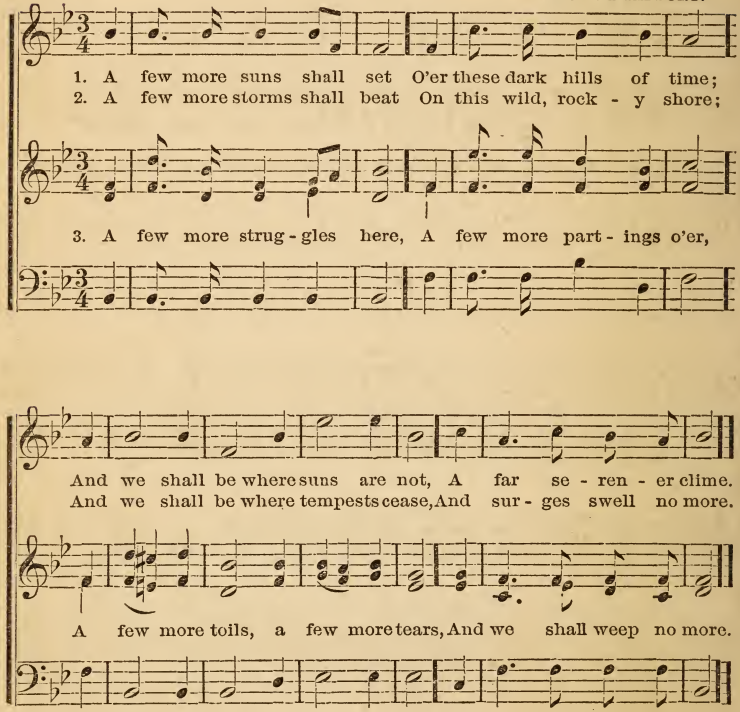
CHAS. C. BARKER.

1. I ask a per- fect creed; Oh, that to me were giv'n,
2. Calm faith that grasps the word Of Him who can- not lie;
3. The one whole truth I seek, In this sad age of strife;
The teaching that leads none a-stray, The schol- ar- ship of heav'n.
That hears a- lone the voice di- vine, Tho' crowds are stand- ing by.
The truth of Him who is the Truth, And in whose truth is life.

4 Truth which contains true rest;
Which is the grave of doubt;
Which ends uncertainty and gloom,
And casts the falsehood out.

5 O True One, give me truth!
And let it quench in me
The thirst of this long-craving heart,
And set my spirit free.

109. **BRADEN. S. M.**

By permission of Biglow & Main, successors of Wm. B. Bradbury.

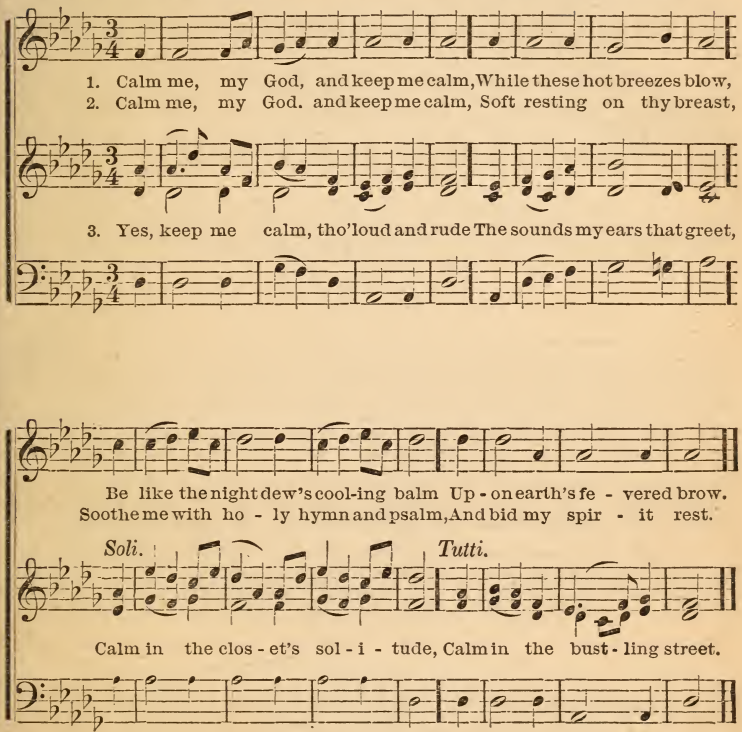
Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time;
2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock - y shore;
3. A few more strug - gles here, A few more part - ings o'er,
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime.
And we shall be where tempests cease, And sur - ges swell no more.
A few more toils, a few more tears, And we shall weep no more.

4 'Tis but a little while,
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives,
That we with Him may reign.

5 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

110.

NOEL. C. M.

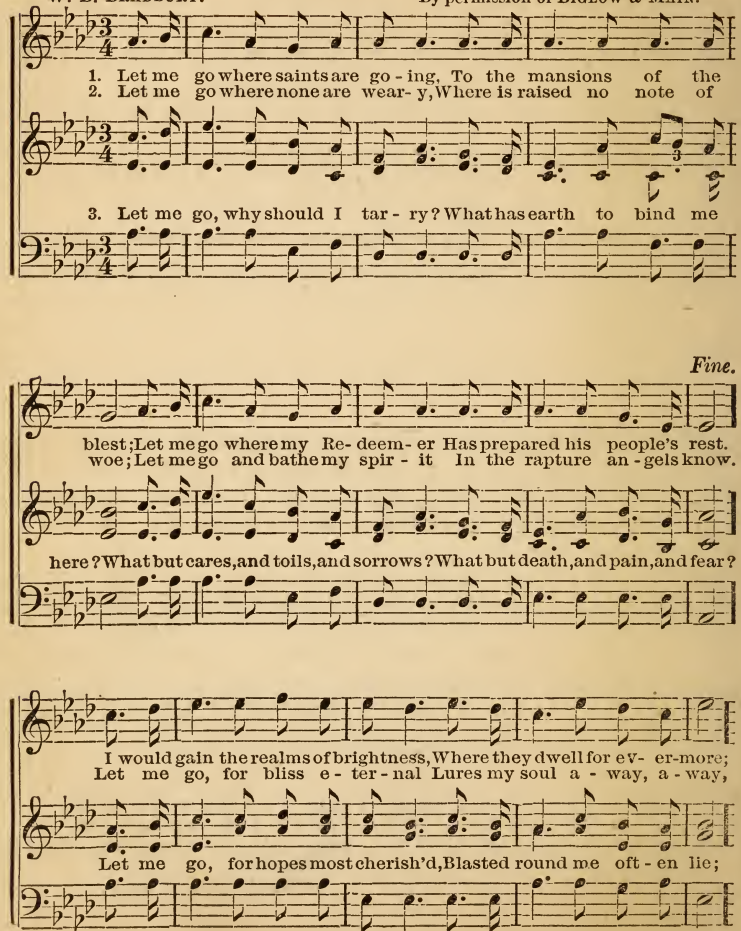
Theme from S. N. Robbins. Arr. by L. Marshall. By permission.

1. Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow,
2. Calm me, my God. and keep me calm, Soft resting on thy breast,
3. Yes, keep me calm, tho' loud and rude The sounds my ears that greet,
Be like the night dew's cool-ing balm Up-on earth's fe-vered brow.
Soothe me with ho-ly hymn and psalm, And bid my spir-it rest.
Soli.
Tutti.
Calm in the clos-et's sol-i-tude, Calm in the bust-ling street.

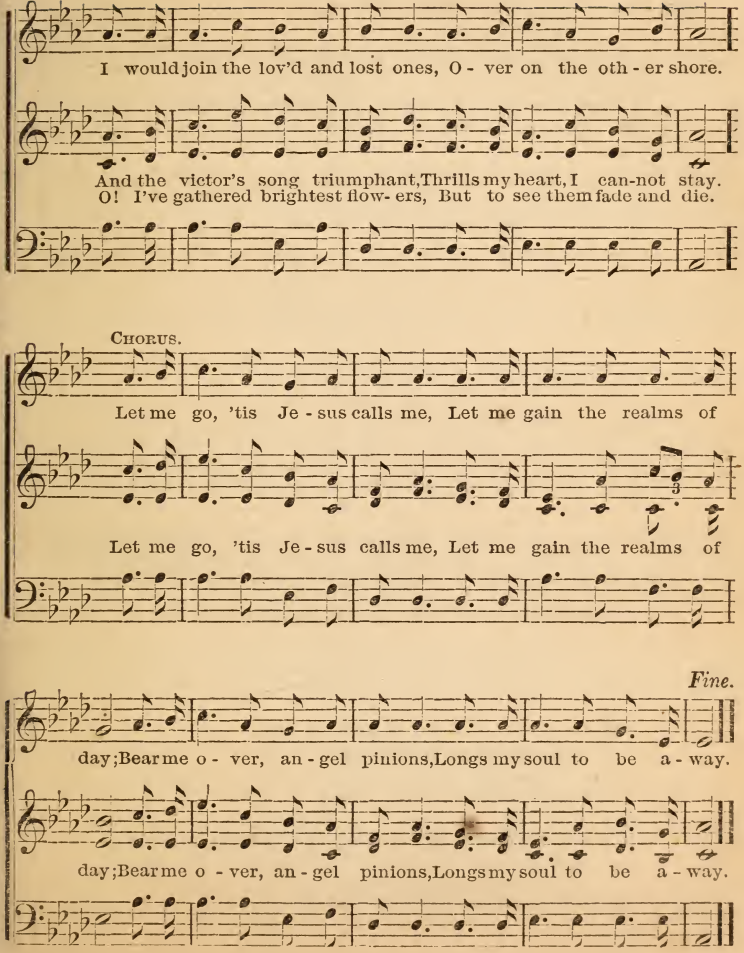
4 Calm in the hours of buoyant health,
Calm in my hours of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

5 Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng,
Who hate thy holy name.

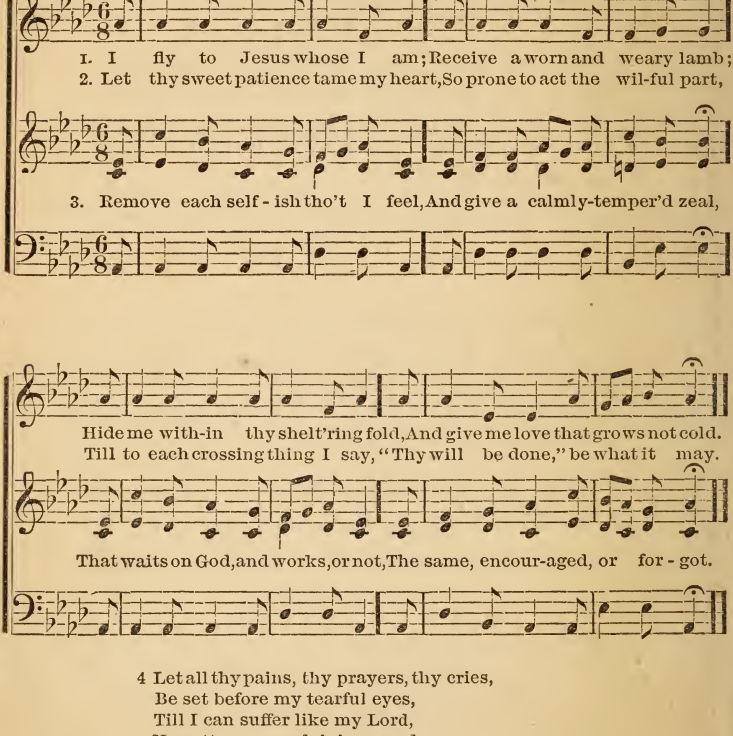
111. LET ME GO.

W. B. BRADBURY. By permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.


1. Let me go where saints are go - ing, To the mansions of the
2. Let me go where none are wear- y, Where is raised no note of
3. Let me go, why should I tar - ry? What has earth to bind me
Fine.
blest; Let me go where my Re- deem- er Has prepared his people's rest.
woe; Let me go and bathe my spir - it In the rapture an - gels know.
here? What but cares, and toils, and sorrows? What but death, and pain, and fear?
I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they dwell for ev- er-more;
Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal Lures my soul a - way, a - way,
Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd, Blasted round me oft - en lie;

"Let Me Go." Concluded.

I would join the lov'd and lost ones, O - ver on the oth - er shore.
And the victor's song triumphant, Thrills my heart, I can-not stay.
O! I've gathered brightest flow- ers, But to see them fade and die.
Chorus.
Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of
Let me go, 'tis Je - sus calls me, Let me gain the realms of
Fine.
day; Bear me o - ver, an - gel pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.
day; Bear me o - ver, an - gel pinions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

112. **SHELTER. L. M.**

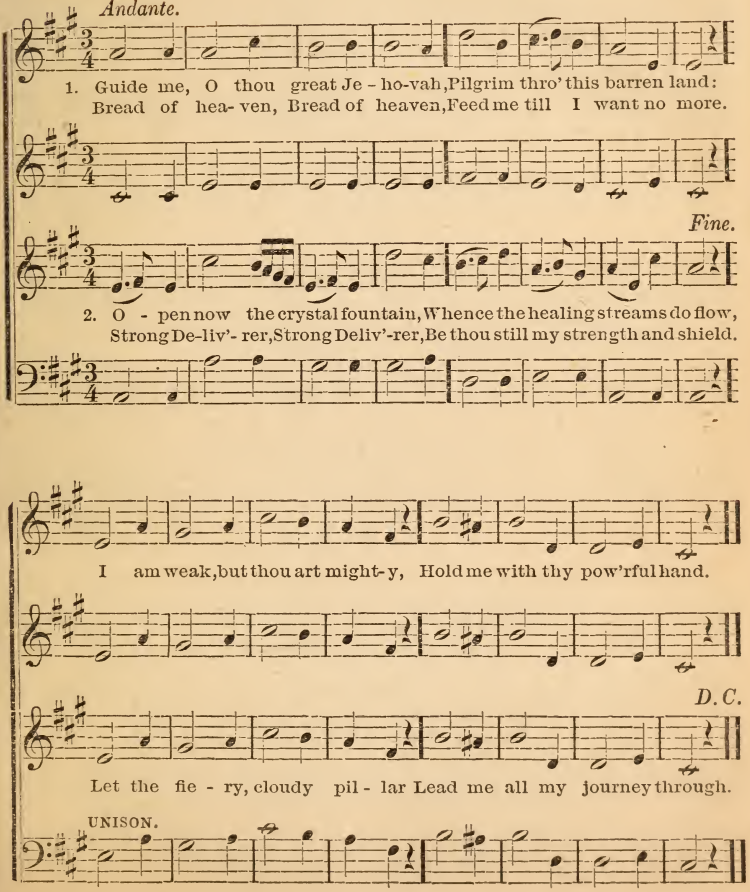
GEO. E. LEE.

1. I fly to Jesus whose I am; Receive a worn and weary lamb;
2. Let thy sweet patience tame my heart, So prone to act the wil-ful part,
3. Remove each self-ish tho't I feel, And give a calmly-temper'd zeal,
Hide me with-in thy shelt'ring fold, And give me love that grows not cold.
Till to each crossing thing I say, "Thy will be done," be what it may.
That waits on God, and works, or not, The same, encour-aged, or for-got.

4 Let all thy pains, thy prayers, thy cries,
Be set before my tearful eyes,
Till I can suffer like my Lord,
Nor utter a complaining word.

5 And when thy saints, a conquering throng,
Shall come with crowns, and palms, and song,
Then I, victorious o'er each foe,
A life of sinless peace shall know.

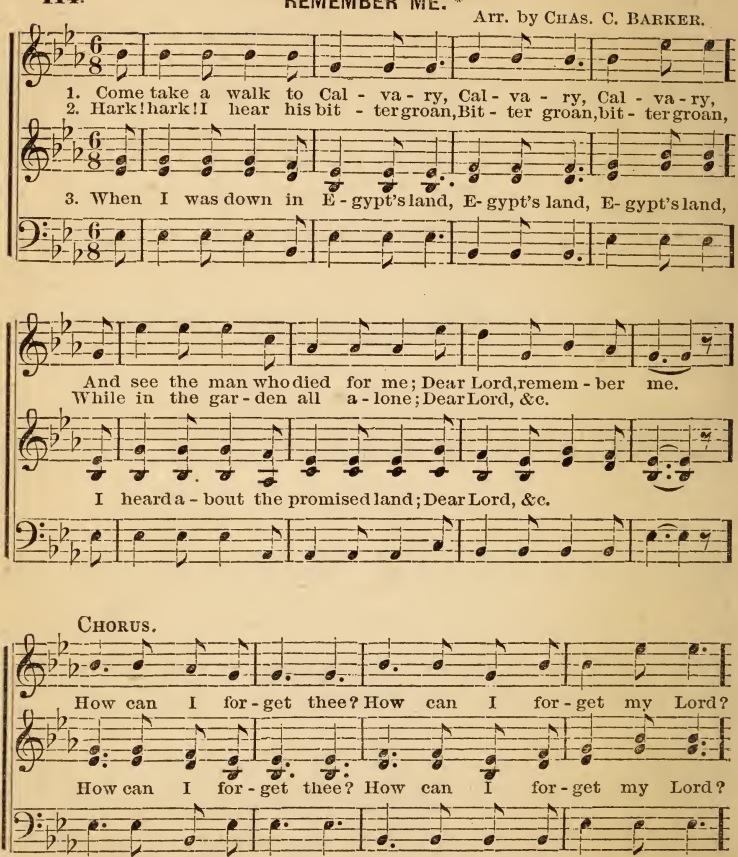
113. **ADMIRATION.** 8s, 7s & 4s.

L. MARSHALL. By permission.

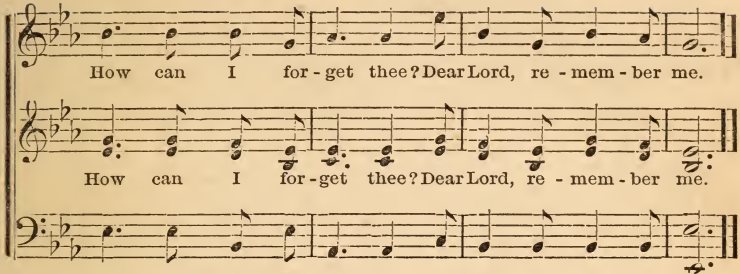

Andante.
1. Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land:
Bread of hea- ven, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
Fine.
2. O - pen now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing streams do flow,
Strong De-liv'- rer, Strong Deliv'-rer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
I am weak, but thou art might- y, Hold me with thy pow'rful hand.
D.C.
Let the fie - ry, cloudy pil - lar Lead me all my journey through.
UNISON.

114. **REMEMBER ME.** *

Arr. by CHAS. C. BARKER.


1. Come take a walk to Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry, Cal - va - ry,
2. Hark! hark! I hear his bit - ter groan, Bit - ter groan, bit - ter groan,
3. When I was down in E - gypt's land, E - gypt's land, E - gypt's land,
And see the man who died for me; Dear Lord, remem - ber me.
While in the gar - den all a - lone; Dear Lord, &c.
I heard a - bout the promised land; Dear Lord, &c.
CHORUS.
How can I for - get thee? How can I for - get my Lord?
How can I for - get thee? How can I for - get my Lord?

* This beautiful melody came to our ears by the sweet voice of a colored sister, at an evening meeting, in July, 1867. We were on the Enfield, Ct. camp ground. Those who were present will never forget the impression it made. I now present it with an original harmony, and with the words then sung. — C. C. B.

"Remember Me." Concluded.

4 It was so dark I could not see, &c.
Till Jesus brought the light to me;
Dear Lord, remember me. — CHO.

5 Soon God will say the work is done, &c.
And give the kingdom to his Son,
Dear Lord, remember me. — CHO.

6 Soon Christ will call his saints to reign, &c.
And they shall shout the glad amen;
Dear Lord, remember me. — CHO.

7 The time the wise shall understand, &c.
They say the day is just at hand;
Dear Lord, remember me. — CHO.

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115. ***Siloam.*** C. M.

1 I feel the breezes as they blow,
Fierce on this mortal shore,
And fear that death is coming nigh
To enter through my door.

2 Pain, sickness, anguish, mixed with fear,
Cause me to seek for aid;
I cry to heaven — the answer comes,
"My child, be not afraid!"

3 I know unless the Conqueror comes,
And gives eternal life,
A few short years and I must fall
In this sad mortal strife.

4 I feel the breezes as they blow
From yon celestial hills,
And O, the healing balm they bring
My soul with health it fills.

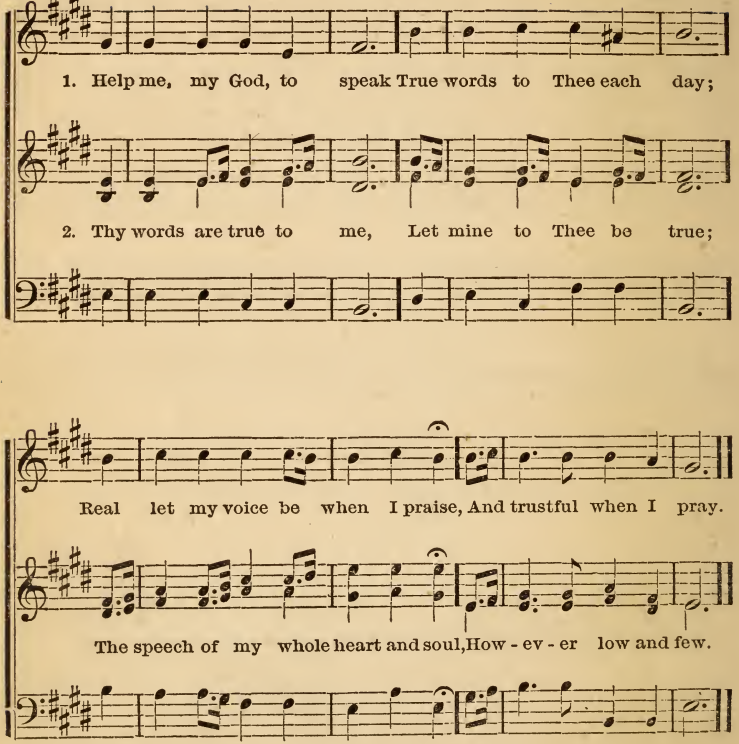
5 All pain and sickness flee away,
And there's no death to fear,
I know, says faith, there's perfect health
And lasting pleasure here.

6 Bless'd are the souls that reach this land
Where sorrow is unknown;
Peace like a river fills the earth,
And glory from the throne.

7 Come, mortal, with me to that land
So bright, so goodly, fair;
Here all is sadness, care and toil,
But rest and joy are there.

116. CYMBALL. S. M.

ROSSINI.


1. Help me, my God, to speak True words to Thee each day;
2. Thy words are true to me, Let mine to Thee be true;
Real let my voice be when I praise, And trustful when I pray.
The speech of my whole heart and soul, How - ev - er low and few.

3 True words of grief for sin,
Of longing to be free,
Of groaning for deliverance
And likeness, Lord, to Thee.

4 True words of faith and hope,
Of godly joy and grief;
Lord, I believe, oh, hear my cry,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

117. Christmas. p. 29. C. M.

1 Lord, give me light to do thy work,
For only, Lord, from Thee
Can come the light by which these eyes
The way of work can see.

2 In plainest things I daily err,
When walking in the light
The wisdom of this world affords,
However fair and bright.

3 The way is narrow, often dark,
With lights and shadows strewn;
I wander oft, and think it Thine,
When walking in my own.

4 Oh! send me light to do thy work!
More light, more wisdom, give!
Then shall I work thy work indeed,
While on Thine earth I live.

5 So shall success be mine, in spite
Of feebleness in me;
Beyond all disappointment, then,
And failure I shall be.

---

118. *Missionary Chant.* L. M.

1 Spirit of everlasting grace,
Infinite source of life, come down;
These tombs unlock, these dead upraise,
Thy glorious power and love make known.

2 Breathe o'er this valley of the dead,
Send forth thy quickening might abroad,
Till, rising from their tombs, they spread,
In full array,—the host of God.

3 Thy heritage lies desolate,
And all thy pleasant places mourn;
O look upon our low estate,
In loving kindness, Lord, return.

4 Now let thy glory be revealed,
Now let thy presence with us rest;
O heal us, and we shall be healed!
O bless us, and we shall be blest!

---

119. *Lancsboro.* C. M.

1 When fainting in the sultry waste,
And parched with thirst extreme,
The weary pilgrim longs to taste
The cool, refreshing stream.

2 So longs the weary, fainting mind,
Oppressed with sins and woes,
Some soul-reviving spring to find,
Whence heavenly comfort flows.

3 O may I thirst for thee, my God,
With ardent, strong desire;
And still, through all this desert road,
To taste thy grace aspire.

4 Then shall my prayer to thee ascend,
A grateful sacrifice;
My mourning voice thou wilt attend,
And grant me full supplies.

---

120. *Chelmsford.* C. M.

1 O, for a heart to praise my God;
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me:

2 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who dwells within;

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
A copy, Lord, of thine.

4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new best name of love.

---

121. *O for a Closer Walk.* C. M.

1 O, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of poverty or woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod;
But in the hour of grief or pain,
Can lean upon its God;

3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4 That bears unmoved the world's dread frown;
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile;

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way,
By truth restrained and led,
And with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed.

6 Lord, give me such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
I'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

122. ***Berrien.*** C. M.

1 Zeal is that pure and heavenly flame,
The fire of love supplies;
While that which often bears the name
Is self in a disguise.

2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce, and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.

3 Self may its poor reward obtain,
And be applauded here;
But zeal the best applause will gain,
When Jesus shall appear.

4 O Lord, the idol self dethrone,
And from our hearts remove;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

123. ***Sweet Hour of Prayer.*** L. M.

1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my father's Throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.

2 In seasons of distress and grief,
My heart has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting heart to bless.

4 And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

124. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign!

3 Oh let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

125. ***Come and Reign.***

1 Come and reign—come and reign,
Jesus, on thy throne;
And oh! it fills my heart with joy
To know we're almost home.

2 Here I drop the falling tear
As Pilgrim-like I roam,
An exile from my Father's house,
But soon he'll call me home.

3 Here amid life's changing scenes
My cup of grief runs o'er;
But there I'll share unmingled bliss
On Canaan's happy shore.

4 Here I grieve the friends I love,
And they in turn grieve me;
But, O my Father, grant me grace,
That I may not grieve thee.

5 Here disease invades our frames,
We wither, droop, and die;
But there eternal youth shall bloom,
And bright shall beam each eye.

6 Here we meet and part again,
As 'round and 'round we roam;
But there we'll meet and part no more,
And sweetly rest at Home.

126. ***God Speed the Truth.*** 8s & 4s.

1 Now to heaven our prayers ascending,
God speed the truth!
In a noble cause contending,
God speed the truth!
Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
In the better land rewarded,
God speed the truth! God speed the truth!

2 Be that prayer again repeated,
God speed the truth!
Ne'er despairing, ne'er defeated,
God speed the truth!
With the good in sacred story,
We shall reign in fadeless glory,
God speed the truth! God speed the truth!

3 Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the truth!
Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
God speed the truth!
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the truth! God speed the truth!

4 Still our onward course pursuing,
God speed the truth!
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the truth!
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no power on earth can stay it,
God speed the truth! God speed the truth!

127. *Lord's Prayer.* C. M.

1 Our Father who in heaven art,
Hallowed be thy name;
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done,
In heav'n and earth the same.

Come my Saviour, O my Saviour,
Come and bless thy people now;
While at thy feet we humbly bow,
O come and save us now.
Then will we sing our sufferings o'er,
And praise thee evermore;
Then will we sing our suff'rings o'er,
And praise thee evermore.

2 Give us this day our daily bread;
Our trespasses forgive;
As we forgive our fellow-men,
May we thy grace receive.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

3 And in temptation leave us not;
From evil us defend;
For thine, O Lord, the kingdom is,
Forever, without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

4 Thine is the power, O Lord, to bring
The kingdom down to men;
Thine is the glory evermore,
And kingdom without end.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

5 In that glad day shall all thy saints,
A joyful tribute bring,
Of praise and pow'r, of joy and song,
To their exalted king.
Come, my Saviour, &c.

128. *Oh! Come to Reign!* P. M.

1 Mark that pilgrim lowly bending,
At the shrine of prayer ascending,
Praise and sighs together blending
From his lips in mournful strain;
Glowing with sincere contrition,
And with childlike, blest submission,
Ever riseth this petition:—
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

2 List again;—the low earth sigheth
And the blood of martyrs crieth
From its bosom, where there lieth
Millions upon millions slain:—
"Lord, how long, ere thy word given,
All the wicked shall be driven
From the earth by bolts of heaven?
Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

3 Kingdoms now are reeling, falling,
Nations lie in woe appalling,
On their sages vainly calling
All these wonders to explain;
While the slain around are lying,
God's own little flock are sighing,
And in secret places crying,
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

4 Here the wicked lived securely,
Of to-morrow boasting surely,
While from those who're walking purely,
They extort dishonest gain;
Yea, the meek are burdened, driven:
Want and care to them are given,
But they lift the cry to heaven,
"Jesus, come—oh come to reign."

5 Christian, CHEER THEE—land is nearing,
Still be hopeful—nothing fearing;
Soon, in majesty appearing,
You'll behold the Lamb once slain;
Oh how joyful then to hear him,
While all nations shall revere him,
Saying to his flock who fear him,
"*I have come—on earth to reign.*"

129. Speed Away.

1 Speed away, speed away,
On thine errand of light,
The news of the kingdom
Being almost in sight.
It quickens our hope,
And we ardently pray—
O come, blessed Saviour,
No longer delay.
O, roll quickly onward
Ye slow hours of day.

CHO.—Speed away, speed away, speed away.

2 Speed away, speed away,
Ye heralds of light;
Go forth in His power,
And strength of his might.
O tell the glad tidings,
To all his dear saints,
That Jesus is coming
To end their complaints.
O pray for his kingdom,
And make no delay.

3 Speed away, speed away,
Old time, on thy course;
While we are rejoicing,
The promise rehearse;
For great are the blessings
Which we shall receive
Of glory and honor
If we but believe.
Speed ye on, then, thou sun,
Stay not on the plain.

4 Speed away then, ye saints,
Speed ye on in your flight,
And think not to rest on
The dark plains of night.
But press for yon glory
That's shining for thee,
Where Christ is inviting
His saints to be free.
Speed away, do not tarry,
There's death if ye stay,
Speed away, speed away, speed away.

130. ***Bridgewater.*** L. M.

1 *Eternal* power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
In vain the tallest angel tries
To reach the height with wond'ring eyes.

2 Earth, from afar, has heard thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp thy name,
But oh, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

3 God is in heaven, but man below:
Be short our tunes, our words be few:
A sacred rev'rence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

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131. ***Uxbridge.*** L. M.

1 When will the happy trump proclaim
The judgment of the martyr'd Lamb?
When shall the captive troops be free,
And keep th' eternal jubilee?

2 Hasten it, Lord, in ev'ry land,—
Send thou thine angels, and command:
"Go sound deliv'rance—loudly blow
"Salvation to the saints below!"

3 We long to have the day appear,
The promised, great Sabbatic year;
When, far from grief, and sin, and hell,
Israel in ceaseless peace shall dwell.

4 Till then, we will not let thee rest—
Thou still shalt hear our strong request;
And this our daily pray'r shall be,
Lord, sound the trump of jubilee.

---

132. ***Coronation.*** C. M.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

---

133. ***Forever with the Lord.*** S. M. D.

1 "Forever with the Lord!"
Amen, so let it be;
Life for the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality;
Here 'neath the cross I'm bent,
And absent from him roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of the blest, how near
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love;
The bright inheritance of saints,
The city from above.

3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.
Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

---

134. ***Laban.*** S. M.

1 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

4 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliv'rance bring.

135. ***Shirland.*** S. M.

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 Our gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n!
Oh! may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

136. ***St. Thomas.*** S. M.

1 With willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die!

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee!

137. ***Leon.*** C. P. M.

1 O, could we speak the matchless worth,
O, could we sound the glories forth,
Which in our Saviour shine!
We'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,
In notes almost divine. In notes, &c.

2 We'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
We would to everlasting days,
Make all his glories known. Make, &c.

3 O, the delightful day will come,
When Christ our Lord will bring us home,
And we shall see his face!
Then, with our Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity we'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace. Triumphant &c.

138. ***Meribah.*** C. P. M.

1 How happy are the little flock,
Who, safe beneath their guardian Rock,
In all commotions rest;
When war's and tumult's waves run high,
Unmoved above the storm they lie,
And lodge in Jesus' breast.

2 Such happiness, O Lord, have we,
By mercy gathered into thee
Before the floods descend;
And while the bursting cloud comes down,
We mark the vengeful day begun,
And calmly wait the end.

3 The plague, the dearth, and din of war,
Our Saviour's swift approach declare,
And bid our hearts arise;
Earth's basis shook confirms our hope;
Its cities' fall but lifts us up
To meet thee in the skies.

139. ***Illinois.*** 8s & 7s.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer.
O, what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pains we bear,
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge!
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

140. ***Sicily.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Praise to him, by whose kind favor,
Heav'nly truth has reached our ears!
May its sweet, reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

2 Truth! how sacred is the treasure!
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.

3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O God, in ev'ry heart;
In the day of thy appearing
May we share thy people's part.

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141. ***Worthy is the Lamb.***

1 Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb,
Worthy, worthy is the Lamb
That was slain.

Cho.—Glory, hallelujah,
Praise him, hallelujah,
Glory, hallelujah
To the Lamb.

2 Sons of morning, sing his praise,
In the noblest strains you raise,
Man's redemption claims your lays,
Praise the Lamb.—Cho.

3 See, in sad Gethsemane,
See, on tragic Calvary,
Sinner, see his love to thee,
Praise the Lamb.—Cho.

4 Penitents, dry up your tears,
God hath heard believing prayers,
He forgives you when he hears
His dear Lamb.—Cho.

5 Thus may we each moment feel,
Love him, serve him, praise him still,
Till we all on Zion's hill
See the Lamb.—Cho.

142. ***Harwell.*** 8s, 7s, & 7s.

1 Hark! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above!
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns the Lord of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, amen.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens
All above and gives it worth;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens
Cheers and charms thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord, we own it love divine.
Hallelujah, &c.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall sever
Those whom thou shalt call thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.
Hallelujah, &c.

4 Saviour, hasten thine appearing;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;
Then with golden harps we'll sing,
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah, &c.

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143. ***Ortonville.*** C. M.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine;
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

144. ***Woodstock.*** L. M.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord,
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See from his head—his hands—his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing—so divine,
Demands my soul—my life—my all.

145. ***Amboy.*** 7s.

1 To the name of God on high,
God of might and majesty,
God of heaven, and earth, and sea,
Blessing, praise, and glory be.

2 To the name of Christ the Lord,
Son of God, incarnate Word,
Christ for whom all things were made,
Be an endless honor paid.

3 To the Holy Spirit be
Equal praise eternally,
With the Father and the Son,
One in name, in glory one.

4 Glorious is our God the Lord,
Praises, then, with one accord
To his holy name be given,
By the sons of earth and heaven.

146. ***Auvern.*** L. M.

1 Praises to Him who built the hills;
Praises to him the streams who fills;
Praises to him who lights each star
That sparkles in the blue afar.

2 Praises to Him whose love has given,
In Christ his Son, the Life of heaven;
Who for our darkness gives us light,
And turns to day our deepest night.

3 Praises to Him, in grace who came,
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;
Who lived to die, who died to rise,
The God-accepted sacrifice.

4 Praises to Him the chain who broke,
Opened the prison, burst the yoke,
Sent forth its captives, glad and free,
Heirs of an endless liberty.

5 Praises to Him who sheds abroad
Within our hearts the love of God;
The Spirit of all truth and peace,
Fountain of joy and holiness!

147. ***Land of Rest.*** C. M.

1 All that I was—my sin, my guilt,
My death, was all my own;
All that I am, I owe to thee,
My gracious God alone.

2 The evil of my former state
Was mine and only mine;
The good in which I now rejoice
Is thine and only thine.

3 The darkness of my former state,
The bondage, all was mine;
The light of life in which I walk,
The liberty is thine.

4 Thy grace first made me feel my sin,
It taught me to believe;
Then, in believing, peace I found,
And now I live, I live.

5 All that I am, even here on earth,
All that I hope to be,
When Jesus comes and glory dawns,
I owe it, Lord, to thee.

148. ***Missionary Hymn.*** L. M.

1 Nature, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

2 Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

3 O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs!
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

4 Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

149. 8s & 7s.

Jesus my Trust.

1 Jesus, thou art still my Saviour;
I will trust thee day by day:
It shall be my great endeavor
E'er to walk in thine own way;
Though the path may all be darkness,
And the way seem lone and drear,
Still in Thee is joy and gladness,
I will neither doubt nor fear.

2 Still my aim shall be to serve thee,
I my cross for thee will bear,
Thou hast promised to be with me,
Thou wilt every burden share.
Soon earth's trials will be over,
Soon the day of rest will come;
Then I hope to dwell forever
In a happy, peaceful home.

3 Yes, behold! the light is dawning;
Soon the clouds will pass away;
Joyfully I hail the morning
Of that bright, eternal day.
Then around the throne in glory,
Everlasting praise I'll sing;
Thanks to him who gave the vict'ry,
Glory to my God and King.

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150. ***Northfield.*** C. M.

"Hinder me not."

1 In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods, and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duties, and through trials, too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

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151. ***Brattle St.*** C. M. Double.

1 I want a principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to feel it near.
I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.

2 From thee, that I no more may part,
No more thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
Quick as the apple of the eye,
O God, my conscience make;
Awake, my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

3 If to the right or left I stray,
That moment, Lord, reprove;
And let me grieve my life away,
For having grieved thy love.
O! may the least omission pain
My well-instructed soul,
And drive me to the blood again,
Which makes the wounded whole.

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152. ***Penitence.*** 7, 6, & 8s.

1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good;
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his blood!
All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride.
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but vanity;
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me!
Me to save from guilt and woe,
The sin-atoning victim died.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end;
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his faith abide.

4 Oh! that I could all invite
This saving truth to prove:
Show the length, and breadth, and hight,
And depth of Jesus' love.
Fain I would to sinners show
The precious blood by faith applied.

153. *Hope.* 6s.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.

2 I dare not choose my lot:
I would not if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

4 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

5 Not mine, nor mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

154. Meriden. p. 56. S. M.

1 Not to ourselves again,
Not to the flesh we live;
Not to the world henceforth shall we
Our strength, our being give.

2 The time past of our lives,
Sufficeth to have wrought
The fleshly will, which only ill
Has to us ever brought.

3 No longer is our life
A thing unused or vain;
To us, even here, to live is Christ,
For us to die is gain.

4 When he who is our life
Appears, to take the throne,
We too shall be revealed, and shine
In glory like His own.

5 Shine as the sun shall we
In the bright kingdom then;
Our sky without a cloud or mist,
Ourselves without a stain.

6 Like Him we then shall be
Transformed and glorified;
For we shall see Him as he is,
And in his light abide.

155. *Ortonville.* C. M

1 To have, each day, the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to me;
But not to have the thing I wish,
Lord, that seems best to thee.

2 'Tis hard to say without a sigh,
Lord, let thy will be done;
'Tis hard to say, My will is thine,
And thine is mine alone.

3 Most truly then thy will is done,
When mine, O Lord, is crossed;
'Tis good to see my plans o'erthrown,
My ways in thine all lost.

4 Whate'er thy purpose be, O Lord,
In things or great, or small,
Let each minutest part be done,
That thou may'st still be all.

5 In all the little things of life,
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little, and in great alike,
Reveal thy love to me.

6 So shall my undivided life
To thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven.

156. *Dennis.* S. M.

1 Thou must deny thyself,
And take up now thy cross;
Choosing the narrow gate and way,
Counting all gain but loss.

2 Watch and be sober still,
Ye who have known the way;
Not sons of midnight or of gloom,
But of the light and day.

3 No truce with vanity,
Or this world's idle show;
Lust of the flesh and eye, or pride
Of life thou must not know.

4 Dead to the world then be,
In gayety and pride;
To its vain pomp and beauty be
For ever crucified!

5 Him whom ye love it smote,—
The Christ that died for you;
Love not the world that hated Him,
The world thy Lord that slew.

6 Bright is the world to come,
It will you well repay;
So shall ye be true sons of God,
And children of the day.

157. P. M. 10s, 11s,

1 O tell me no more of this world's vain store,
The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
A country I've found, where true joys abound,
To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.

2 The souls that believe, in paradise live,
And me in that number will Jesus receive;
My soul, don't delay—he calls thee away,
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day.

3 No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
Lo, onward I move to a city above,
None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.

4 Great spoils I shall win, from death, hell, and sin,
'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within;
And when I'm to rise, receive me, I'll cry,
For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find, we two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory and leave me behind:
So this is the race I'm running, through grace,
Henceforth—till admitted to see my Lord's face.

6 And now I'm in care my neighbors may share
These blessings: to seek them will none of you dare?
In bondage, O why, and death will you lie,
When one here assures you free grace is so nigh?

158. 11s & 10s.

1 To Thee, to Thee alone, Lord, would I hearken,
In this strange age of crude philosophy.
The skies are clouding, and the shadows darken;
It is not night, and yet it is not day.

2 They boast that all the wisdom is with them;
They are the thinkers, *we* the credulous;
They have the mind, and can think out all truth;
We dream and dote upon the fabulous.

3 God's revelation is a word of hate;
It speaks of fetters to the human mind.
It says, Believe because thy God hath spoken;
And thus in chains the intellect would bind.

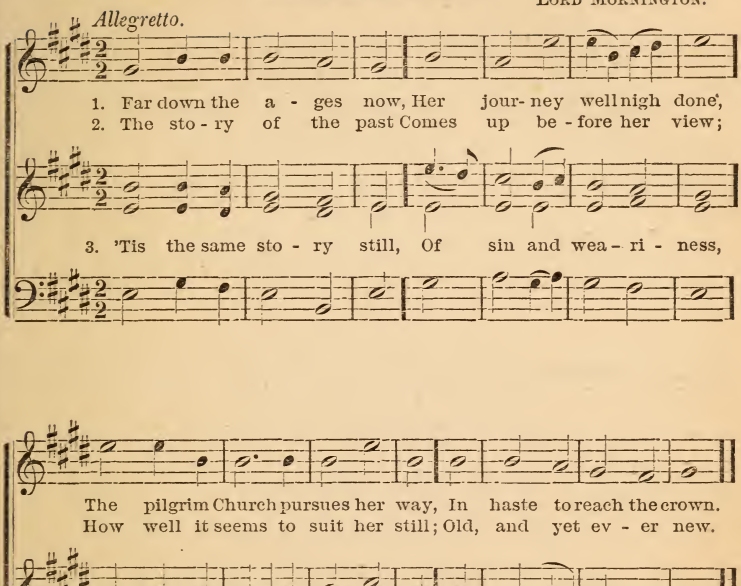
4 Think on, think on, then; but the day draws nigh
Which shall put all your vanities to shame;
Think on, but know, that there is one who will
To think, as well as you, put in His claim.

5 His thoughts are not as yours, nor are his ways
As your ways,—dubious, changeful, dark, unsure;
His are the thoughts, eternal, infinite;
Thoughts like Himself, unchanging, true, and pure.

6 For this is life eternal, Him to know,
And Jesus Christ His Son whom He hath sent;
And this is light, to walk in His dear love,
Light brighter than the noon-bright firmament.

159. **MORNINGTON. S. M.**

LORD MORNINGTON.

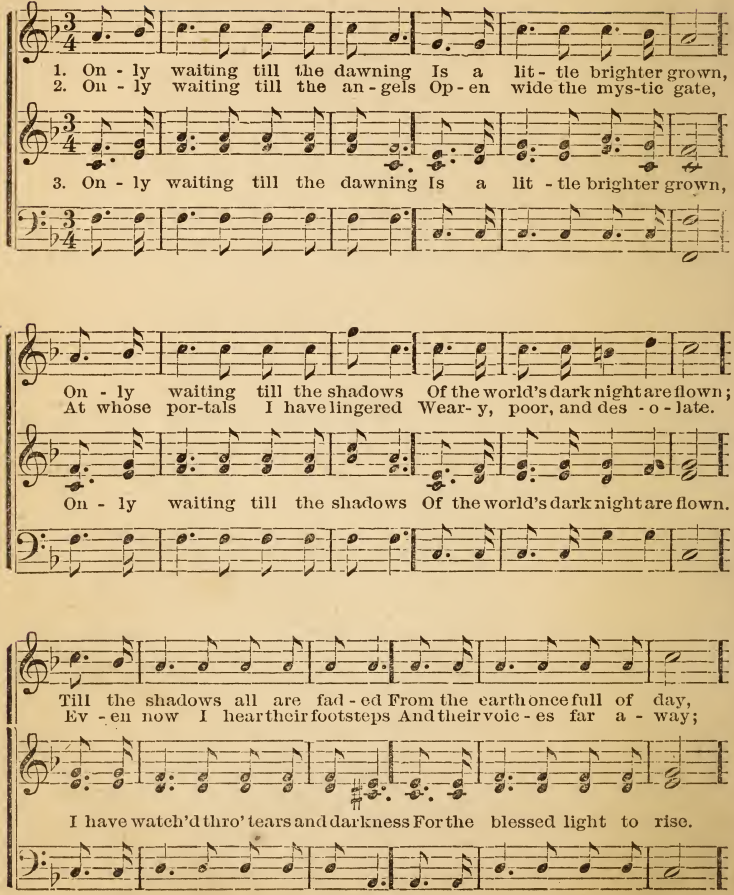

Allegretto.
1. Far down the a - ges now, Her jour- ney well nigh done,
2. The sto - ry of the past Comes up be - fore her view;
3. 'Tis the same sto - ry still, Of sin and wea - ri - ness,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way, In haste to reach the crown.
How well it seems to suit her still; Old, and yet ev - er new.
Of grace and love still flow- ing down, To par - don and to bless.

4 No wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smoother is the ancient path,
That leads to light and day.

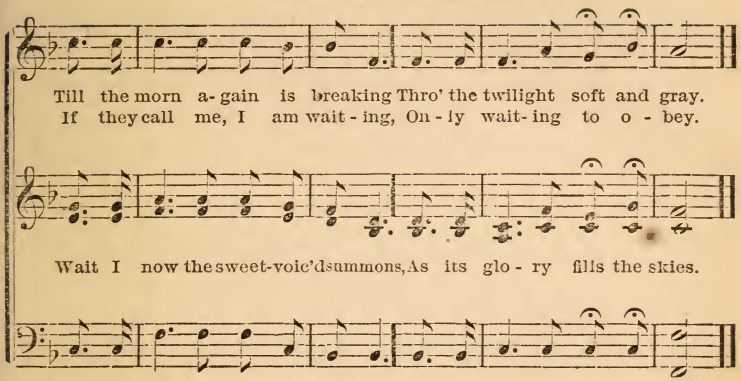
5 No lighter is the load,
Beneath whose weight we cry,
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,
Nor less our enemy.

6 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.

7 'Tis the old sorrow still,
The briar and the thorn;
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—
The hope of coming morn.

160. **ONLY WAITING.**

1. On - ly waiting till the dawning Is a lit - tle brighter grown,
2. On - ly waiting till the an - gels Op - en wide the mys-tic gate,
3. On - ly waiting till the dawning Is a lit - tle brighter grown,
On - ly waiting till the shadows Of the world's dark night are flown;
At whose por-tals I have lingered Wear- y, poor, and des - o - late.
On - ly waiting till the shadows Of the world's dark night are flown.
Till the shadows all are fad - ed From the earth once full of day,
Ev - en now I hear their footsteps And their voic - es far a - way;
I have watch'd thro' tears and darkness For the blessed light to rise.

"Only Waiting." Concluded.


Till the morn a-gain is breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.
If they call me, I am wait-ing, On-ly wait-ing to o-bey.
Wait I now the sweet-voic'd summons, As its glo-ry fills the skies.

161. ***Palms of Victory.***

1 I've seen some way-worn travelers,
For twenty years or more,
Who left this world their Lord to see,
And gain bright Canaan's shore.
I've marked them scattered far and wide—
An humble, praying flock;
They seem'd above the world and pride,
To stand on Christ, the rock.
Palms of victory—crowns of glory—
Palms of victory they shall wear.

2 I met them in the tented grove—
Oh! happy were those hours;
Their hearts pulsating with God's love,
Beneath the shady bowers.
I saw them when the time passed by—
Faith held them 'mid the shock;
Their strength was in their Lord on high—
They stood upon the rock.

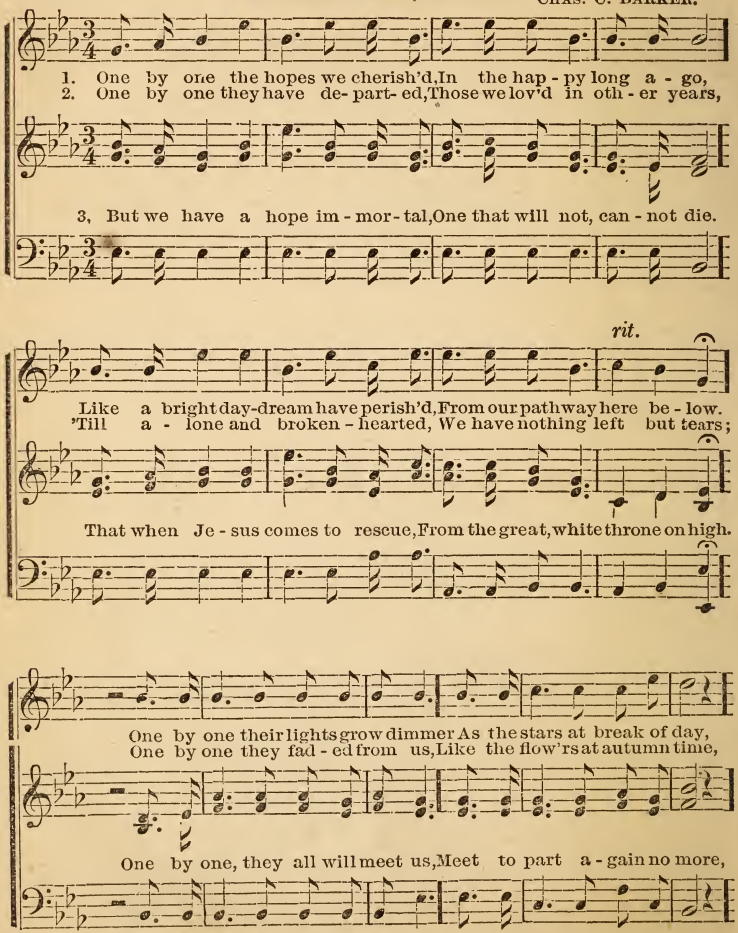
3 I've watched them now o'er twenty years;
Hard trials some have bore,
I've heard them weep, and seen their tears,
As sorrow's cup ran o'er.
'Twas TIME that severed many a tie,
TIME made proud scoffers mock,
And TIME now shows deliverance near
To those on Christ, the rock.

4 Good Daniel cried, How long, O Lord,
Ere all these wonders end?
The answer's written in God's word:
"The wise shall understand."
That sacred promise God will keep,
And all the saints will raise; [sleep,
The trump of God shall break their
At the ending of the days.

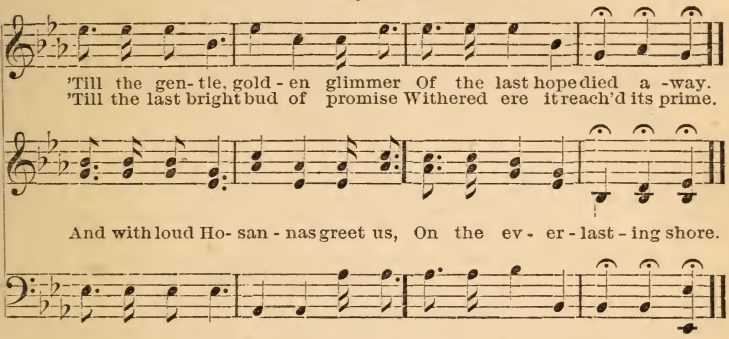
5 Then, clad in raiment pure and white,
All palms of victory bear;
And crowns of glory, dazzling bright,
The bride of Christ shall wear.
Long as the throne of Christ shall stand,
Redeemed from sin and pain,
Inheritors of Canaan's land,
With the Messiah reign.

162. **CHERISHED HOPES.**

CHAS. C. BARKER.


1. One by one the hopes we cherish'd, In the hap - py long a - go,
2. One by one they have de- part- ed, Those we lov'd in oth - er years,
3. But we have a hope im - mor - tal, One that will not, can - not die.
rit.
Like a bright day-dream have perish'd, From our pathway here be - low.
'Till a - lone and broken - hearted, We have nothing left but tears;
That when Je - sus comes to rescue, From the great, white throne on high.
One by one their lights grow dimmer As the stars at break of day,
One by one they fad - ed from us, Like the flow'rs at autumn time,
One by one, they all will meet us, Meet to part a - gain no more,

"Cherished Hopes." Concluded.


'Till the gen-tle, gold-en glimmer Of the last hope died a-way.
'Till the last bright bud of promise Withered ere it reach'd its prime.
And with loud Ho-san-nas greet us, On the ev-er-last-ing shore.

163. We're Tenting to-night.

1 We are tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Singing our hymns of cheer;
And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.—Many dear saints are weary to-night,
As round the earth they roam;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
Wishing the Lord to come.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night—
Tenting on the camp-meeting ground;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night—
Tenting on the camp-meeting ground.

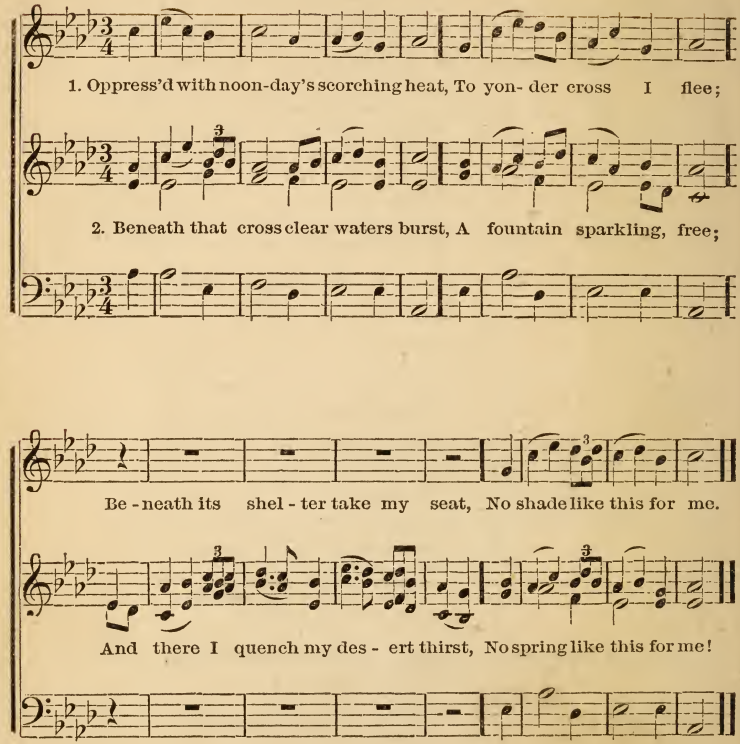
2 We're thinking to-night of the white-robed band,
Who'll meet Him in the sky;
And live and reign in the better land,—
'Tis coming by and by.

3 Shout! brothers, shout on the old camp-ground,
Press toward the Eden bowers;
Soon with the Lamb on the sea of glass,
Victory will be ours.

4 We'll fight for our King on the old camp-ground,
Rally, brothers, and pray;
The pure in heart will have the crown,
And reign in endless day.

5 We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Singing our hymns of cheer;
And waiting ones are gath'ring 'round,
And friends we love so dear.

164. DEW DROP. C. M.


1. Oppress'd with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon- der cross I flee;
2. Beneath that cross clear waters burst, A fountain sparkling, free;
Be - neath its shel - ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.
And there I quench my des - ert thirst, No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent;
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place,
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness;
No rest like this for me!

165. ***Are we almost there?*** P. M.

1 "Are we almost there? are we almost there?"
Says the weary saint, as he sighs for home;
"Are those the verdant trees that rear
Their stately forms 'mid heaven's bright dome?"

2 Then he talks of the flowers, the unsullied stream
That flows through the paradise of God;
And he longs to wake from life's troubled dream
To walk those golden streets abroad.

3 His eye is fixed on the world to come,
He walks by faith through this vale of care,
And oft inquires, as he draws near home,
With anxious heart, "*Are we almost there?*"

4 They bid him look at the charms of earth,
At the boasted trophies man doth rear,
To enter the giddy halls of mirth—
But ah! how vain do they all appear!

5 For he's had an earnest of those joys
Which the righteous alone can ever share;
He turns with contempt from these earthly toys,
And fervently asks—"*Are we almost there?*"

6 He is waiting to hear the trumpet sound,
And to meet his Saviour in the air;
The day-star dawns—soon with joyous bound,
He can say indeed—"*We are almost there!*"

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166. ***I long to be there.*** 11s.

1 In the midst of temptation, and sorrow, and strife,
And evils unnumbered, of this bitter life,
I look to a blessed earth, free from all care;
The kingdom of Jesus, and long to be there.

2 When poverty presses, and foes do surround,
And clouds of thick darkness do hover around,
The pathway to glory which Christ did prepare,
I look for his coming, and long to be there.

3 When the wicked are scoffing,—because I believe
The Saviour is coming, my pains to relieve,—
I weep for their folly, and bow in deep prayer,
For Christ's coming kingdom, and long to be there.

4 I long to be there! and the thought that 'tis near
Makes me almost impatient for Christ to appear,
And fit up that dwelling of glories so rare,
The earth rob'd in beauty, I long to be there!

167. Irr. M.

1 One sweetly solemn thought,
Comes to me o'er and o'er—
I'm nearer my home to-day,
Than I ever have been before.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne;
Nearer the crystal sea;—

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross;
Nearer gaining the crown.

168. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

Hiding Place.

1 Hail, sov'reign love, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding place.

2 Against the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the offers of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding place.

3 Enwrapped in dark, Egyptian night,
And fond of darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Secure without a hiding place.

4 But thus the eternal counsel ran:
"Almighty love! arrest the man:"
I felt the arrows of distress,
And found I had no hiding place.

5 Vindictive justice stood in view;
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But justice cried with frowning face;
"This mountain is no hiding place."

6 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard—
And mercy's angel soon appear'd;
Who led me on a pleasing pace,
To Jesus Christ, my hiding place.

169. ***Portugal.*** L. M.

1 Lord, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the joys of pardoned sin:
Tho' storms of wrath shake earth and sea,
Their minds have holy peace within.

2 The day glides swiftly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.

3 Quick as their tho'ts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away;
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.

4 They scorn to seek for golden toys,
But spend the day, and share the night
In numbering o'er the richer joys
That God prepares for their delight.

170. ***Bridgewater.*** L. M.

1 Great God, attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth,
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun—he makes our day;
God is our shield—he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin;
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

171. ***The Shining Shore.*** 8s & 7s.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by.
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
And soon we'll all pass over,
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word.—
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,
Our King says, Come, and there's our home,
Forever, oh! forever.

172. ***Here is no Rest.*** 10s, 6s & 7s.

1 Here o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here as a pilgrim, I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
For I look forward to that glorious day,
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away;
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

2 Here fierce temptations beset me around,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I am griev'd while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Let them revile me, and scoff at my name,
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame,
I will go forward, for this is my theme,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions and trials severe;
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Sweet is the promise I read in his word,
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord.
They shall be called to receive their reward,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, I am blest;
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus's breast,
There, there is rest, there is rest.

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173. ***I'm a Traveller.*** 7s & 4s.

1 I'm a lonely trav'ler here,
Weary, opprest,
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come;
Ask me not with you to stay,
Yonder's my home.

2 I'm a weary trav'ler here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near—
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live—
I cannot stay.

3 I'm a trav'ler to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band—
All, all are there;
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.

4 I'm a trav'ler, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell all I've loved below—
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heav'n be mine.

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174. ***Experience.*** 8, 5, 7, 4.

1 I have sought round the verdant earth
For unfading joy;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all, all will cloy;
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set the spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wandered in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have not had a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Filled my laboring soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy Gospel, Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
That taught me to pray;
Here I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heav'nly King,
I'll praise and adore:
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
In my home from above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move,
Forevermore.

175. Gould, p. 9. C. M.

1 A little flock! so calls He thee,
Who bought thee with his blood;
A little flock—disowned of men,
But owned and loved of God.

2 A little flock! so calls He thee;
Church of the first-born, hear!
Be not ashamed to own the name;
It is no name of fear.

3 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests,
Are poor in human eyes.

4 But the chief Shepherd comes at length,
Her feeble days are o'er;
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

5 No more a lily among thorns,
Weary, and faint, and few;
But countless as the stars of heaven,
Or as the early dew.

6 Then entering the eternal halls,
In robes of victory,
That mighty multitude shall keep
The joyous jubilee.

176. *Brattle Street.* C. M.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water,—thirsty one
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him, my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

177. C. M.

1 God's hand, that saves, is kind, but rough;
His methods just, but rude,
Frail, shrinking nature cries "Enough,"
Yet proves the Lord is good.

2 The chiseled stone, had it a voice,
Would cry, "You hurt me sore;"
The sculptor seeks its perfectness,
And trims it more and more,—

3 Until, by dint of strokes and blows,
The shapeless mass appears,
Symmetric, fair, and beautiful,
To stand a thousand years.

4 The beaten sheaves all threshed and torn,
And trampled under feet,
Yield forth, when tribulation's o'er,
Their grains of golden wheat.

5 Out of the crushed and mangled grapes,
Comes forth the sparkling wine;
If God but still my portion is
Be such experience mine.

6 Kept while the furnace heated white
Shall purge the dross away:—
Thy judgments, Lord, are true and right,
And brighter every day.

178. C. M.

1 Thou boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil,
We would adore thy wondrous grace,
And mark thy sovereign will.

2 In all thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from thee.

3 Teach us, in time of deep distress,
To own thy hand, O God,
And in submissive silence learn
The lessons of thy rod!

4 In every changing scene of life,
Whate'er that scene may be,
Give us a meek and humble mind,
A mind at peace with thee.

5 Do thou direct our steps aright;
Help us thy name to fear;
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

179. ***Ames.*** L. M.

1 Blest are the merciful, who prove
By acts, their sympathy and love;
From Christ, the Lord, shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.

2 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

3 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

4 Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and joy are their reward.

180. ***Unity.*** 6s & 5s.

1 When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 Home to the new earth bright,
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never,—no, never!

3 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from fears or woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never,—no, never!

181. ***Duke Street.*** L. M.

1 My Christian friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove;
Your friendship's like the strongest band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.

2 Your presence sweet, our union dear,
What joys we feel together here!
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

3 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray;
How loath are we to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face.

4 O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my fainting mind!
But pilgrims in a foreign land,
We oft must take the parting hand.

5 My Christian friends, both old and young,
I trust you will in Christ go on;
Press on, and soon you'll win the prize—
A crown of glory greet thine eyes.

6 A few more days, or years at most,
And we shall reach fair Canaan's coast,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

7 O blessed day! O glorious hope!
My soul rejoices at the thought,
When in that holy, happy land,
We'll take no more the parting hand.

182. L. M.

1 How blest the sacred tie, that binds
In sweet communion kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love:—what holy fear!
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth—and cleanse from sin!

3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt, and human woe:
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.

4 With eager step they seek the place
Where God reveals his glorious face;
Join with one heart in songs of praise,
And thankful hymns together raise.

183. ***Ward.*** L. M.

1 'Tis thus they press the hand and part,
Thus have they bid farewell again;
Yet still they commune, heart with heart,
Linked by a never-broken chain.

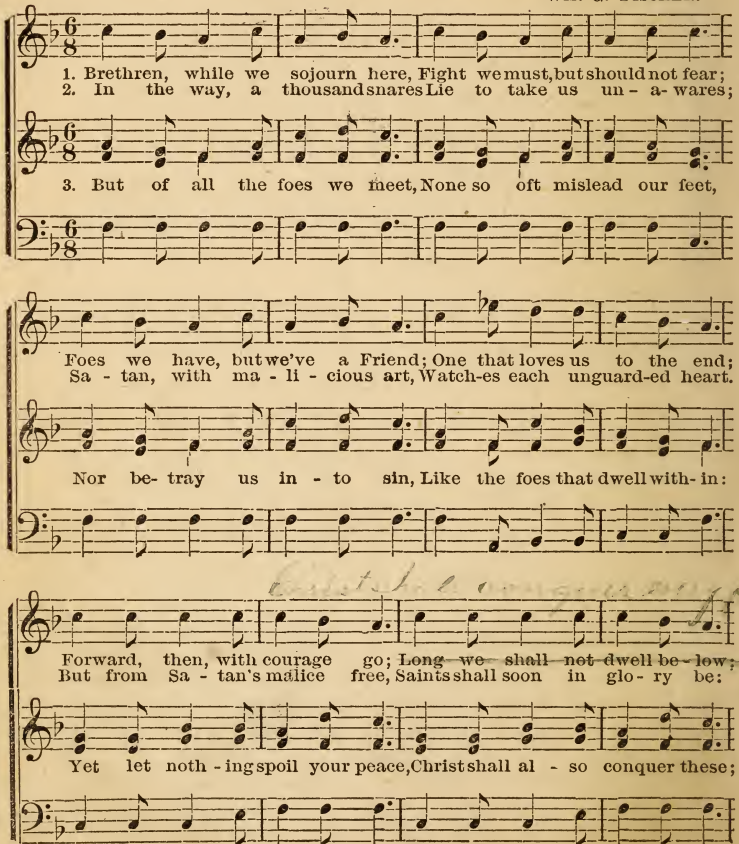
2 Yet shall they meet again in peace,
To sing the songs of festal joy,
Where none shall bid their gladness cease,
And none their fellowship destroy.

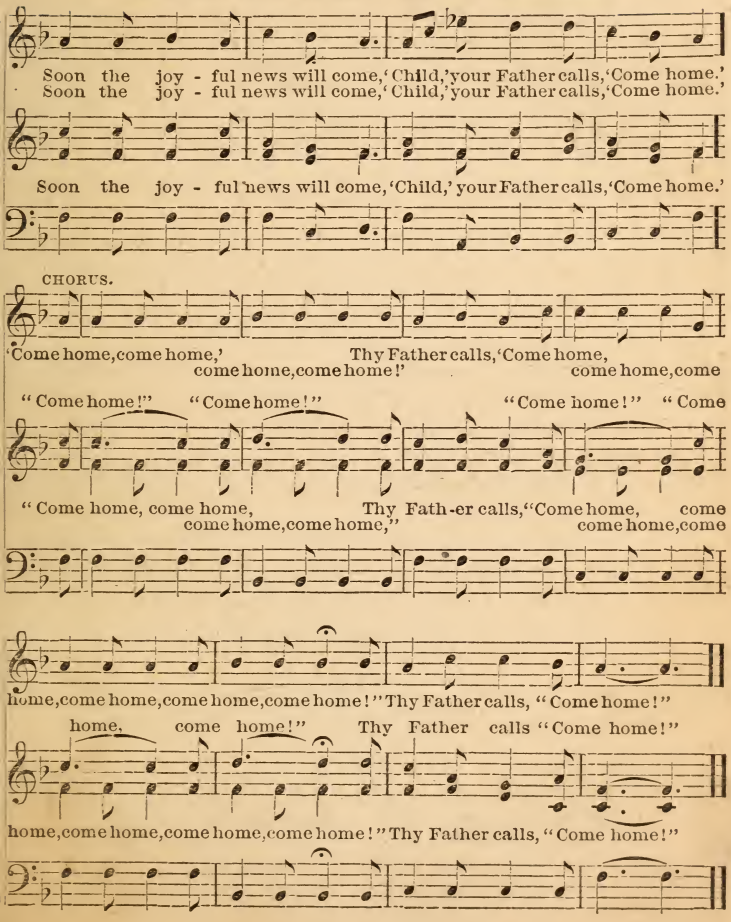
3 Where none shall beckon them away,
Nor bid their festival be done;
There meeting-time the eternal day,
Their meeting-place the eternal throne.

4 There, hand in hand, firm linked at last,
And, heart to heart, enfolded all,
They'll smile upon the troubled past,
And wonder why they wept at all.

184. BRETHREN, WHILE WE SOJOURN HERE.

By permission of GOULD & FISCHER, 923 Chest. St., Phil. Pa.

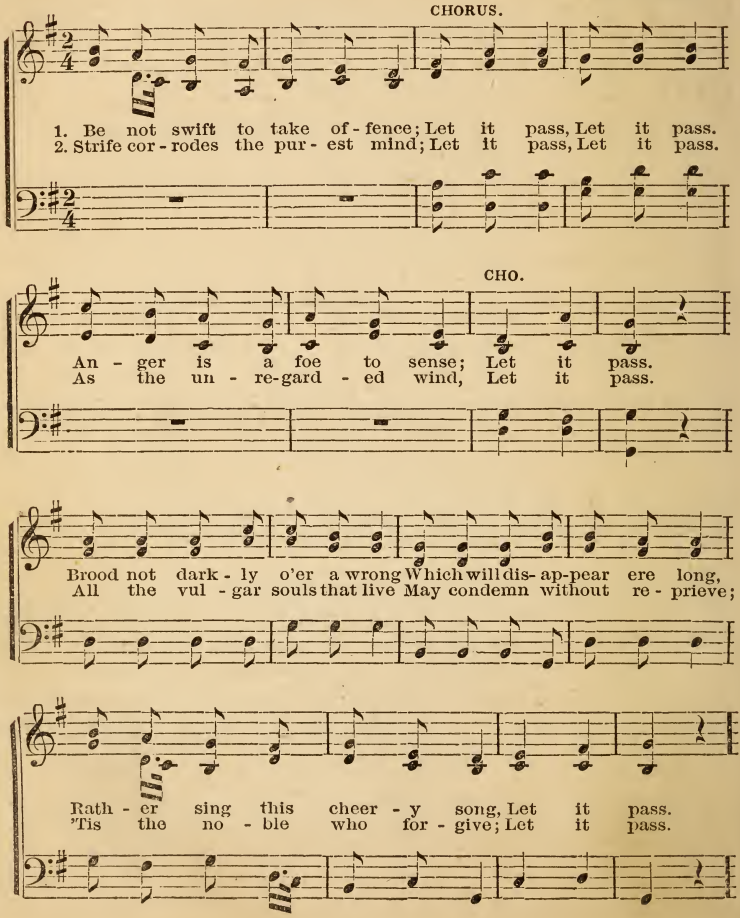
WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Brethren, while we sojourn here, Fight we must, but should not fear;
2. In the way, a thousand snares Lie to take us un - a - wares;
3. But of all the foes we meet, None so oft mislead our feet,
Foes we have, but we've a Friend; One that loves us to the end;
Sa - tan, with ma - li - cious art, Watch-es each unguard-ed heart.
Nor be- tray us in - to sin, Like the foes that dwell with- in:
Forward, then, with courage go; Long we shall not dwell be - low;
But from Sa - tan's malice free, Saints shall soon in glo - ry be:
Yet let noth - ing spoil your peace, Christ shall al - so conquer these;

"Brethren, while we Sojourn here." Concluded.

Soon the joy - ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.'
Soon the joy - ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.'
Soon the joy - ful news will come, 'Child,' your Father calls, 'Come home.'
CHORUS.
'Come home, come home,' Thy Father calls, 'Come home, come home, come home, come home!' come home, come
"Come home!" "Come home!" "Come home!" "Come
"Come home, come home, Thy Fath-er calls, "Come home, come home, come home, come home," come home, come
home, come home, come home, come home!" Thy Father calls, "Come home!"
home, come home!" Thy Father calls "Come home!"
home, come home, come home, come home!" Thy Father calls, "Come home!"

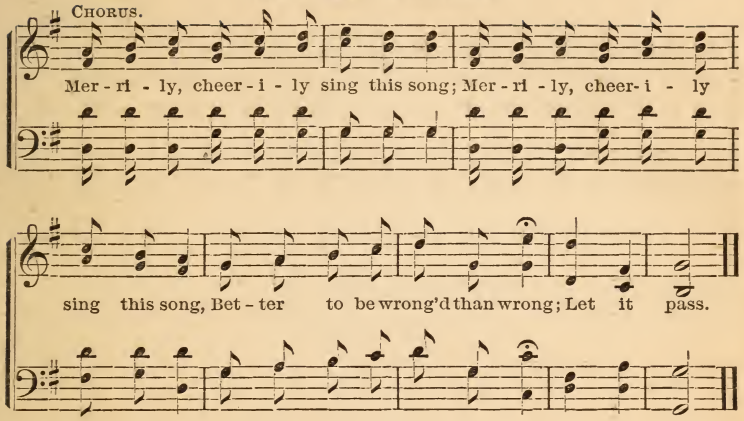
185. LET IT PASS.

By permission. From PHILIP PHILLIPS' "Musical Leaves."

S. J. VAIL.


CHORUS.
1. Be not swift to take of - fence; Let it pass, Let it pass.
2. Strife cor - rodes the pur - est mind; Let it pass, Let it pass.
CHO.
An - ger is a foe to sense; Let it pass.
As the un - re-gard - ed wind, Let it pass.
Brood not dark - ly o'er a wrong Which will dis- ap-pear ere long,
All the vul - gar souls that live May condemn without re - prieve;
Rath - er sing this cheer - y song, Let it pass.
'Tis the no - ble who for - give; Let it pass.

"Let it Pass." Concluded.



3 Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass, let it pass.
Think how often you have erred;
Let it pass.
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dew-drops and the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass.

4 If for good you've taken ill;
Let it pass, let it pass.
O be kind and gentle still;
Let it pass.
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass.

---

186. ***Richland.*** 11s.

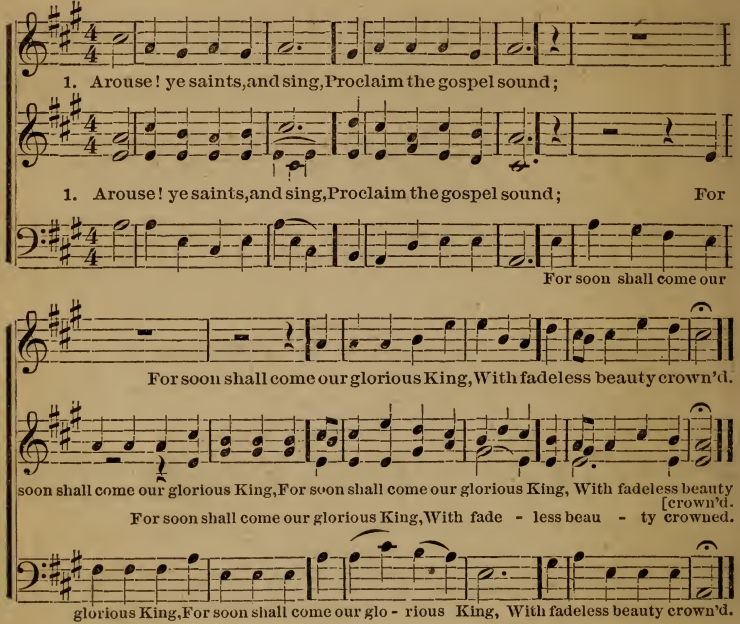
1 Daughter of Zion, awake from thy sadness!
Awake! for thy foes shall oppress thee no more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness,
Arise! for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
Daughter of Zion, &c.

2 Strong were thy foes, but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.
Daughter of Zion, &c.

3 Daughter of Zion! the pow'r that hath saved thee,
Extolled with the harp and the timbrel should be;
Shout! for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee,
Th' oppressor is vanquished, and Zion is free.
Daughter of Zion, &c.

189. **PEACE. S. M.**

With animation. GEO. E. LEE.


1. Arouse! ye saints, and sing, Proclaim the gospel sound;
1. Arouse! ye saints, and sing, Proclaim the gospel sound; For
For soon shall come our
For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.
soon shall come our glorious King, For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.
For soon shall come our glorious King, With fade - less beau - ty crowned.
glorious King, For soon shall come our glo - rious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.

2 His waiting people then
Shall in his kingdom live,
Where none shall ever weep again,
Where nought the heart shall grieve.

3 O! soon will come the day,
When care and toil shall cease;
When sin and death shall flee away,
And saints shall dwell in peace.

4 The signs fulfilling fast,
Proclaim the end is near;
Probation's hour will soon be past,
The King of kings appear.

5 O! hasten, sinner, haste!
The gospel call obey;
If thou would'st enter into rest,
Come, seek thy Lord to-day.

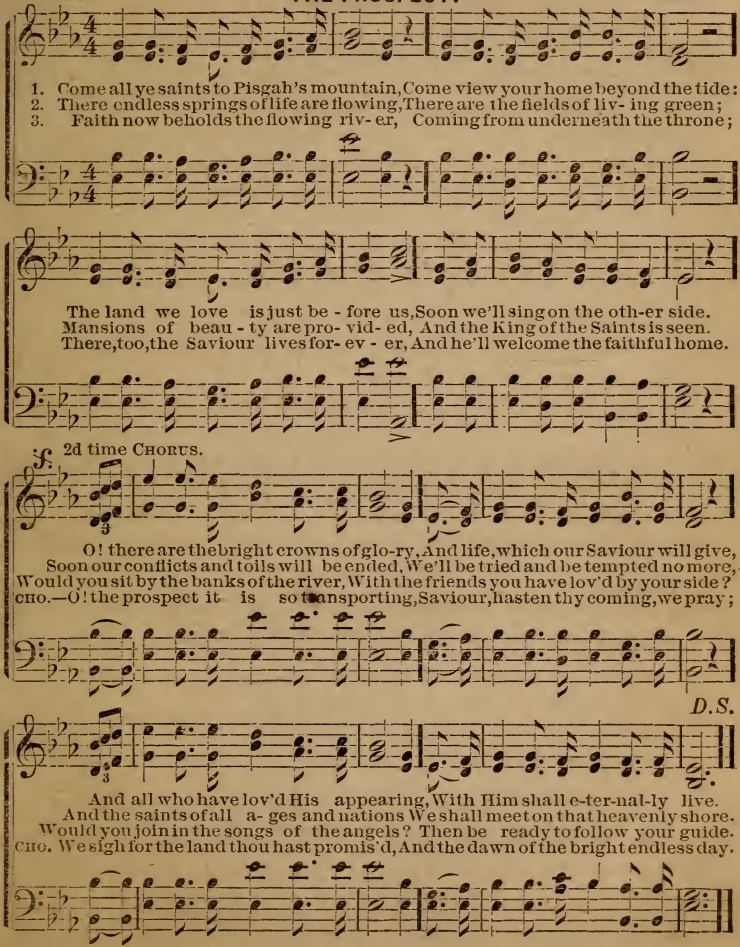
6 Then on that glorious morn,
When Jesus doth appear,
He will to us proclaim, "Well done,"
If we are faithful here.

7 The pure in heart are blessed,
For they their God shall see;
And all who have his name confessed,
Shall eat of life's fair tree.

8 Shout praises to our God,
All glory to his name!
O! hail the day when Christ our Lord
Shall come on earth to reign.

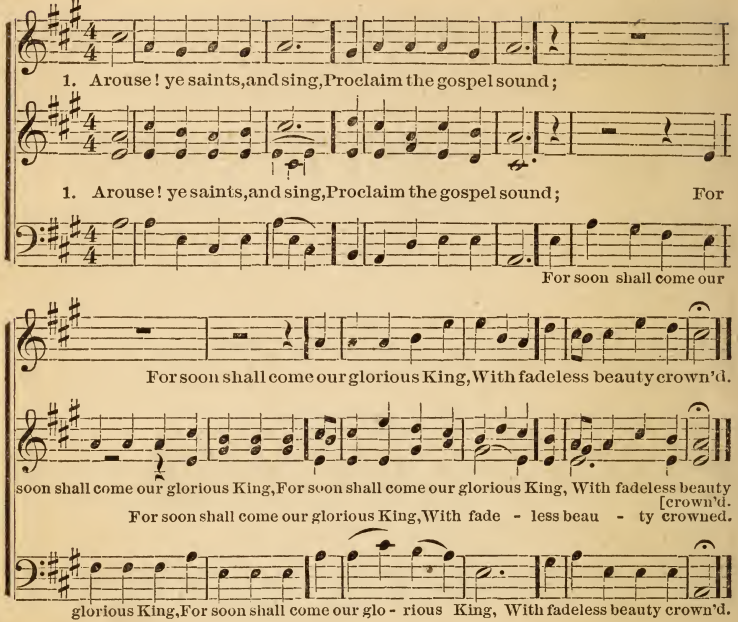
9 Then a new song we'll sing,
Then shall our hearts rejoice;
We then shall see our conq'ring King,
And hear his welcome voice.

190. **THE PROSPECT.** LESSUR.


1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide:
2. There endless springs of life are flowing, There are the fields of liv- ing green;
3. Faith now beholds the flowing riv- er, Coming from underneath the throne;
The land we love is just be - fore us, Soon we'll sing on the oth-er side.
Mansions of beau - ty are pro- vid- ed, And the King of the Saints is seen.
There, too, the Saviour lives for- ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.
2d time CHORUS.
O! there are the bright crowns of glo-ry, And life, which our Saviour will give,
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended, We'll be tried and be tempted no more,
Would you sit by the banks of the river, With the friends you have lov'd by your side?
CHO.—O! the prospect it is so transporting, Saviour, hasten thy coming, we pray;
D.S.
And all who have lov'd His appearing, With Him shall e-ter-nal-ly live.
And the saints of all a- ges and nations We shall meet on that heavenly shore.
Would you join in the songs of the angels? Then be ready to follow your guide.
CHO. We sigh for the land thou hast promis'd, And the dawn of the bright endless day.

189. **PEACE. S. M.**

With animation. GEO. E. LEE.


1. Arouse! ye saints, and sing, Proclaim the gospel sound;
1. Arouse! ye saints, and sing, Proclaim the gospel sound; For
For soon shall come our
For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.
soon shall come our glorious King, For soon shall come our glorious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.
For soon shall come our glorious King, With fade - less beau - ty crowned.
glorious King, For soon shall come our glo - rious King, With fadeless beauty crown'd.

2 His waiting people then
Shall in his kingdom live,
Where none shall ever weep again,
Where nought the heart shall grieve.

3 O! soon will come the day,
When care and toil shall cease;
When sin and death shall flee away,
And saints shall dwell in peace.

4 The signs fulfilling fast,
Proclaim the end is near;
Probation's hour will soon be past,
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The gospel call obey;
If thou would'st enter into rest,
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6 Then on that glorious morn,
When Jesus doth appear,
He will to us proclaim, "Well done,"
If we are faithful here.

7 The pure in heart are blessed,
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And all who have his name confessed,
Shall eat of life's fair tree.

8 Shout praises to our God,
All glory to his name!
O! hail the day when Christ our Lord
Shall come on earth to reign.

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Then shall our hearts rejoice;
We then shall see our conq'ring King,
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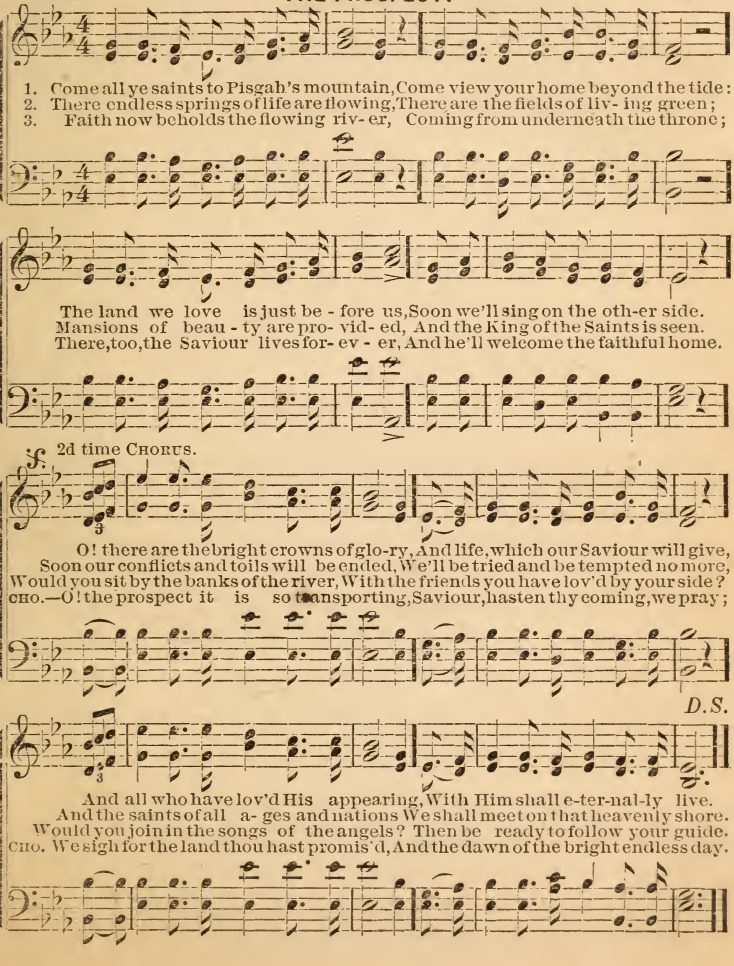
190. **THE PROSPECT.** LESSUR.


1. Come all ye saints to Pisgah's mountain, Come view your home beyond the tide:
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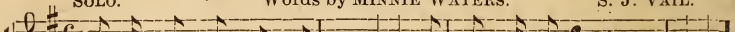
The land we love is just be - fore us, Soon we'll sing on the oth-er side.
Mansions of beau - ty are pro- vid- ed, And the King of the Saints is seen.
There, too, the Saviour lives for- ev - er, And he'll welcome the faithful home.
2d time CHORUS.
O! there are the bright crowns of glo-ry, And life, which our Saviour will give,
Soon our conflicts and toils will be ended, We'll be tried and be tempted no more,
Would you sit by the banks of the river, With the friends you have lov'd by your side?
CHO.—O! the prospect it is so transporting, Saviour, hasten thy coming, we pray;
D.S.
And all who have lov'd His appearing, With Him shall e-ter-nal-ly live.
And the saints of all a- ges and nations We shall meet on that heavenly shore.
Would you join in the songs of the angels? Then be ready to follow your guide.
CHO. We sigh for the land thou hast promis'd, And the dawn of the bright endless day.

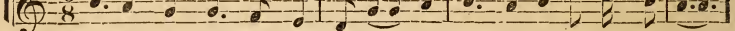
191. O, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

By permission. From PHILIP PHILLIPS' "Musical Leaves."

SOLO. Words by MINNIE WATERS. S. J. VAIL.

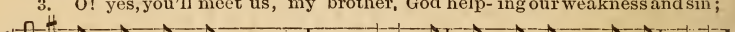


1. Where do you journey, my brother, O where do you journey, I pray?
2. What is your mission, my brother, What is your mission be-low?
3. O! yes, you'll meet us, my brother, God help- ing our weakness and sin;

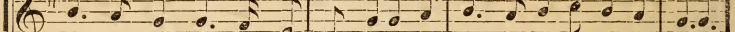


Where do you journey, my sis - ter? For storm- y and dark is the way.
What is your mission, my sis - ter, As journey- ing onward you go?
Bear - ing the cross, we, my sis - ter, The crown will endeavor to win.

DUET.

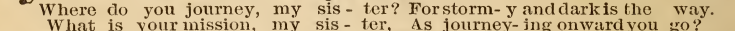


We're journeying onward to Canaan, Thro' suff'ring, and tri - al and care,
Our mission is practicing mer- cy, Sweet char- i - ty, patience, and love,
We'll walk thro' the vale and the shadow, Thro' suff'rings, and trials, and care,

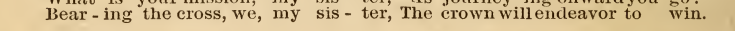


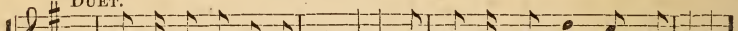
And when we get safely to glo- ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?
And following the footsteps of Je- sus, That lead to the mansions a - bove.
And when you get safely to glo - ry, You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there.

CHORUS.

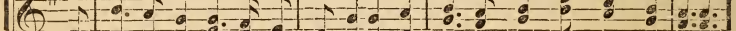


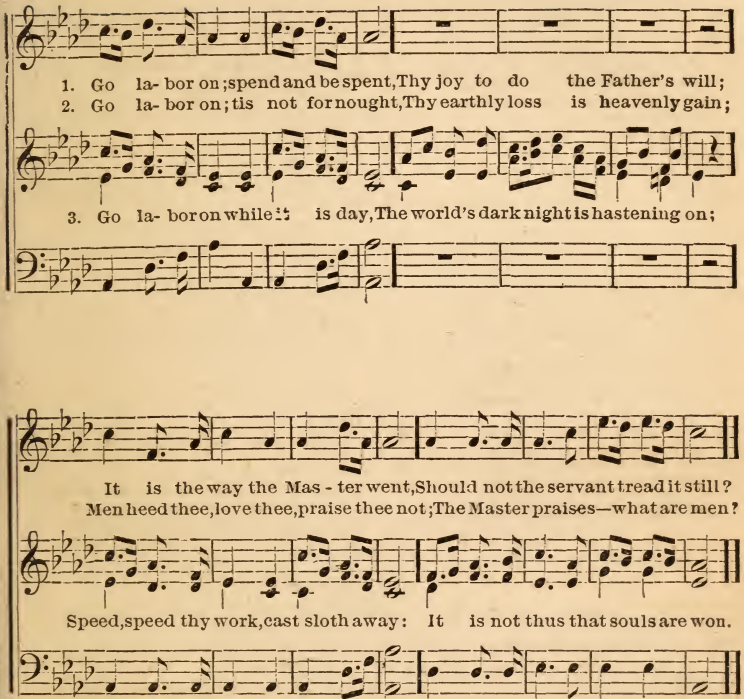
O say, shall we meet you all there? O say, shall we meet you all there?





And when we get safe - ly to glo - ry, O say, shall we meet you all there?



192. **HOWARD. L. M.** Arr. by I. P. H.

1. Go la- bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Father's will;
2. Go la- bor on; tis not for nought, Thy earthly loss is heavenly gain;
3. Go la- bor on while it is day, The world's dark night is hastening on;
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the servant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Master praises—what are men?
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away: It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile, home:
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,—
The morning peal, behold I come!

193. ***Buchanan.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Watchman, tell me, does the morning
Of fair Zion's glory dawn?
Have the signs that mark his coming
Yet upon thy pathway shone?
Pilgrim, yes; arise! look 'round thee,
Light is breaking in the skies!
Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
Morning dawns! arise! arise!

2 Watchman, has the tribulation—
Has the cruel man of sin
Ceased his bloody persecution?
Will it not return again?
Pilgrim, no! his times have ended,
Never shall the monster reign;
Tekel on his brow is written—
Soon he will consume in flame.

3 Watchman, were there signs attending
At the ending of the time?
With the closing moments pending,
Did the sun refuse to shine?
Pilgrim, yes; the sun was shrouded
In a vail of gloom that day;
Nature was in darkness clouded
On that nineteenth day of May.

4 Watchman, hail the light ascending
Of the great Sabbatic year,
All with voices loud portending
That the kingdom's very near.
Pilgrim, yes! I see just yonder
Canaan's glorious hights arise;
Salem, too, appears in grandeur,
Towering 'neath its cloudless skies.

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194. ***O, come, come away.*** P. M.

1 O, come, come away! for time's career is closing,
Let worldly care henceforth forbear,
O, come, come away!
Come, come, our holy joys renew
Where love and heavenly friendship grew,
The Spirit welcomes you—
O, come, come away.

2 Awake ye, awake! no time now for reposing;
"The Lord is near!" breaks on the ear,
O, come, come away.
Come, come where Jesus' love will be,
Who says, "I meet with two or three;"
Sweet promise made to thee,
O, come, come away.

3 Come, where sacred song the pilgrim's heart is cheering,
Come, and learn there the power of prayer,
O, come, come away!
In sweetest notes of sympathy
We praise and pray in harmony,
Love makes our unity—
O, come, come away.

4 Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appearing;
Away from home no more we roam;
O, come, come away!
And when the trump of God shall sound,
The saints no more by death are bound,
He owns our Jesus crowned,
O, come, come away.

5 O, come, come away, my Saviour, in thy glory!
"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done;"
O, come, come away!
O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain,
And take thy throne, and on it reign!
Then earth shall bloom again—
O, come, come away!

---

195. 8s, 7s

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee;
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hangs out for thee.
Arise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee,
Bright from thy everlasting home;
Soon shalt thou reach the world of glory,
Soon shalt thou share thy Saviour's throne.

2 Tossed on time's rude, relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For lo! beyond these scenes emerges
The hights that bound the promised land.
Christian, behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er;
Hark, how the heavenly hosts are cheering:
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee,
Bright as the summer's noontide ray;
The star-gemmed crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away.
Away, away, leave all for glory,
Soon shall thy stormy voyage be done;
Then with eternal joys before thee,
Sit with the Saviour on his throne.

196. *Millennial Dawn.* 7s & 6s.

1 The clouds at length are breaking;
The dawn will soon appear,
And "signs" there's no mistaking,
Proclaim Messiah near.
Awake, awake from sleeping,
Attend the "midnight cry;"
Ye saints refrain from weeping,
Your Great Deliverer's nigh.

2 The morning light is beaming,
The "day-star" shines on high;
Christ's heralds are proclaiming
His coming in the sky;
And earth's eventful story
A few short months will tell;
The righteous rise to glory,
The wicked sink to hell.

3 If earth and all her treasure
Are doomed to fire and flame;
Her royal pomp and pleasure
Are but an empty name!
Her kings—her crowns—her glory—
Her armies—fleets—and pride,
May bubble forth her story
While floating down the tide.

4 The ocean, oh! the ocean,
To which her grandeurs tend,
Now foams in dreadful motion,
Her boast and pomp to end.
See, see the flames ascending,
The seas themselves explode;
The clouds, the skies, are rending
With cries of—"God"—"oh God!"

5 Oh! hear the sad petition,
Rocks, crush us into dust;
Oh! pity our condition—
Or damned we surely must;
We thought that we were wiser
Than "pastors," "saints," and all;
Yet sinner—sceptic—miser—
Must suffer once for all.

6 Ye mortals, take the warning,
Ten thousand calls invite;
Should you neglect the morning,
Then comes the doleful night.
Now mercy's hand extended,
The vilest wretch would save;
But oh! if this be ended,
You're lost beyond the grave.

7 Great Author of compassion,
Redeemer—Saviour—Friend—
Oh! send to every nation
The knowledge of its end;
Fly, fly on wings of morning,
Ye who the truth can tell,
And sound the awful warning,
To rescue souls from hell.

197.

1 Pilgrim, wake! behold the morning
Long foretold by holy seers,
Gilds the heaven with its dawning,
Hail! the blissful morn appears.
Halcyon* day, so full of glory,
Holy prophets sang of thee;
Rapturous in poetic story
Soon the pure in heart will see

2 See! the morning star is beaming
Bright upon the gilded sky.
Oh! what rays of light are gleaming,
Shout aloud, Redemption's nigh.
Sing ye now who have been weeping
Through a long night dark and drear,
Who while lonely vigils keeping,
Long'd to see the day appear.

3 On it speeds in lustre breaking,
Hallelujah! shout and sing,
Soon our lov'd ones will be waking,
And the new creation ring
With the loud, immortal chorus
To the Lamb that once was slain;
By his blood in mercy made us
Kings and priests on earth to reign.

4 Now with all your might and power,
Watch and trim your lamps with care;
Gird your loins and wait the hour
When the Bridegroom shall appear.
Then with all the saints, adorned
With their brilliant diadems,
See the King in beauty crowned,
In the New Jerusalem.

* *Hal-shun.*

198.

1 Lift up your heads, desponding pilgrims,
Give to the winds your needless fears,
He who hath said redemption's nearing,
Soon is to reign through endless years.

Cho.—Through endless years earth's coming glory—
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the bright morn of Zion's glory,
Prophets foresaw in times of old.

2 What if the clouds do for a moment
Hide the blue sky, where morn appears;
Soon the glad sun, of promise given,
Rises to shine through endless years.

3 Tell the whole world these blessed tidings,
Speak of the time of bliss that nears;
Tell the oppressed of ev'ry nation,
Jubilee lasts through endless years.

4 Haste thee along, ages of glory,
Haste the glad time when Christ appears—
Oh, for the faith of ancient worthies;
Oh, for that reign through endless years.

---

199. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion, and envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

---

200. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near;
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
"How shall I stand the trying day?"
He has engaged by firm decree
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the contest should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempters flee;
For as thy day thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see
That as thy day thy strength shall be.

---

201. ***Italian Hymn.*** 6s & 4s.

1 Let us awake our joys;
Strike up with cheerful voice;
Each creature, sing;
Angels, begin the song;
Mortals, the strain prolong,
In accents sweet and strong,
"Jesus is King!"

2 Proclaim abroad his name;
Tell of his matchless fame;
What wonders done;
Above, beneath, around,
Let all the earth resound,
Till heav'n's high arch rebound,
Vict'ry is won!"

3 He vanquished sin and hell,
And our last foe will quell;
Mourners, rejoice;
His dying love adore;
Praise him, now raised in power;
Praise him forevermore
With joyful voice.

4 All hail the glorious day,
When through the heavenly way,
Lo, he shall come,
While they who pierced him wail!
His promise shall not fail;
Saints, see your King prevail;
Great Saviour, come!

202. ***Life's Harvest.*** 7s & 6s.

1 Ho, reapers of Life's Harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing,
Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
The Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold;
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.

4 Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord,
And then a golden chaplet
Will be thy just reward.

---

203. ***Watchman Tell Us.*** 7s.

1 Watchman! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are.
Trav'ler! o'er yon mountain height
See the glory-beaming star!
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell?
Trav'ler! yes, it brings the day,
Promis'd day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Trav'ler! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Trav'ler! ages are its own;
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman! tell us of the night;
For the morning seems to dawn.
Trav'ler! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease,
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Trav'ler! lo, the Prince of Peace,
Lo, the Son of God is come!

---

204. ***Hendon.*** 7s.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
Triumph, &c.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to glory on ye move,
Praise and bless Redeeming Love.
Praise, &c.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears,
Banish all your guilty fears,
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancell'd by Redeeming Love,
Cancell'd, &c.

4 Hither, then, your praises bring,
And of Jesus gladly sing;
Gladly join the hosts above,
Join to praise Redeeming Love.
Join, &c.

---

205. 8s & 7s.

1 Jesus, hail! amid the glory,
Where for us thou dost abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Standing at thy Father's side.
There for us thou now art pleading,
While thou dost our place prepare;
For the church still interceding,
Till in glory it appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou shalt then from all receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing;
All that earth or heaven can give
Till that day the angelic spirits,
With the church in feebler lays,
Still shall try to sing thy merits,
And to chant thy Father's praise.

206. *The Christian Soldier.* C. M.

1 Ye valiant soldiers of the cross,
Ye happy, praying band,
Though in this world you suffer loss,
Press on to Canaan's land.

CHO.—Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns of the world,
For we've all got the cross to bear.
It will only make the crown the brighter to shine,
When we have the crown to wear.

2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
When heav'n appears in view,
In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
To fight our passage through.—CHO.

3 O what a glorious shout there'll be
When we arrive at home;
Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
And God shall say "Well done."—CHO.

207. *Ames.* L. M.

1 What works of wisdom, power, and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove;
Attest his heaven-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name.

2 On eyes that never saw the day
He pours the bright celestial ray;
And deafened ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.

3 Lameness takes up its bed, and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through every nerve; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.

4 The shattered mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental powers:
The dead revive, to life return,
And bid affection cease to mourn.

5 Canst thou, my soul, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace?
Canst thou behold thy Prophet's power,
And not the God he served adore?

208. *Benevento.* 7s.

1 Faint not, Christian! though the road
Leading to thy blest abode,
Darksome be, and dangerous, too,
Christ, thy Guide, will bear thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian! though in rage
Satan doth thy soul engage;
Take thee Faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle field.

3 Faint not, Christian! though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurl'd;
Hold the cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

4 Faint not, Christian! though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

5 Faint not, Christian! though thy God
Smite thee with the chastening rod;
Smite He must, with Father's care,
That He may His love declare.

6 Faint not, Christian! Jesus' near,
Soon in glory He'll appear;
And his love will then bestow
Victory o'er every foe.

209. *Thou Knowest That I Love Thee.* 7s, 6s & 4s.

1 Hark! hark! hear the blest tidings,
Soon, soon, Jesus will come,
Rob'd, rob'd in honor and glory,
To gather his ransomed ones home.

CHO.—Yes, yes, oh yes,
To gather his ransomed ones home.

2 Joy, joy, sound it more loudly,
Sing, sing glory to God;
Soon, soon, Jesus is coming,
Publish the tidings abroad.

3 Bright, bright, seraphs attending,
Shouts, shouts, filling the air;
Down, down, swiftly from heaven,
Jesus our Lord will appear.

4 Now, now, through a glass darkly,
Shine, shine, visions to come,
Soon, soon, we shall behold them,
Cloudless and bright in our home.

5 Long, long, we have been waiting,
Who, who, love his blest name;
Now, now, we are delighting,
Jesus is near to proclaim.

6 Still, still, rest on the promise,
Cling, cling, fast to His word;
Wait, wait, if He should tarry,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

CHO.—Yes, yes, oh yes,
We'll patiently wait for the Lord.

210. ***Winstead.*** S. M.

1 Behold! what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God.

2 'Tis no surprising thing,
That we should be unknown;
The Jewish world knew not their King,
God's well beloved Son.

3 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

4 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

211. ***Migdol.*** L. M.

1 We've no abiding city here:
This may distress the worldling's mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here:
Sad truth, were this to be our home;
But let this thought our spirits cheer;
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here:
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us cease from all in view.

4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name; we'll soon be there;
It shines with everlasting light.

5 Zion! Jehovah is her strength!
Secure she smiles at all her foes;
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.

212. ***Bannockburn.*** 7s & 5s.

1 Ye who rose to meet the Lord—
Ventured on his faithful word,
Faint not now, for your reward
Will be quickly given;
Faint not! always watch and pray,
Jesus will no more delay,
Even now 'tis dawn of day—
Day-Star beams from heaven.

2 Would ye to the end endure?
Keep the wedding garments pure—
Claim ye still the promise sure—
Faithful is the Lord!
Let your lamps be burning bright,
In God's word is beaming light,
Live by faith and not by sight—
Crowns are your reward.

3 'Mid the darts of angry foe,
Onward, fearless, onward go,
The good soldier's courage show,
On, to victory!
"Let thine eyes be turned to me,"
Jesus says, "I'll rescue thee,
Overcome, and faithful be,
Thou shalt glory see!"

4 Tones of thunder through the sky—
Angel voices sounding high,
Echo still the mighty cry,
Jesus quickly come!
Quickly he'll return again,
With his saints will come to reign,
While all heaven will shout "Amen,
Welcome to thy throne!"

5 Marriage supper now prepared,
By the guests will then be shared,
In fair righteous robes arrayed,
Like the Bridegroom King.
Glory to Jehovah's name!
Sound aloud the glad acclaim,
To the Lamb that once was slain,
Alleluias bring.

213. ***Northfield.*** C. M.

1 Time hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs, salvation comes,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

214. ***Concord.*** S. M.

1 Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

215. ***Switzer.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Lonely pilgrim, sad and weary,
Who hath many ills endured,
What though troubles round thee gather,
There's a final rest secured;
For the "Children of the Promise,"
Those in faith who firmly stand,
Heirs with Christ, awhile they suffer,
Soon to reign in Israel's land.

2 God, his gracious mercy showing,
Hath invited all to share
Endless joy and bliss forever,
In that realm of glory there.
Bear thee, then, the contest bravely,
Fear not, faint not, by the way;
Soon shall boundless, ceaseless mercy,
All thy weary toils repay.

3 Soon, the tears of bitter anguish,
All those sighs that sorrow pays,
Shall be lost in smiles of gladness,
Merged in songs of endless praise.
Here thy weary feet are bruised,
There, thou'lt tread a verdant sod;
Here, by enemies surrounded,
There, in friendship with thy God.

216. ***Missionary Chant.*** L. M.

1 Waste not thy being; back to Him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream,
'Tis but to *be*, and not to *live*.

2 Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

3 Sow truth if thou the true wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and creeds refrain.

4 Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

217. ***Olmutz.*** S. M.

1 Begin the day with God!
He is thy sun and day;
His is the radiance of thy dawn,
To him address thy lay.

2 Awake, cold lips, and sing!
Arise, dull knees, and pray;
Lift up, O man, thy heart and eyes;
Brush slothfulness away.

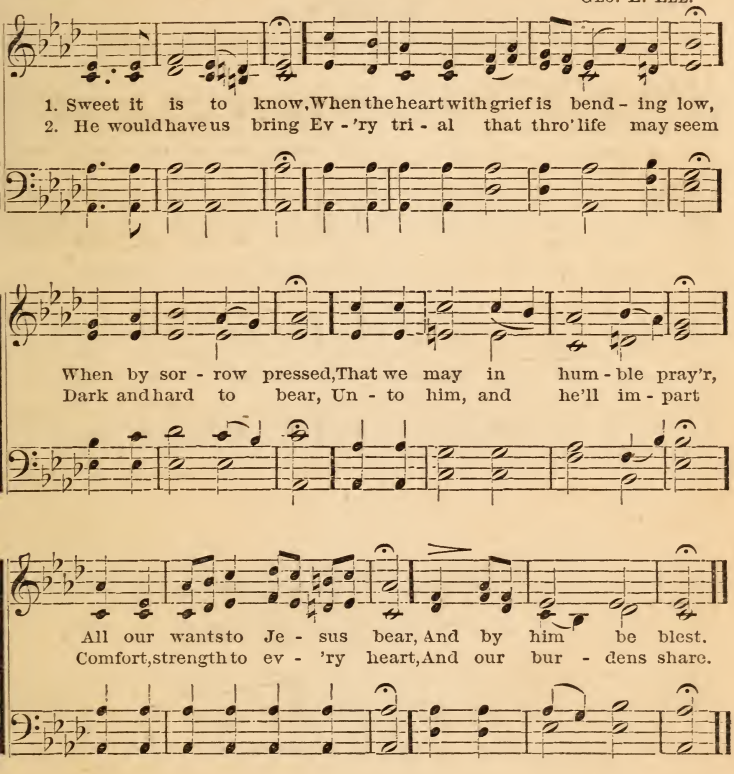
3 Take thy first meal with God;
He is thy heavenly food;
Feed *with* and *on* him; be with thee
Will feast in brotherhood.

4 Take thy first walk with God;
Let him go forth with thee;
By stream, or sea, or mountain path,
Seek still his company.

5 Thy first transaction be
With God himself above;
So shall thy business prosper well,
And all the day be love.

218. **CONSOLATION.**

GEO. E. LEE.

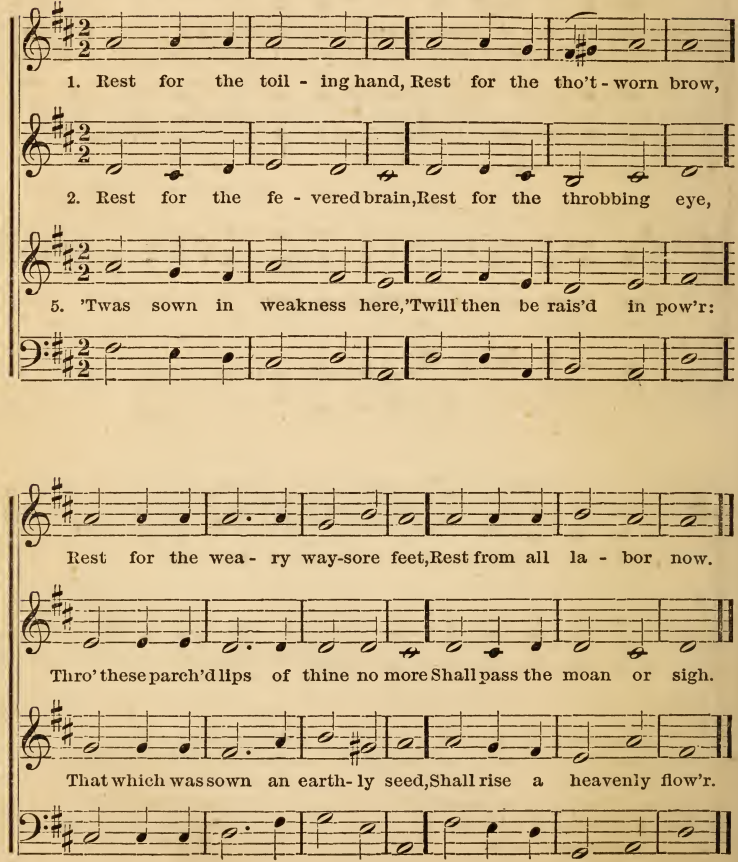

1. Sweet it is to know, When the heart with grief is bend - ing low,
2. He would have us bring Ev - 'ry tri - al that thro' life may seem
When by sor - row pressed, That we may in hum - ble pray'r,
Dark and hard to bear, Un - to him, and he'll im - part
All our wants to Je - sus bear, And by him be blest.
Comfort, strength to ev - 'ry heart, And our bur - dens share.

3 Storms of life may blow, [woe,
Brightest scenes of earth be mix'd with
Friends may droop and die;
When no earthly hope can cheer,
All is darkness, all is drear,
And alone we sigh.

4 We may always find
Sweet relief, if, with a trusting mind,
We to Jesus go;
Yes, in Him we'll find a friend,
Who will all our steps attend,
Through this vale below.

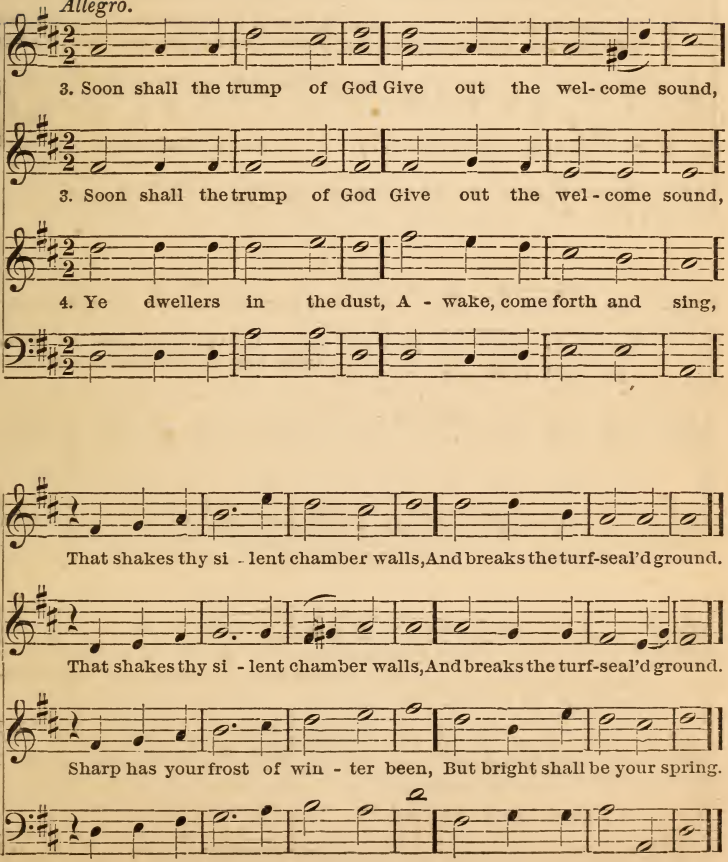
219. **PRAYER. S. M.**

From the "Sacred Star," by permission of LEONARD MARSHALL.

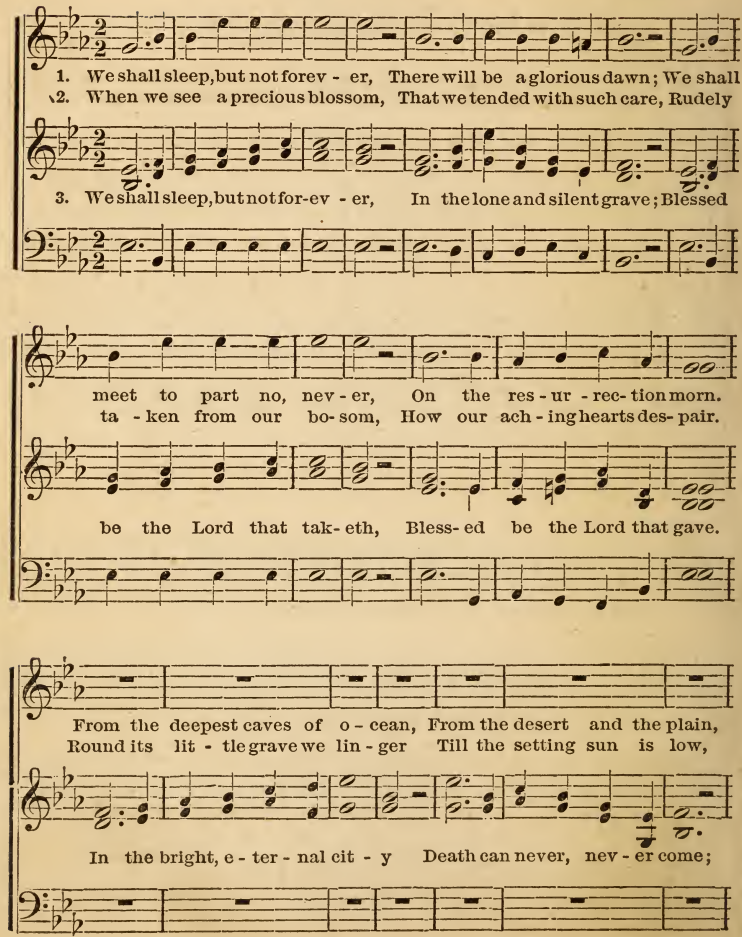

1. Rest for the toil - ing hand, Rest for the tho't - worn brow,
2. Rest for the fe - vered brain, Rest for the throbbing eye,
5. 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be rais'd in pow'r:
Rest for the wea - ry way-sore feet, Rest from all la - bor now.
Thro' these parch'd lips of thine no more Shall pass the moan or sigh.
That which was sown an earth- ly seed, Shall rise a heavenly flow'r.

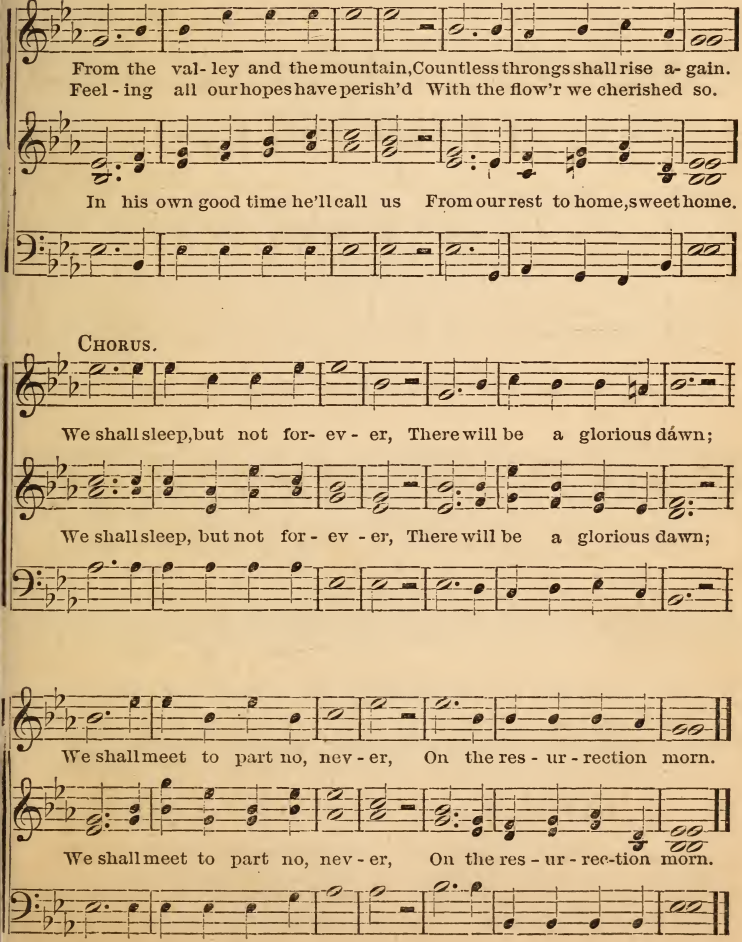
PRAISE. S. M.

From the "Sacred Star," by permission of L. MARSHALL.


Allegro.
3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel-come sound,
3. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel-come sound,
4. Ye dwellers in the dust, A-wake, come forth and sing,
That shakes thy si-lent chamber walls, And breaks the turf-seal'd ground.
That shakes thy si-lent chamber walls, And breaks the turf-seal'd ground.
Sharp has your frost of win-ter been, But bright shall be your spring.

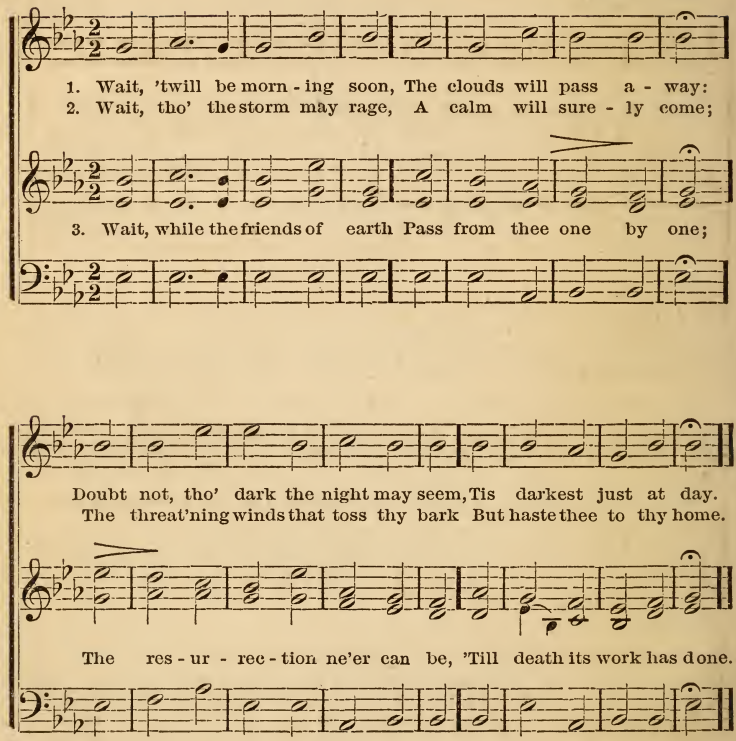
221. **COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.**

S. C. HANCOCK.

1. We shall sleep, but not forev - er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall
2. When we see a precious blossom, That we tended with such care, Rudely
3. We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, In the lone and silent grave; Blessed
meet to part no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn.
ta - ken from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts des - pair.
be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.
From the deepest caves of o - cean, From the desert and the plain,
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger Till the setting sun is low,
In the bright, e - ter - nal cit - y Death can never, nev - er come;

"Comfort in Affliction." Concluded.

From the val- ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a- gain.
Feel - ing all our hopes have perish'd With the flow'r we cherished so.
In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to home, sweet home.
Chorus.
We shall sleep, but not for- ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;
We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rection morn.
We shall meet to part no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tion morn.

222. **WAIT.**

GEO. E. LEE.

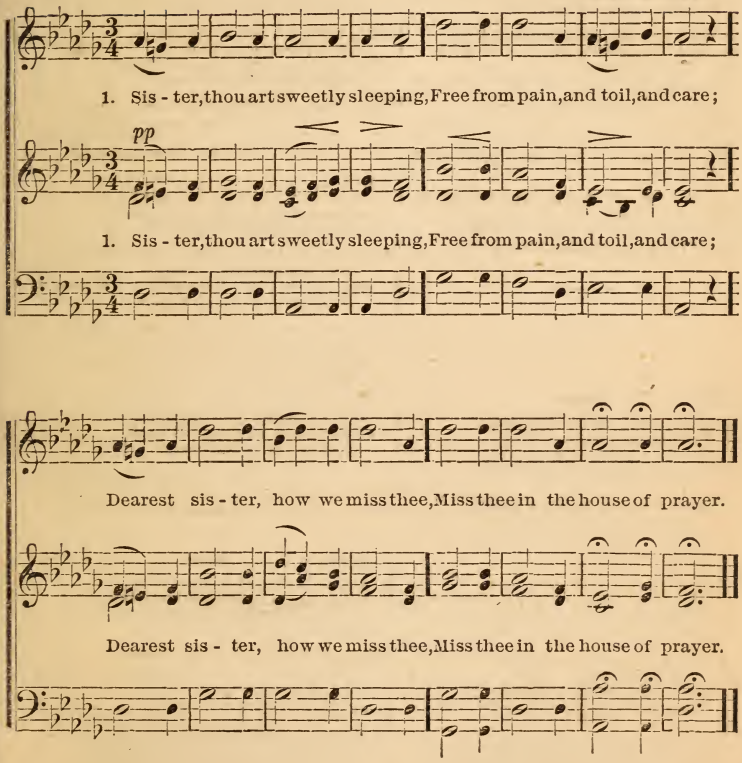

1. Wait, 'twill be morn - ing soon, The clouds will pass a - way:
2. Wait, tho' the storm may rage, A calm will sure - ly come;
3. Wait, while the friends of earth Pass from thee one by one;
Doubt not, tho' dark the night may seem, Tis darkest just at day.
The threat'ning winds that toss thy bark But haste thee to thy home.
The res - ur - rec - tion ne'er can be, 'Till death its work has done.

4 Wait; aye, with patience weep,
And mourn, and grieve, and sigh;
For when the last sad tear is shed,
God will the fountain dry.

5 Wait, for his own soft hand
Shall wipe all tears away;
And free from sorrow, saints shall then
Rejoice in endless day.

223. **SWEETLY SLEEPING.**

GEO. E. LEE.


1. Sis - ter, thou art sweetly sleeping, Free from pain, and toil, and care;
pp
1. Sis - ter, thou art sweetly sleeping, Free from pain, and toil, and care;
Dearest sis - ter, how we miss thee, Miss thee in the house of prayer.
Dearest sis - ter, how we miss thee, Miss thee in the house of prayer.

2 Thou wilt sleep, but not forever;
Jesus died, and rose again;
Soon he'll come in clouds of glory,
Thou wilt rise with him to reign.

3 Sister, then we hope to meet thee,
Then we'll take thee by the hand,
Then we'll twine our arms around thee,
In that bright and happy land.

224. ***Windham.*** L. M.

1 Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in the silent dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invades thy bounds; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

3 So Jesus slept; God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave and blest the bed;
Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn!
Attend, O earth, his sov'reign word!
Restore thy trust; a glorious form
Shall then arise to meet the Lord.

225. ***Hope.*** 6s.

1 Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay;
Sing of our bonds destroyed,
Our darkness turned to day.

2 Weep for your dead no more;
Friends, be of joyful cheer!
Our star moves on before,
Our narrow path shines clear.

3 He who, so patiently
The crown of thorns did wear,—
He hath gone up on high;
Our hope is with him there.

4 Now is his truth revealed,
His majesty and might;
The grave has been unsealed;
Christ is our life and light.

5 He who for men did weep,
Suffer, and bleed, and die,—
First fruits of them that sleep,—
Christ hath gone up on high.

6 His vict'ry hath destroyed
The shafts that once could slay;
Sing praise! the tomb is void
Where the Redeemer lay.

226. ***Narrow Way.*** C. M.

1 What poor despised company
Of travellers are these,
Who walk in yonder narrow way,
Along the rugged maze!

2 Ah, these are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing!

Cho.—Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory they shall bear;
Yes, Palms of victory, crowns of glory,
Palms of victory they shall bear.

3 Why do they then appear so mean?
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen
The world is not apprised.

4 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread;
Ah, they're of boundless wealth possess'd
With hidden manna fed.—Cho.

5 But why keep they that narrow road,
That rugged, thorny maze?
Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
They love and keep his ways.

6 What, is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God;
None other can be found.

227. ***Rest.*** L. M.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to rest
In hope of being ever blest.

3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! Soon to rise,
When the last trump shall rend the skies;
Then burst the fetters of the tomb;
To wake in full, immortal bloom.

228. Shall we know each other there?

1 When we hear the music ringing
In the bright, celestial dome—
When sweet angel voices singing
Gladly bid us welcome home,
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care—
In the land of light and glory,
Shall we know each other there?

Cho.—Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other—
Shall we know each other there?

2 When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In the glorious heav'nly land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the same arms twining
Fondly round us, as before?

Cho.—Shall we know, &c.

3 O, ye weary, sad, and tossed ones,
Droop not, faint not by the way;
Ye can join the loved and just ones
In the land of perfect day!
Harp-strings touched by angel fingers
Murmured in my raptured ear—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
We shall know each other there.

Cho.—We shall know, &c.

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229. 7s & 6s.

1 I saw a weary traveller,
In tattered garments clad,
A-struggling up the mountain,
It seemed that he was sad.
His back was burdened heavy,
His strength was almost gone,
He shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

Palms of vict'ry, crowns of glory,
Palms of vict'ry we shall bear.

2 The summer sun was beaming,
The sweat was on his brow,
His garments were all dusty,
His step was very slow;
Still he kept pressing forward,
For he was wending home,
He shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

3 The songsters in their arbors,
The pleasures of the way,
Attracted his attention,
Inviting his delay;
Still he kept pressing forward,
For he was nearing home,
He shouted as he journeyed,
"Deliverance will come."

4 Then I saw him in the evening,
When the sun was bending low;
He'd overtopped the mountain,
And reached the vale below;
His eyes were dull and heavy,
His journey it was done;
He shouted as it ended,
"Deliverance will come."

5 Then they closed the blinds around him,
And locked him up alone,
That nothing might disturb him,
Till his best friend should come.
Hope made for him a pillow,
And faith a garment rare,
To keep him in his slumbers
Till Jesus should appear.

6 At length the trumpet sounded,
The shadows fled away,
The gilding rays of glory
Proclaimed the light of day;
Then when the light of morning
Broke in his little room,
He rose and cried "Hosanna,
Deliverance *has come!*"

7 Then I heard a song of triumph—
He sang upon that shore,
Saying, "Jesus has redeemed me,
I'll suffer now no more."
Then casting his eye backward
On the race which he had run,
He raised the loud hosanna,
"Deliverance *has come!*"

230. ***Boylston.*** S. M.

1 Destruction's dangerous road
What multitudes pursue!
While that which leads the soul to God,
Is known or sought by few.

2 Believers find the way
Through Christ the living gate;
But those who hate this holy way,
Complain it is too strait.

3 If self must be denied,
And sin no more caressed,
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it best.

4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend;
They say, So many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.

5 But hear the Saviour's word,
"Strive for the heav'nly gate,
Many will call upon the Lord,
And find their cries too late."

6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may;
The flock of Christ is always small,
And none are safe but they.

7 Lord, open sinners' eyes,
Their awful state to see;
And make them, ere the storm arise,
To Thee for safety flee.

---

231. ***Anvern.*** L. M.

1 One awful word which Jesus spoke
Against the tree that bore no fruit,
More dreadful than the lightning's stroke,
Blasted and dried it to the root.

2 How many, who the gospel hear,
Whom Satan blinds, and sin deceives,
May with this wither'd tree compare?—
They yield no fruit, but only leaves.

3 Knowledge, and zeal, and gifts, and talk,
Unless combin'd with faith and love,
And witness'd by a gospel walk,
Will not a true profession prove.

4 Without such fruit as God expects,
Knowledge will make our state the worse;
The fruitless sinner he rejects,
And soon will blast them with his curse.

232. ***Siloam.*** C. M.

1 See how the worthless bramble stands
Beneath the burning sky;
Wither'd and parch'd in barren sands,
And only grows to die.

2 Such is the sinner's awful case,
Who makes the world his trust;
And dares his confidence to place
In vanity and dust.

3 A secret curse destroys his root,
And dries its moisture up;
He lives awhile, but bears no fruit,
Then dies without a hope.

---

233. ***Pleyel's Hymn.*** 7s.

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bar'd!
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepar'd,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth affrighted hastes to flee;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee?

4 Who his advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapt in flame?

5 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel's voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

---

234. S. M.

1 Ye who in former days
Were found at Zion's gate;
Who seemed to walk in wisdom's ways,
And told your happy state;

2 But now to sin draw back,
And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
And choose the beaten way;

3 Think not your names above
Are written with the saints;
The promise of unchanging love
Is His who never faints.

4 Your transient joy and peace,
Your deeper dooms have sealed,
Unless you wake to righteousness,
Ere judgment is reveal'd.

235. ***Portugal.*** L. M.

1 The summer harvest spreads the field,
Mark—how the whitening fields are turn'd!
Behold them to the reapers yield;
The wheat is sav'd—the tares are burn'd.

2 Thus the great Judge, with glory crown'd,
Descends to reap the ripen'd earth!
Angelic guards attend him down,
The same who sang his humble birth.

3 In sounds of glory hear him speak,
"Go, search around the flaming world;
Haste, call my saints to rise, and take
The seats from which their foes were hurl'd."

4 Thus ends the harvest of the earth;
Angels obey the awful voice;
They save the wheat, they burn the chaff,
All heaven approves the sov'reign choice.

236. ***Greenwich.*** L. M. Double.

1 Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 The living know that they must die;
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their mem'ry and their sense are gone;
Alike unknowing and unknown.

3 Their hatred, and their love are lost,
Their envy buried in the dust;
They have no share in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the sun.

4 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might pursue;
Since no device, nor work, is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

237. ***Windham.*** L. M.

1 Broad is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself and take thy cross,—"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord! let not all my hopes be vain:
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

238. ***Ortonville.*** C. M.

1 Repent! the voice celestial cries;
No longer dare delay;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God,
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Amazing love, that yet will call,
And yet prolong our days!
Our hearts, subdued by goodness, fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

239. ***Lenox.*** H. M.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

5 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace;
And, saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

240. ***Pleyel's Hymn.*** 7s.

1 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that you might live.

3 Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

---

241. ***Mantua.*** 6s & 4s. Peculiar.

1 Child of sin and sorrow,
Filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow,
Lift up thine eye!
Soon will dawn the morrow,
Jesus is nigh!
In that bright home,
Graven thy name;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly.

4 Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou be?
In that long to-morrow,
Eternity,
Driven from home,
Destruction will come;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?

The Eden of Love. P. M.

1 We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
Ye wand'rers from God in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?

Cho.—Will you go, will you go, will you go, will you go,
O say, will you go, to the Eden of love?

2 In that blessed land nei'ther sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart burden'd ones, who in misery languish,
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—Cho.

3 No fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove,
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—Cho.

4 No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them, that country is healthy;
O say, will you go to the Eden of love?—Cho.

5 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
O come to thy Lord, in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden of love.—Cho.

242. ***Buckingham.*** C. M.

1 Return, O wanderer, return!
And seek thy Father's face!
These new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return!
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return!
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Bow to his word, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

4 Return, O wanderer, now return!
And wipe the falling tear!
The Father calls, no longer roam,
'Tis love invites thee near.

---

243. 8s & 7s.

1 One, there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love, beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.

---

244. 8s & 7s.

1 As the serpent, raised by Moses,
Heal'd the burning serpent's bite;
Jesus then himself discloses,
To the wounded sinner's sight.

2 Hear his gracious invitation:
"I have life and peace to give;
I have wrought out full salvation;
Sinner, look to me and live."

3 Dearest Saviour, we adore thee
For thy precious life and death;
Melt each stubborn heart before thee,
Give us all the eye of faith.

---

245. ***Wilmot.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Hath waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude, he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will; the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn;
His feet departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at His door rejected stand.

---

246. ***Swanwick.*** C. M.

1 "Unhappy city! had'st thou known—
Then were thy peace secure;
But now the day of grace is gone,
And thy destruction's sure."

2 Thus to the Jews the Saviour calls,
As near their gates he stood,
His eyes beheld their guilty walls,
And wept a sacred flood.

3 And can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groan'd and died for me?

4 Blest Jesus! let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

247. ***Greenville.*** 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Saviour prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"*It is finished:*"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

4 Lo! the Son of God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

5 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven,
Sweetly echo with his name;
Hallelujah!—
Sinners here may sing the same.

---

248. 5s & 6s.

1 Come, sinners, attend,
And make no delay;
Good news from a friend
I bring you to-day;
Glad news of salvation
Come now and receive;
There's no condemnation
To them that believe.

2 I AM THAT I AM
Hath sent me to you;
Glad news to proclaim,
Your sins to subdue;
To you, O distressed,
Afflicted, forlorn,
Whose sins are increased,
And cannot be borne.

3 But still if you cry
Oh, what is his name?
You have the reply,
I AM THAT I AM:
Though blind, lame, and feeble,
And helpless you lie,
He's willing and able
Your wants to supply.

4 Then only believe,
And trust in his name;
He will not deceive,
Nor put you to shame;
But fully supply you
With all things in store;
Nor will he deny you
Because you are poor.

---

249. ***Bray.*** C. M.

1 Let every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice!
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,—
And vainly strive with earthly joys,
To fill an empty mind:—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepar'd
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

5 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open all the day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

250. ***Brest.*** 8s, 7s & 4s.

1 Sinners, will you scorn the message
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence—oh, how tender!
Every line is full of love;
Listen to it—
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,"
"Free forgiveness in his name;"
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!

3 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word,
While the messengers address you,
Take the warning they afford;
We entreat you,
Take the warning they afford.

4 Who hath our report believed?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embrac'd the news of pardon
Offer'd to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it—
Offer'd to you by the Lord!

251. C. M.

1 At Jacob's well a stranger sought
His drooping frame to cheer;
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was near.

2 This had she known, her fainting mind
For richer draughts had sighed;
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts denied.

3 The man, who came on earth to die,
How few appear to know!
The friend of sinners, passing by,
Is still esteemed a foe.

4 The sinner must the stranger know,
Or soon his loss deplore;
Behold! the living waters flow;
Come—drink, and thirst no more.

252. ***America.*** S. M.

1 To-morrow, Lord, is thine,
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign hand;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken by thy almighty power,
The aged and the young.

3 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light,
Lest life's young golden beam should die
In sudden, endless night.

253. ***The Sinner's Invitation.*** 6s & 7s.

1 Sinner, go, will you go
To the highlands of Eden?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting,
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting.

2 Where the saints, robed in white,
Cleansed in life's flowing fountain,
Shining beauteous and bright,
Shall inhabit the mountain:
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble, nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be feared for the morrow.

3 He's prepared thee a home,
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

254. ***We are passing away.*** L. M.

1 To-day, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away, &c.

2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest?
Will you be saved from death and sin,
And crowns of fadeless glory win?
We are passing away, &c.

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love,
We are passing away, &c.

4 Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no?
We are passing away, &c.

255. ***Take my Heart.*** 8s & 7s.

1 Take my heart, O Father, take it,
Make and keep it all thine own;
Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heav'nly Father, deign to mould it,
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and child-like still.

2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and free from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy,
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven;
Holy Spirit, take and seal it,
Guide it in the path to heaven.

---

256. ***Dundee.*** C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Saviour die?
Did he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in:
When Christ, the man of sorrows, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
'Tis all that I can do.

257. ***Martyn.*** 7s. Double.

Cross of Christ.

1 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Hide my sins and shelter me;
Claim or merit have I none,
I am vile and all undone;
I to Thee for succor fly,—
Give me refuge or I die.
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my hopes are hung on thee.

2 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Let me to thy shadow flee;
Here they mocked the Crucified,
Here the royal sufferer died:
Here was shed the atoning blood,
Till it crimsoned all the sod;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Can the guilty trust in thee?

3 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Type of love's deep mystery.
'Twas my sins provoked this love,
I this matchless passion moved;
For my soul this love was stored;
On my head the blessing poured;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
Now I solve love's mystery.

4 Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
This my boast shall ever be,
That the blood for me was shed,
That for me He groaned and bled;
Now I catch that gracious eye,
Now I know I shall not die;
Cross of Christ, O sacred tree,
All my guilt is lost in thee!

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258. ***Boylston.*** S. M.

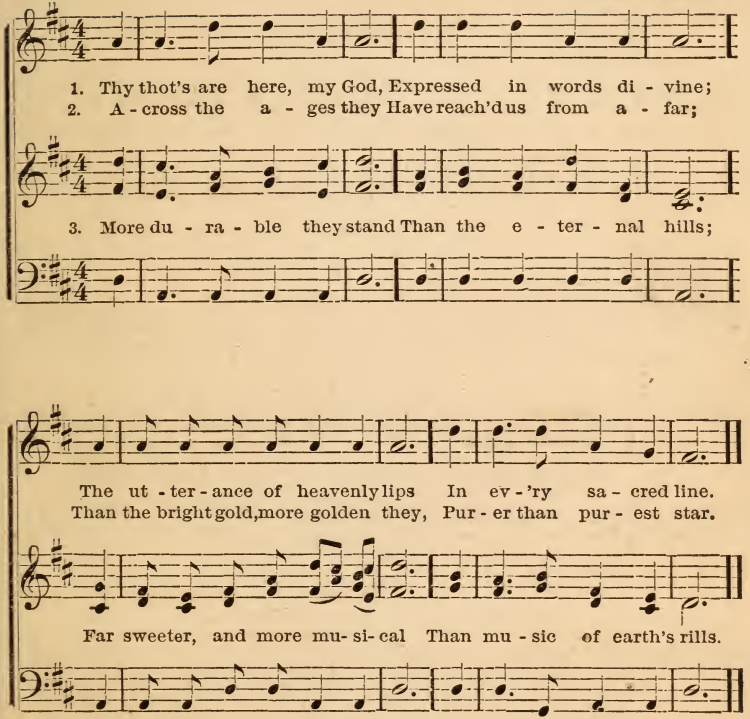
1 A sinful man am I,
Therefore I come to Thee;
To Thee the holy and the just,
That Thou mayst pity me.

2 Wert Thou not righteous, Lord,
I dare not come to Thee.
It is a righteous pardon, Lord,
Alone that suiteth me.

3 Our God is love,—we come;
Our God is light,—we stay;
Abiding ever in His word,
And walking in His way.

4 Mercy and truth are His,
Unchanging faithfulness;
The cross is all our boast and trust;
And Jesus is our peace.

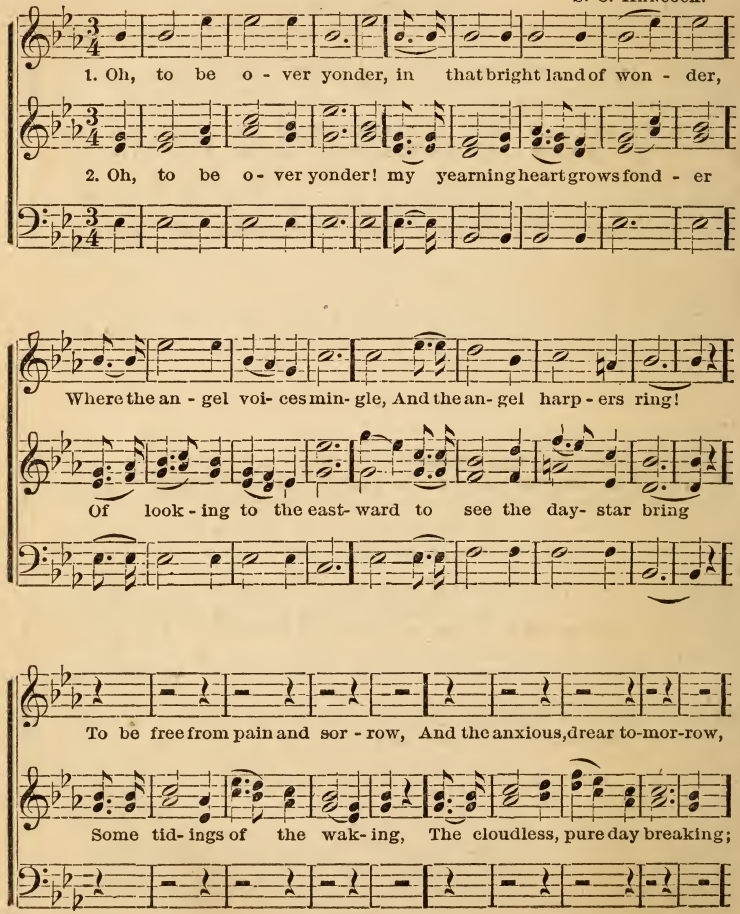
259. **BINGHAM. S. M.**

GEO. E. LEE.

1. Thy thot's are here, my God, Expressed in words di - vine;
2. A - cross the a - ges they Have reach'd us from a - far;
3. More du - ra - ble they stand Than the e - ter - nal hills;
The ut - ter - ance of heavenly lips In ev - 'ry sa - cred line.
Than the bright gold, more golden they, Pur - er than pur - est star.
Far sweeter, and more mu - si - cal Than mu - sic of earth's rills.

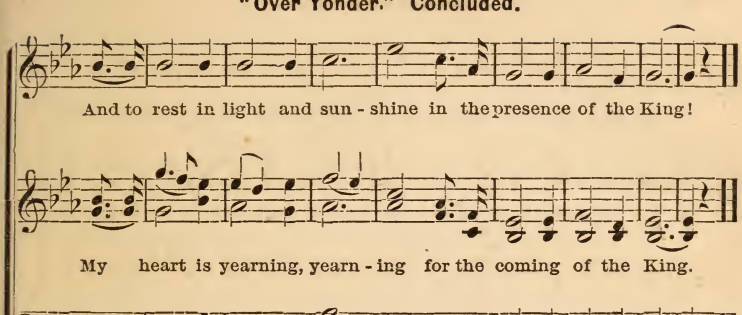
4 A thousand hammers keen,
With fiery force and strain,
Brought down on it, in rage and hate
Have struck this gem in vain.

5 It standeth, and will stand,
Without or change or age;
The word of majesty and light,
The church's heritage.

260. **OVER YONDER.**

S. C. Hancock.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yonder, in that bright land of won - der,
2. Oh, to be o - ver yonder! my yearning heart grows fond - er
Where the an - gel voi- ces min- gle, And the an- gel harp - ers ring!
Of look - ing to the east- ward to see the day- star bring
To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, drear to-mor-row,
Some tid- ings of the wak- ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking;

"Over Yonder." Concluded.



3 Oh, to be over yonder! alas! I sigh and ponder,
Why clings my heart, world-weary, unto any earthly thing?
Each tie of earth must sever, and pass away forever;
But there's no more separation in the presence of the King.

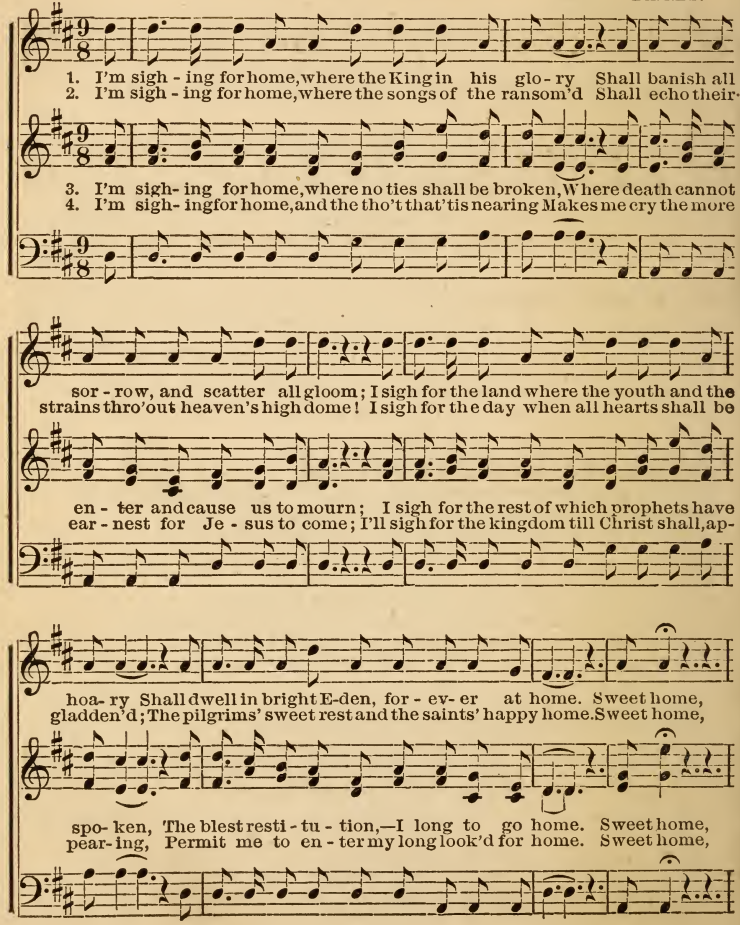
4 Oh, to be over yonder! The longing groweth stronger,
And sweet hope the distance lessens, like a dove on rapid wing:
O time, with fleeter pinion, bring down my Lord's dominion,
That my soul may rest forever in the presence of the King.

5 Oh, to be over yonder, in that bright land of wonder,
Where life, and light, and sunshine touch every hallowed thing!
Where the day-beam is unshaded, pure and good as he who made it,—
The land of love eternal, Jesus is the worthy King.

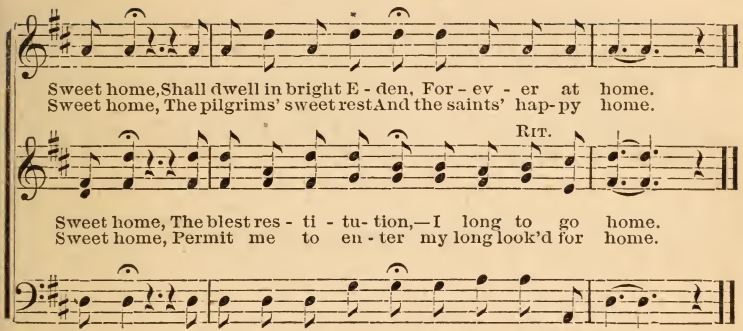
6 Oh, when shall I be dwelling where the angel voices swelling,
In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vaulted heavens ring;
Where the pearly gates are gleaming, and the morning star is beaming,—
Oh! when shall I be yonder, in the presence of the King?

261. **SIGHING FOR HOME.**

AMANDA BAILEY.


1. I'm sigh - ing for home, where the King in his glo - ry Shall banish all
2. I'm sigh - ing for home, where the songs of the ransom'd Shall echo their
3. I'm sigh- ing for home, where no ties shall be broken, Where death cannot
4. I'm sigh- ing for home, and the tho't that 'tis nearing Makes me cry the more
sor - row, and scatter all gloom; I sigh for the land where the youth and the
strains thro'out heaven's high dome! I sigh for the day when all hearts shall be
en - ter and cause us to mourn; I sigh for the rest of which prophets have
ear - nest for Je - sus to come; I'll sigh for the kingdom till Christ shall, ap-
hoa - ry Shall dwell in bright E-den, for - ev - er at home. Sweet home,
gladden'd; The pilgrims' sweet rest and the saints' happy home. Sweet home,
spo - ken, The blest resti - tu - tion,—I long to go home. Sweet home,
pear - ing, Permit me to en - ter my long look'd for home. Sweet home,

"Sighing for Home." Concluded.


Sweet home, Shall dwell in bright E - den, For - ev - er at home.
Sweet home, The pilgrims' sweet rest And the saints' hap - py home.
RIT.
Sweet home, The blest res - ti - tu - tion,—I long to go home.
Sweet home, Permit me to en - ter my long look'd for home.

Lord's Supper. C. M.

1 Thy broken body, gracious Lord!
Is shadowed by this broken bread,
The wine which in this cup is pour'd,
Points to the blood which thou hast shed.

2 And while we meet together thus,
We show that we are one in Thee;
Thy precious blood was shed for us;
Thy death, O Lord, has set us free.

3 We have one hope—*that Thou wilt come;*
Thee in the air we wait to see:
When Thou wilt give thy saints a home,
And we shall ever reign with Thee.

Lord's Supper. S. M.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor—matchless grace
Of our descending Lord.

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Willoughby. C. P. M.

Baptism.

1 Salem's great King, Jesus by name,
In ancient times to Jordan came,
All righteousness to fill;
'Twas there the ancient baptist stood,
Whose name was John—a man of God—
To do his Master's will.

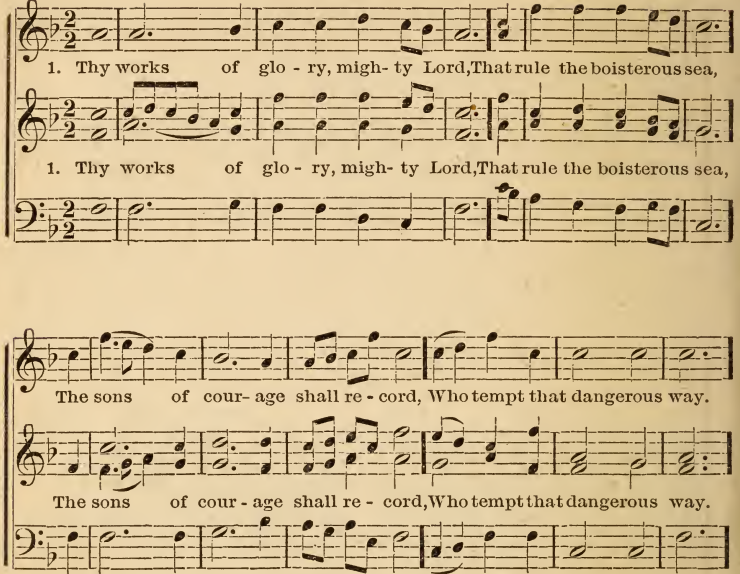
2 Down in old Jordan's rolling stream,
The baptist led the holy Lamb,
And there did him baptize;
Jehovah saw his darling Son,
And was well pleased with what he'd done,
And owned him from the skies.

3 This is my Son, Jehovah cries;
On Him to rest the Spirit flies;
O, children, hear ye him!
Hark! 'tis his voice; behold, he cries,
Repent, believe, and be baptized,
And wash away your sins.

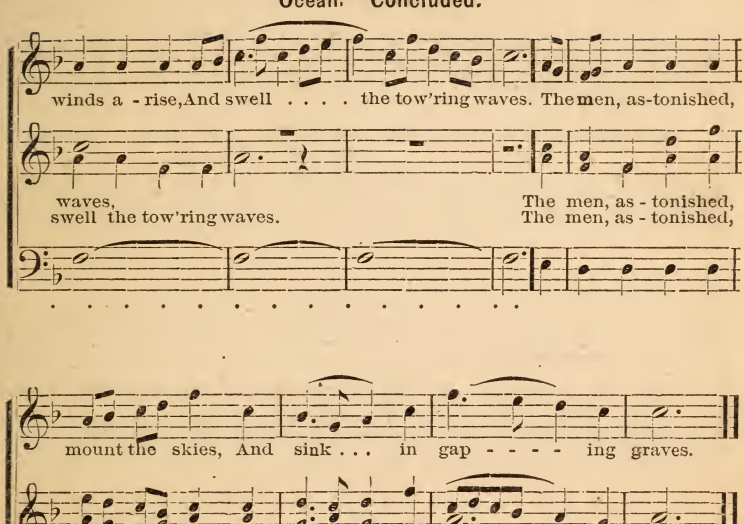
4 Come, children, come; his voice obey;
Salem's bright King has marked the way,
And has a crown prepared;
O then arise and give consent,
Walk in the way that Jesus went,
And have the great reward.

262. OCEAN. C. M.

SWAN.


1. Thy works of glo - ry, migh- ty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea,
1. Thy works of glo - ry, migh- ty Lord, That rule the boisterous sea,
The sons of cour- age shall re - cord, Who tempt that dangerous way.
The sons of cour - age shall re - cord, Who tempt that dangerous way.
At thy command the winds a - rise, At thy command the
At thy command the winds arise, And swell the tow'ring
At thy command the winds a - rise, And swell the tow'ring waves, And
At thy command the winds a- rise, And swell the tow'ring waves,

"Ocean." Concluded.


winds a - rise, And swell . . . . the tow'ring waves. The men, as-tonished,
waves,
swell the tow'ring waves.
The men, as - tonished,
The men, as - tonished,
mount the skies, And sink . . . in gap - - - - - ing graves.
mount the skies, And sink . . in gap - - - - - ing graves.

Millennial Dawn. 7s & 6s.

1 The loving moon is springing
From night's unloving gloom;
And earth seems now arising
In beauty from the tomb.
See daylight far above us,
Tinging each cloudy wreath,
Ere it showers itself in splendor
Upon the plain beneath.

2 'Tis sparkling on the mountain-peak,
'Tis hurrying down the vale,
'Tis bursting thro' the forest boughs,
'Tis fresh'ning in the gale.
O'er the churchyard it is resting,—
On stone, and grass, and mould,
Giving voice to each gray tombstone,
As to Memnon's harp of old.

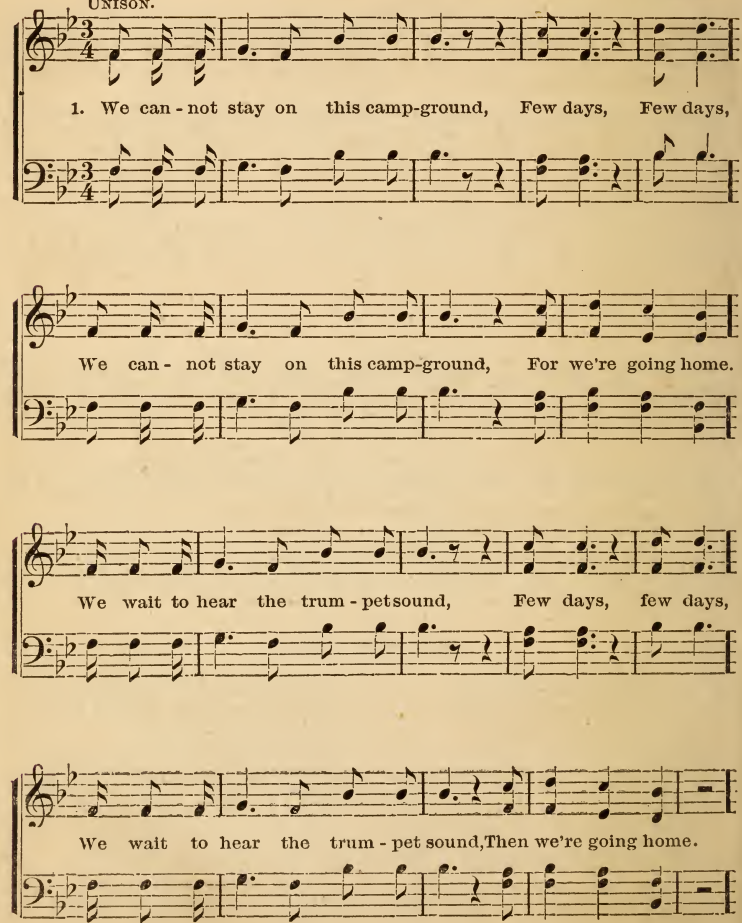
3 O the gay burst of beauty
That is flashing over earth,
And calling forth its millions
To holy morning mirth!
Yet look we for a sunrise
More beautiful than this;
And watch we for a dawning
Of purer light and bliss.

4 When a far fairer morning
O'er greener hills shall rise,
And a far fresher sunlight
Looks down from bluer skies.
Is not creation weary?
Has sin not reigned too long?
Hear, Lord, thy church's pleading,
Come, end her night of wrong!

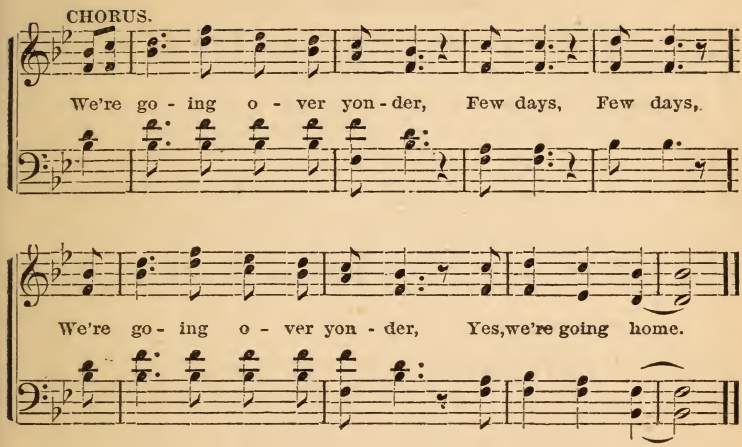
263. **FEW DAYS.**

Arr. by CHAS. C. BARKER.

UNISON.


1. We can - not stay on this camp-ground, Few days, Few days,
We can - not stay on this camp-ground, For we're going home.
We wait to hear the trum - pet sound, Few days, few days,
We wait to hear the trum - pet sound, Then we're going home.

"Few Days." Concluded.



2 Wake the song of Jubilee, few days, few days, &c.
Let it break across the sea, few days, few days, &c.
For we're going home. — CHO.

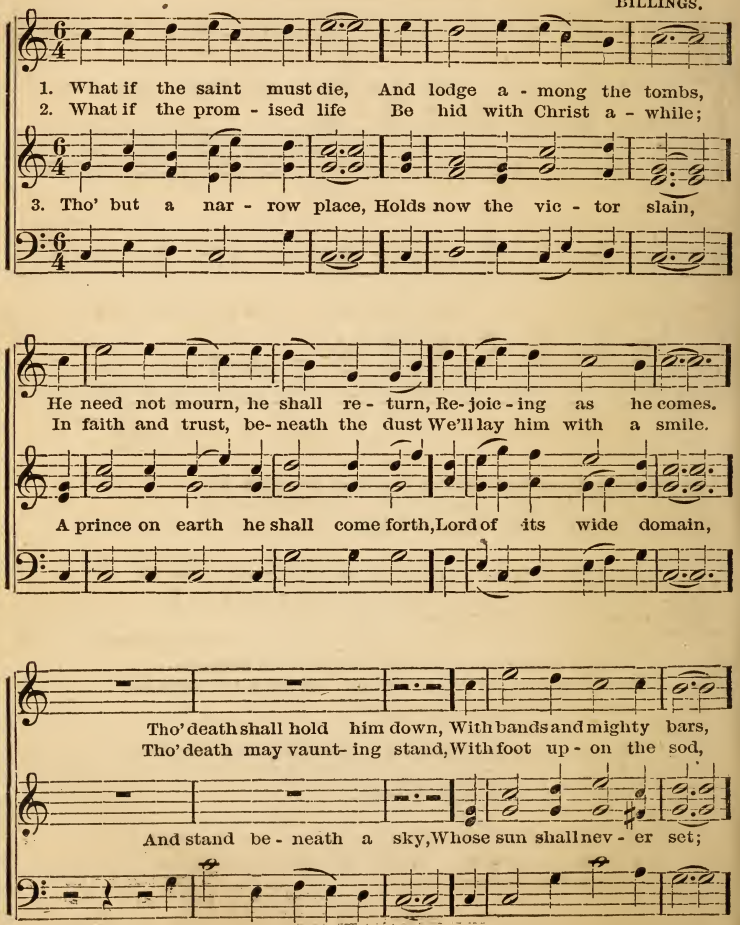
3 Lift up your heads, ye pearly gates, few days, few days, &c.
A mighty host before you waits, few days, few days, &c.
And they're going home. — CHO.

4 We'll be within the city lines, few days, few days, &c.
For in the east our day-star shines, few days, few days, &c.
And we're going home. — CHO.

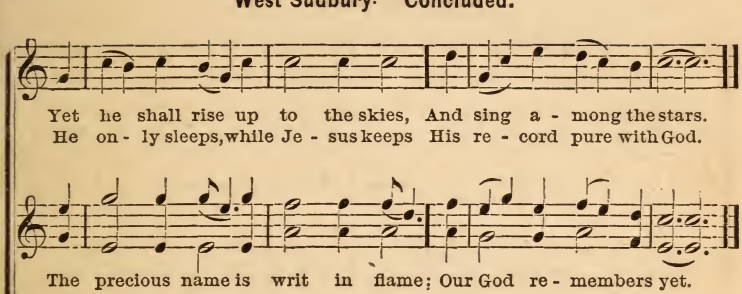
5 The palm trees wave within our sight, few days, few days, &c.
Upon the hills of life and light, few days, few days, &c.
Where we're going home. — CHO.

6 We'll no more need to sing this song, few days, few days, &c.
The blessed day will be so long, few days, few days, &c.
When we get home. — CHO.

264. **WEST SUDBURY. S. M.**

BILLINGS.

1. What if the saint must die, And lodge a - mong the tombs,
2. What if the prom - ised life Be hid with Christ a - while;
3. Tho' but a nar - row place, Holds now the vic - tor slain,
He need not mourn, he shall re - turn, Re- joic - ing as he comes.
In faith and trust, be- neath the dust We'll lay him with a smile.
A prince on earth he shall come forth, Lord of its wide domain,
Tho' death shall hold him down, With bands and mighty bars,
Tho' death may vaunt- ing stand, With foot up - on the sod,
And stand be - neath a sky, Whose sun shall nev - er set;

"West Sudbury." Concluded.


Yet he shall rise up to the skies, And sing a - mong the stars.
He on - ly sleeps, while Je - sus keeps His re - cord pure with God.
The precious name is writ in flame; Our God re - members yet.

DOXOLOGIES.

Old Hundred. L. M.

1 Be Thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here as there obeyed.

Old Hundred. L. M.

2 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Dedication. L. M.

3 All glory, while the ages run,
Be to the Father, and the Son,
Who rose from death; the same to Thee,
O Holy Ghost, eternally.

Dedication. L. M.

4 Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,—
In earth and heaven the Lord of all!
Let all the powers of earth obey,
And low before His footstool fall.

Old Hundred. L. M.

1 Let all that wait the Coming King,
Now to his name sweet praises bring;
He cometh quickly! sound it high,
Till echoes meet the vocal sky.

2 Earth shall depart, and, like a scroll,
The passing heavens together roll,
For Jesus' faithful words shall be
Enduring as eternity.

3 Now let thy kingdom come, O Lord,
As thou hast promised in thy word—
Fill earth with glory like a sea—
Oh! speak the word, and it shall be.

Pleyel's Hymn. 7s.

Lord's Supper.

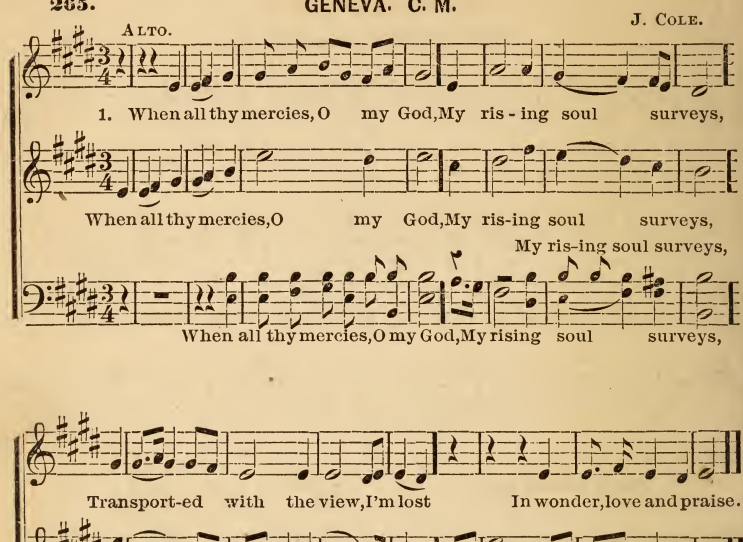
1 Bread of heaven! on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

2 Vine of heaven! thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give,
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died;
Lord of life! oh let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

265. GENEVA. C. M.

J. Cole.


Alto.
1. When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul surveys,
When all thy mercies, O my God, My ris-ing soul surveys,
My ris-ing soul surveys,
When all thy mercies, O my God, My rising soul surveys,
Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love and praise.
Transported with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, and praise.
Transported with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

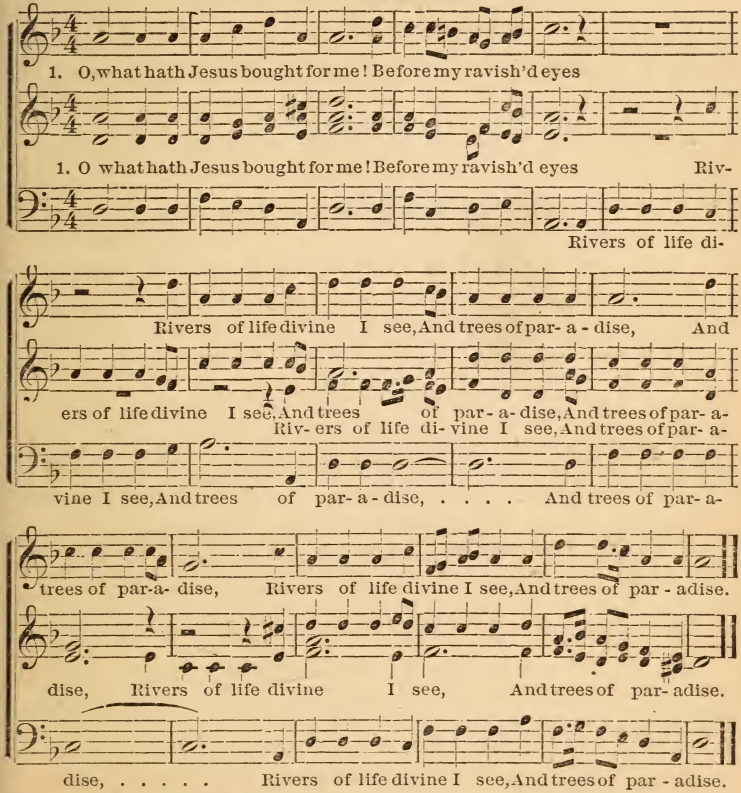
2 O, how can words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart?
But thou canst read it there.

3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble tho'ts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

4 When in the slipp'ry paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

5 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

6 Thro' all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, O, eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

266. **NORTH SALEM. C. M.**

1. O, what hath Jesus bought for me! Before my ravish'd eyes
1. O what hath Jesus bought for me! Before my ravish'd eyes Riv-
Rivers of life di-
Rivers of life divine I see, And trees of par- a - dise, And
ers of life divine I see, And trees of par- a- dise, And trees of par- a-
Riv- ers of life di- vine I see, And trees of par- a-
vine I see, And trees of par- a - dise, ... And trees of par- a-
trees of par-a- dise, Rivers of life divine I see, And trees of par - adise.
dise, Rivers of life divine I see, And trees of par- adise.
dise, ... Rivers of life divine I see, And trees of par - adise.

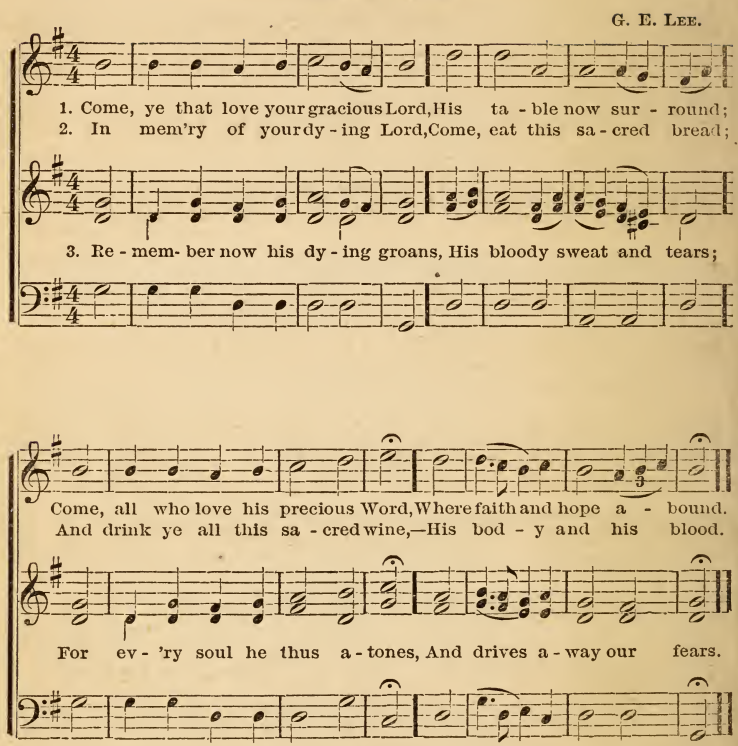
2 I see the blessed saints in light,
Who taste the pleasure there;
They are all robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?

5 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again,
In that eventful day.

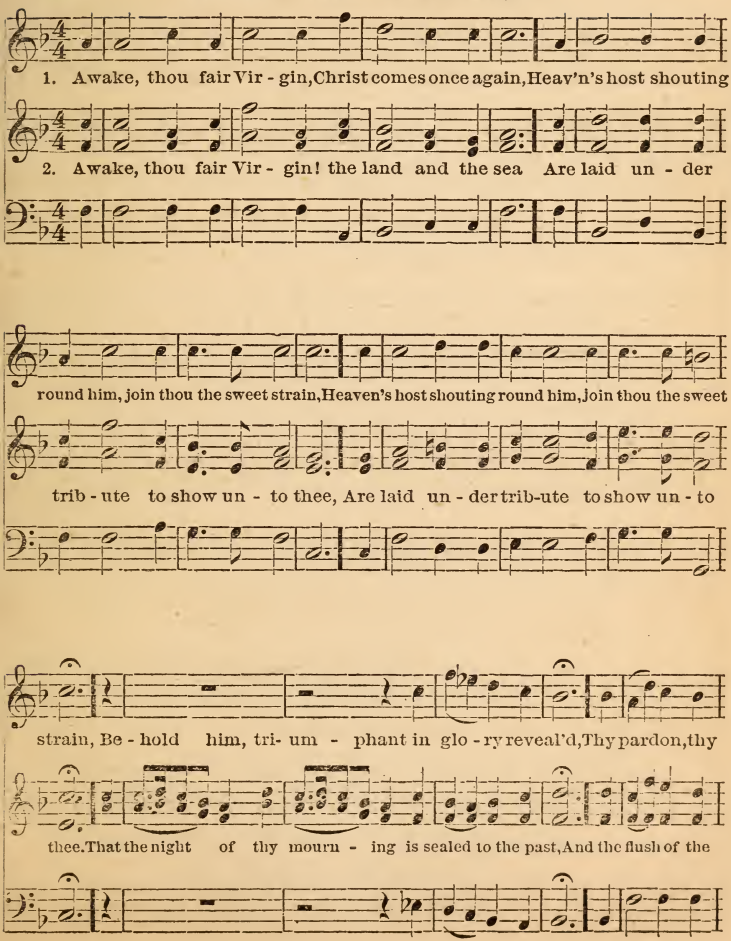
267. **HARMONY. C. M.**

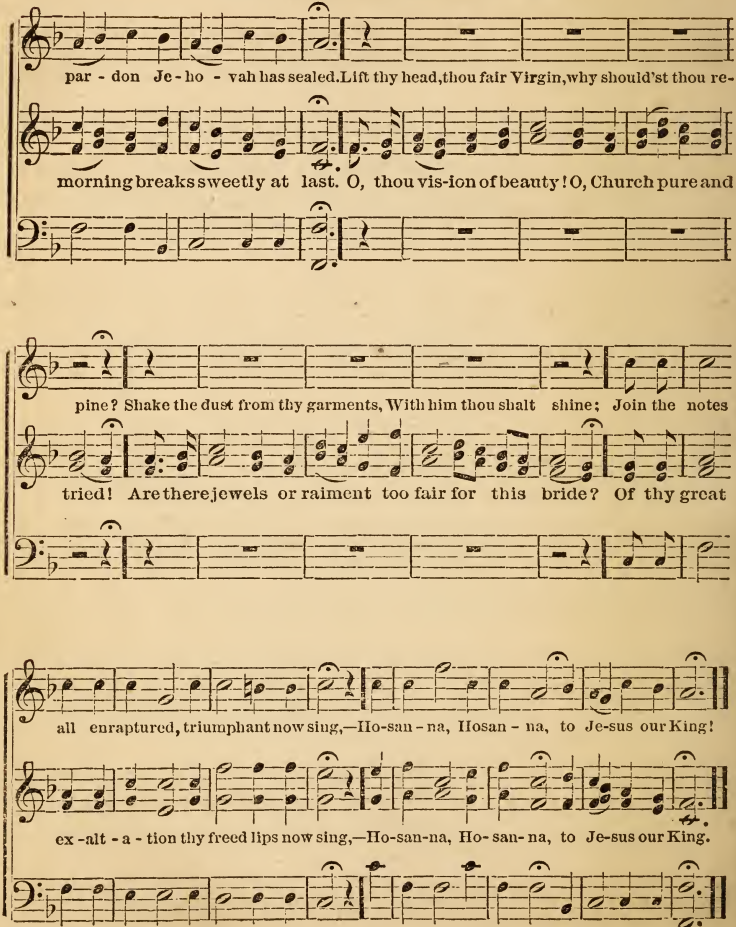
G. E. Lee.

1. Come, ye that love your gracious Lord, His ta - ble now sur - round;
2. In mem'ry of your dy - ing Lord, Come, eat this sa - cred bread;
3. Re - mem- ber now his dy - ing groans, His bloody sweat and tears;
Come, all who love his precious Word, Where faith and hope a - bound.
And drink ye all this sa - cred wine,—His bod - y and his blood.
For ev - 'ry soul he thus a - tones, And drives a - way our fears.

4 Then upward look with longing eyes
For your returning Lord;
For soon he'll come from yonder skies,
Fulfilling all his Word.

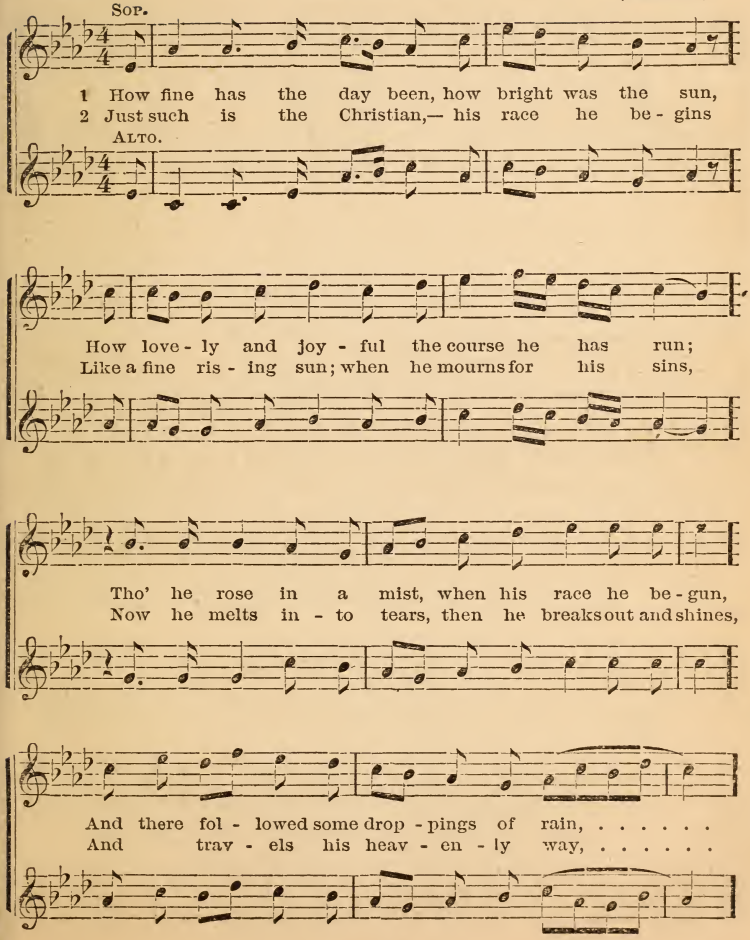
5 O! then with him you'll eat the bread,
And drink the heavenly wine;
While crowns of gold adorn your head
With stars that brightly shine.

268. ANTHEM.—Awake, thou fair Virgin.

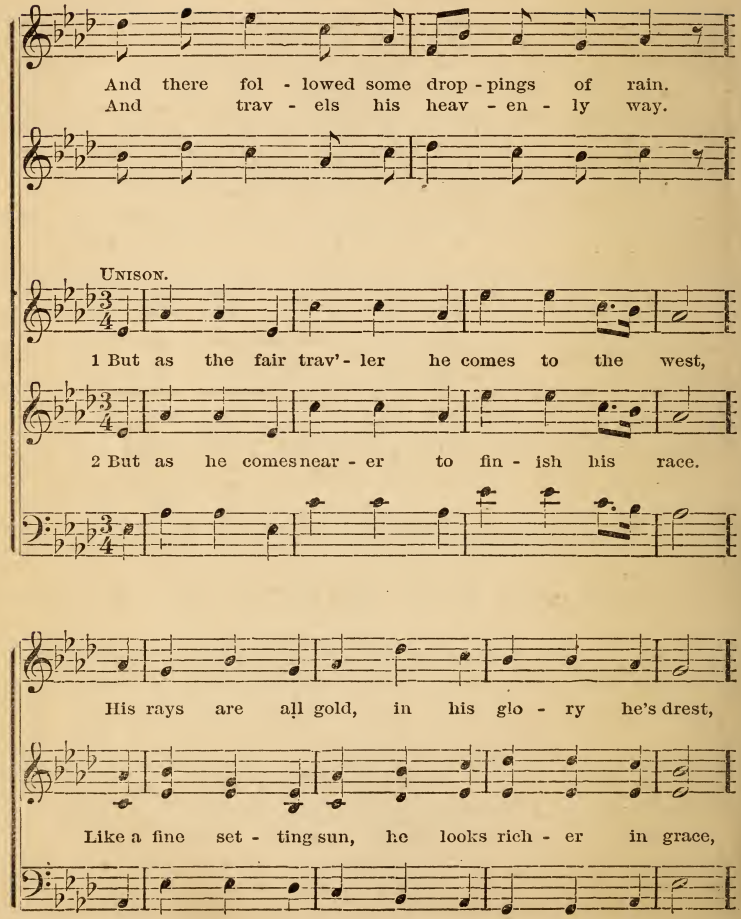

1. Awake, thou fair Vir - gin, Christ comes once again, Heav'n's host shouting
2. Awake, thou fair Vir - gin! the land and the sea Are laid un - der
round him, join thou the sweet strain, Heaven's host shouting round him, Join thou the sweet
trib - ute to show un - to thee, Are laid un - der trib-ute to show un - to
strain, Be - hold him, tri- um - phant in glo - ry reveal'd, Thy pardon, thy
thee. That the night of thy mourn - ing is sealed to the past, And the flush of the

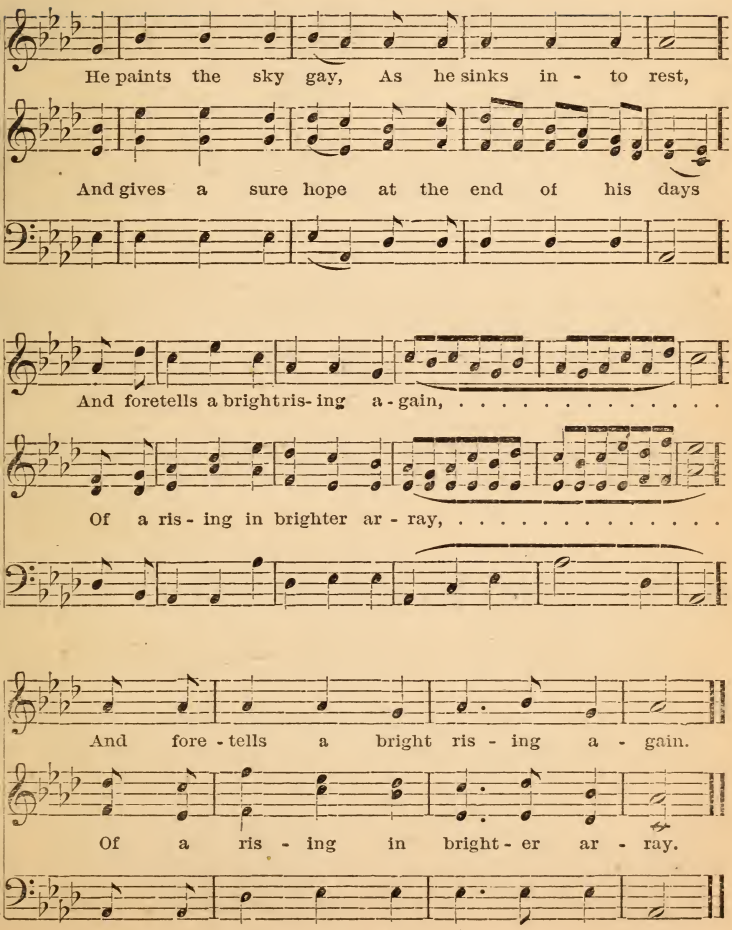
"Awake, thou fair Virgin." Continued.

par - don Je - ho - vah has sealed. Lift thy head, thou fair Virgin, why should'st thou re-
morning breaks sweetly at last. O, thou vis-ion of beauty! O, Church pure and
pine? Shake the dust from thy garments, With him thou shalt shine; Join the notes
tried! Are there jewels or raiment too fair for this bride? Of thy great
all enraptured, triumphant now sing,—Ho-san - na, Hosan - na, to Je-sus our King!
ex - alt - a - tion thy freed lips now sing,—Ho-san-na, Ho- san- na, to Je-sus our King.

269. **SUMMER EVENING.** (ENGLISH.)


Sop.
1 How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
2 Just such is the Christian,— his race he be - gins
Alto.
How love - ly and joy - ful the course he has run;
Like a fine ris - ing sun; when he mourns for his sins,
Tho' he rose in a mist, when his race he be - gun,
Now he melts in - to tears, then he breaks out and shines,
And there fol - lowed some drop - pings of rain, ...
And trav - els his heav - en - ly way, ...

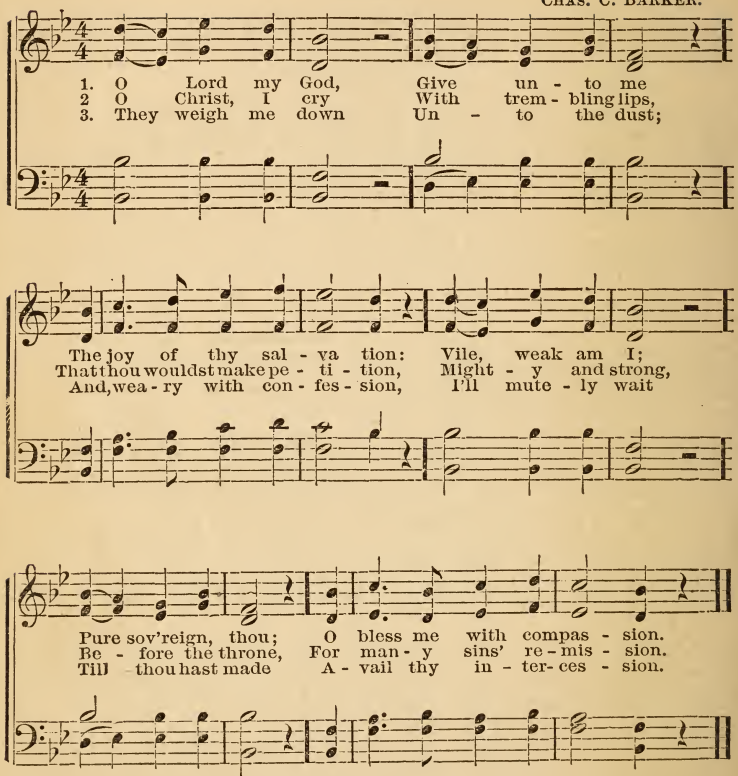
"Summer Evening." Continued.


And there fol - lowed some drop - pings of rain.
And trav - els his heav - en - ly way.
Unison.
1 But as the fair trav'- ler he comes to the west,
2 But as he comes near - er to fin - ish his race.
His rays are all gold, in his glo - ry he's drest,
Like a fine set - ting sun, he looks rich - er in grace,

"Summer Evening." Concluded.

He paints the sky gay, As he sinks in - to rest,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
And foretells a bright ris- ing a - gain, ...
Of a ris - ing in brighter ar - ray, ...
And fore - tells a bright ris - ing a - gain.
Of a ris - ing in bright - er ar - ray.

270. **GROVER.**

CHAS. C. BARKER.


1. O Lord my God, Give un - to me
2 O Christ, I cry With trem - bling lips,
3. They weigh me down Un - to the dust;
The joy of thy sal - va tion: Vile, weak am I;
That thou wouldst make pe - ti - tion, Might - y and strong,
And, wea - ry with con - fes - sion, I'll mute - ly wait
Pure sov'reign, thou; O bless me with compas - sion.
Be - fore the throne, For man - y sins' re - mis - sion.
Till thou hast made A - vail thy in - ter - ces - sion.

4 I know that thou
Canst lift me up,
Perchance by bitter trial;
I'll take whate'er
Thy hand doth send
Of cross or self-denial.

5 O blessed love!
In suffering thou
Didst learn our human story;
And still dost bear,
Our sorrows keen,
Tho' crown'd with Kingly glory.

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NOTE. The following eighteen pages are filled with tunes, old and new, many of which are published by request. Those from Geo. E. Lee, of Springfield, Mass., appear for the first time in convenient book form. Limited space alone prevents us from using many other tunes furnished for publication. Prof. John Jackman, F. W. Messe, and Dr. E. W. Abbott, of this city, have kindly furnished several new hymns and tunes. C. W. S.

Concord, N. H., April 15, 1873.

See previous

Supplement.

TUNE.—The Sweet Bye and Bye.

The Immortal Shore.

O that land that the seers have foretold,
So holy, so pure, and so fair;
And that city with streets of pure gold
Makes me oftentimes sigh to be there.
Cho. 'Neath the clear sunny sky,
We shall meet on that immortal shore
that is nigh;
'Neath the clear sunny sky,
We shall sing on that immortal shore.

O those mountains with beautiful bowers,
Where the warblers sing sweet in the trees;
And the valleys with sweet blooming flowers
Send their odors afar on the breeze.

O Zion, so sacred and bright!
The ransomed with singing shall come,
And stand on thy beautiful height
With Jesus, forever at home.

O thou land so delightful and fair,
Where no tears can bedim any eye;
My heart and affections are there,—
I rejoice that 't is specially nigh.

Tune on p. 22, Supplement.

Jesus Saves Me.

I am so glad that the Bible is mine,
Light on its pages from heaven doth shine,
Telling most clearly the kingdom is near,
When in his glory the King will appear.
Cho. I am so glad that Jesus saves me,
Jesus saves me, Jesus saves me,
I am so glad that Jesus saves me,
Jesus saves me, poor me.

I am so glad that the Father loved me,
And opened a fountain on Mount Calvary;
To save man from sin and to make him an
heir
In the kingdom of glory when Christ shall
appear.

Then if the Lord in his mercy will bring
Me in the kingdom to see the blest King;
This, then, my anthem shall evermore be,
Oh! what a wonder that Jesus saved me!

There where the streamlets eternally glide,
And sweet blooming flowers grow up by
their side;
There with the angels I'll evermore sing,
Glory and honor to Salem's great King!

There, in the city of bright golden streets,
The saints of all ages transported I'll greet,
And there, mid the glory, the greatest will
be
The wonderful love of the Saviour for me.

The Sweet Bye and Bye.

There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we may see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling-place there.
Chorus:—In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore

We shall sing on that beautiful shore
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest.

To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
Chorus:—In the sweet bye and bye,
We shall praise on that beautiful shore.

TUNE, Christian's Voyage, p. 9, Supplement.

Near the Shore.

Though the ocean surges 'round me,
And the white crests leap and foam,
Hark! my loving Captain calls me,
And will bring me safely home.

Chorus:
We are near to the dawn of morning,
When the winds will cease to roar:
Watch! for the Bridegroom soon is coming,—
Then we'll land on Canaan's shore.

See! the signal lights are gleaming
'Mid the angry breakers' roar;
Light upon our chart is streaming
Brighter as we near the shore.

Sweet the odors are perfuming
Breezes from bright Eden's plains;
Hark! the angels are attuning
Melody of sweetest strains.

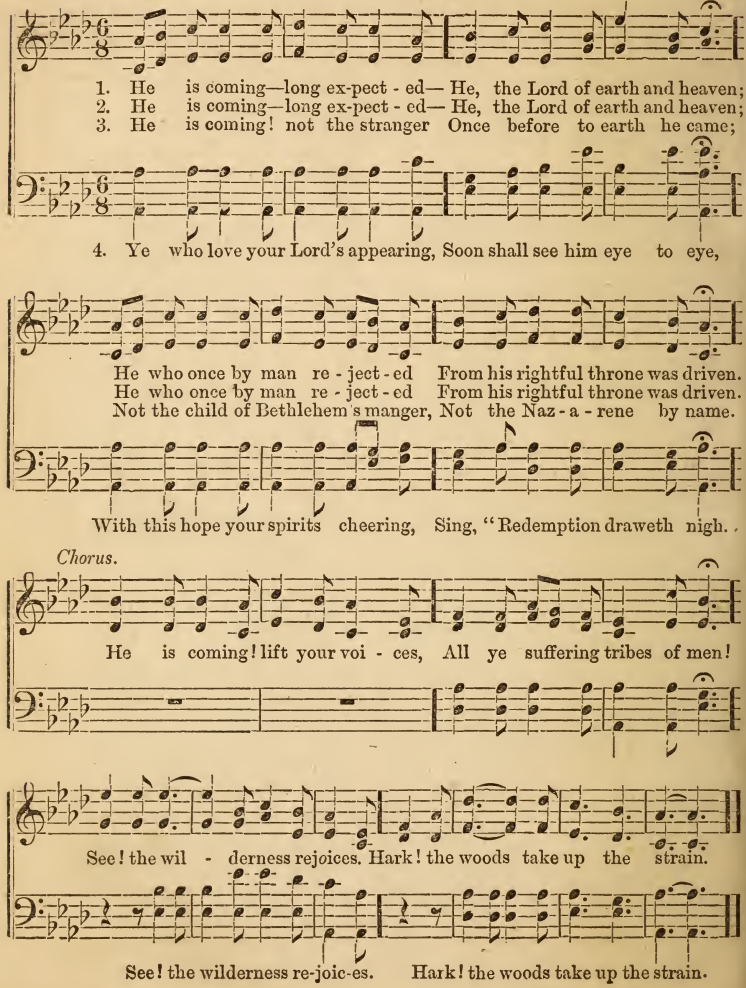
There the balmy zephyrs blowing,
And the crystal streamlets glide,
While the fragrant flowers, blooming,
Wave in beauty on their side.

There the realm is filled with glory
As the waters fill the sea;
And the ransomed tell the story,
"King Emmanuel died for me."

While the angel bands are singing
"Glory! glory! to our King,"
There a song is ever ringing
That the angels cannot sing.

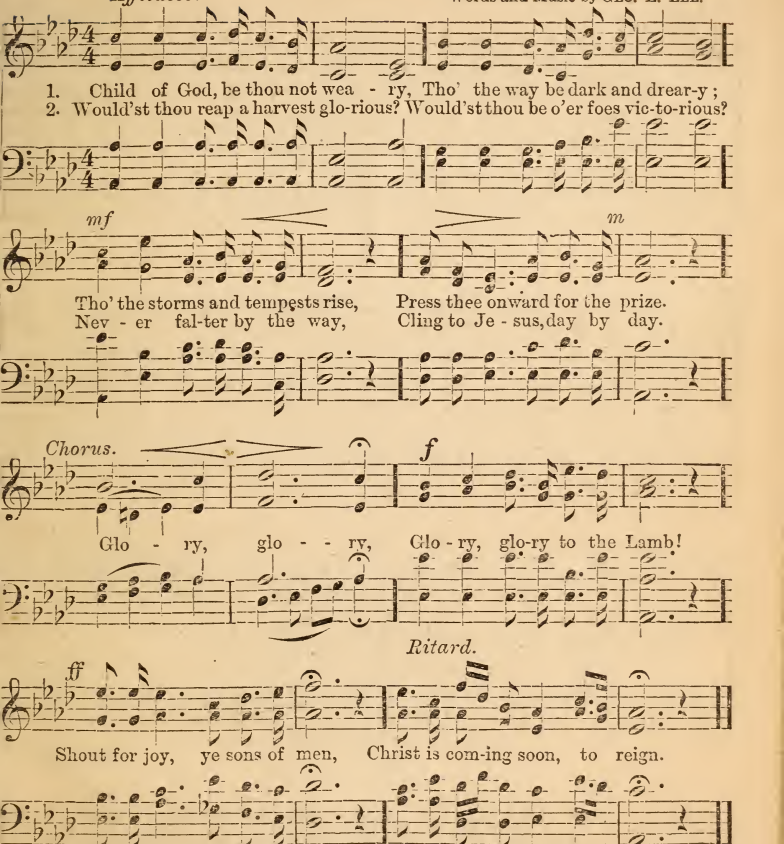
LIFT YOUR VOICES.

Words by W. T. From "The Christian," May 1872. Music by GEO. E. LEE.


1. He is coming—long ex-pect - ed— He, the Lord of earth and heaven;
2. He is coming—long ex-pect - ed— He, the Lord of earth and heaven;
3. He is coming! not the stranger Once before to earth he came;
4. Ye who love your Lord's appearing, Soon shall see him eye to eye,
He who once by man re - ject - ed From his rightful throne was driven.
He who once by man re - ject - ed From his rightful throne was driven.
Not the child of Bethlehem's manger, Not the Naz - a - rene by name.
With this hope your spirits cheering, Sing, "Redemption draweth nigh.
Chorus.
He is coming! lift your voi - ces, All ye suffering tribes of men!
See! the wil - derness rejoices. Hark! the woods take up the strain.
See! the wilderness re-joic-es. Hark! the woods take up the strain.

Affetuoso.

Words and Music by GEO. E. LEE.

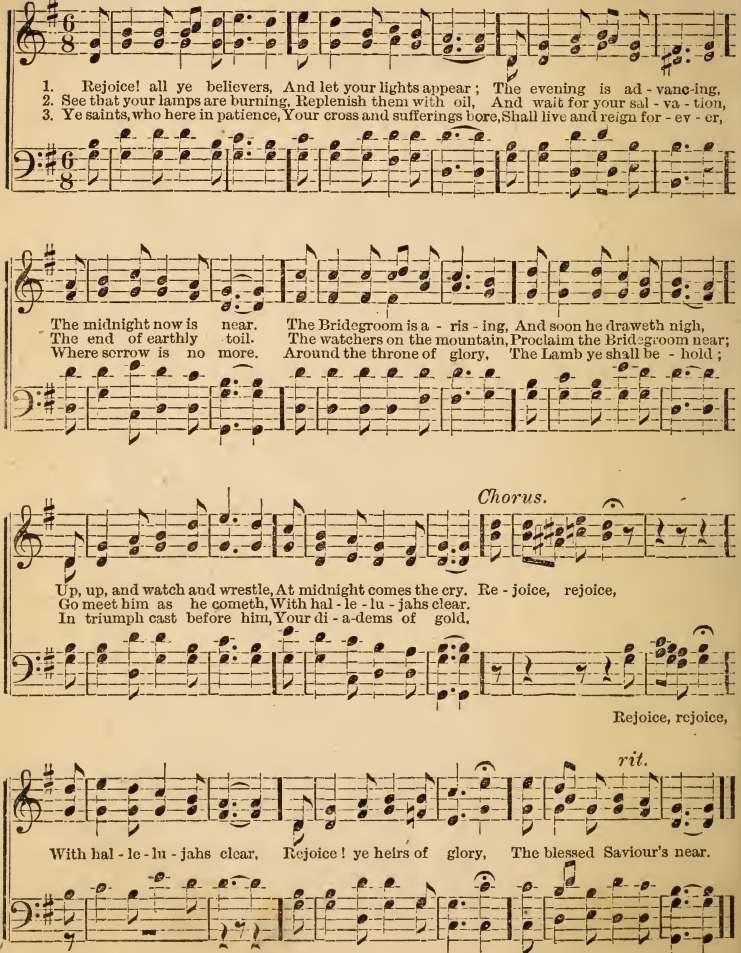

1. Child of God, be thou not wea - ry, Tho' the way be dark and drear-y;
2. Would'st thou reap a harvest glo-rious? Would'st thou be o'er foes vic-to-rious?
mf
m
Tho' the storms and tempests rise, Press thee onward for the prize.
Nev - er fal-ter by the way, Cling to Je - sus, day by day.
Chorus.
f
Glo - ry, glo - - ry, Glo - ry, glo-ry to the Lamb!
Ritard.
ff
Shout for joy, ye sons of men, Christ is com-ing soon, to reign.

3. In the cross of Jesus, glory,
Tell with joy the wondrous story;
Lift the song of triumph high,
Lo! the kingdom now is nigh.—CHO.

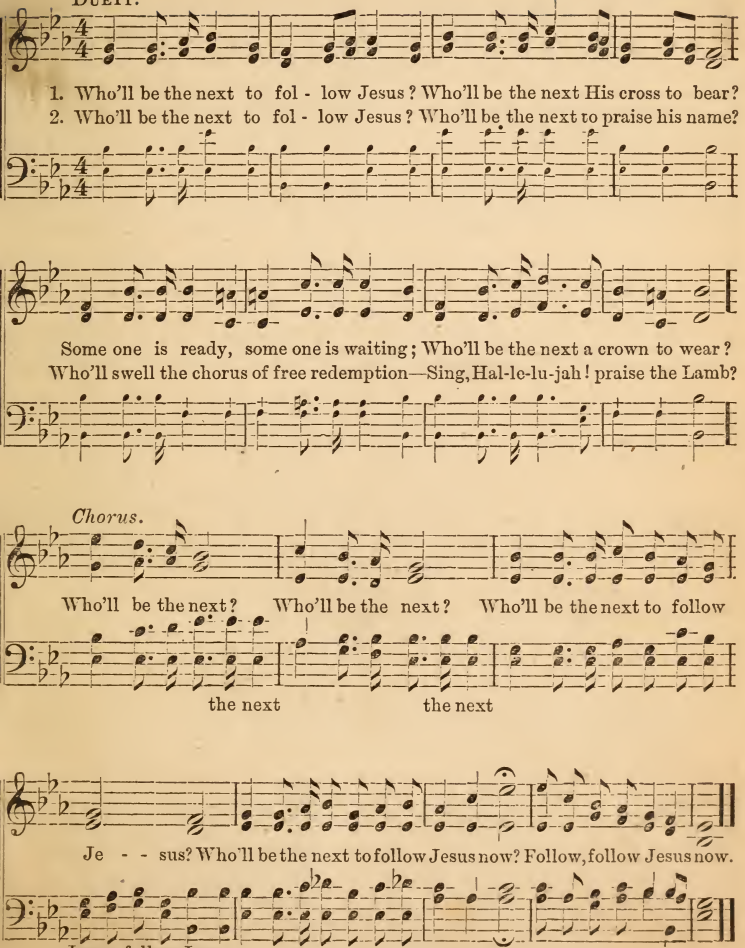
4. Still rejoice! thy burden bearing,
Christ is with thee, ever sharing
All thy woes and daily care,
Ever list'ning to thy prayer.—CHO.

5. Cheer thee up! the day is nearing!
Welcome thou its glad appearing;
Christ with angels soon will come,
Gathering all the reapers home.—CHO.

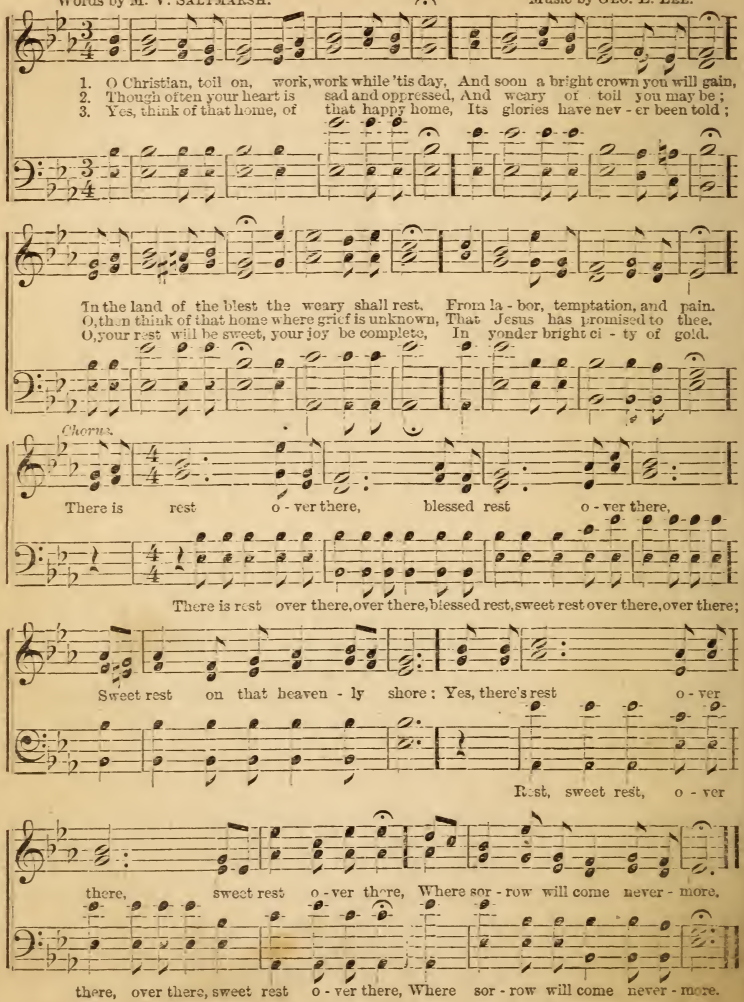
6. Hallelujah! let the echo,
Ring o'er earth, and wave, and billow;
Let the joyful anthem be:
Praise the Lord! salvation's free.—CHO.

Words from the GERMAN. Music by GEO. E. LEE.

1. Rejoice! all ye believers, And let your lights appear; The evening is ad - vanc-ing,
2. See that your lamps are burning, Replenish them with oil, And wait for your sal - va - tion,
3. Ye saints, who here in patience, Your cross and sufferings bore, Shall live and reign for - ev - er,
The midnight now is near. The Bridegroom is a - ris - ing, And soon he draweth nigh,
The end of earthly toil. The watchers on the mountain, Proclaim the Bridegroom near;
Where sorrow is no more. Around the throne of glory, The Lamb ye shall be - hold;
Chorus.
Up, up, and watch and wrestle, At midnight comes the cry. Re - joice, rejoice,
Go meet him as he cometh, With hal - le - lu - jahs clear.
In triumph cast before him, Your di - a-dems of gold.
Rejoice, rejoice,
rit.
With hal - le - lu - jahs clear, Rejoice! ye heirs of glory, The blessed Saviour's near.

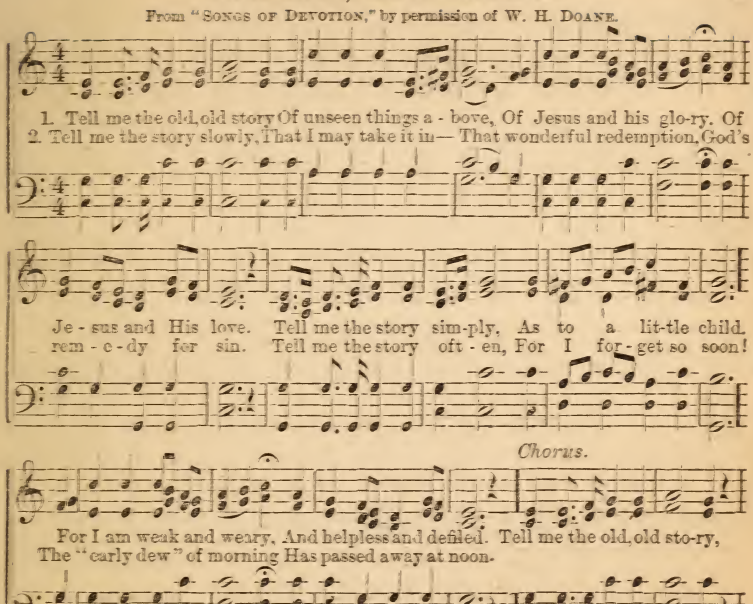
JOHN JACKMAN.


DUETT.
1. Who'll be the next to fol - low Jesus? Who'll be the next His cross to bear?
2. Who'll be the next to fol - low Jesus? Who'll be the next to praise his name?
Some one is ready, some one is waiting; Who'll be the next a crown to wear?
Who'll swell the chorus of free redemption—Sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lamb?
Chorus.
Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next? Who'll be the next to follow
the next the next
Je - - sus? Who'll be the next to follow Jesus now? Follow, follow Jesus now.
Jesus, follow Jesus.

REST OVER THERE.

Words by M. V. SALTMARSH. Music by GEO. E. LEE.

1. O Christian, toil on, work, work while 'tis day, And soon a bright crown you will gain,
2. Though often your heart is sad and oppressed, And weary of toil you may be;
3. Yes, think of that home, of that happy home, Its glories have nev - er been told;
In the land of the blest the weary shall rest. From la - bor, temptation, and pain.
O, then think of that home where grief is unknown, That Jesus has promised to thee.
O, your rest will be sweet, your joy be complete, In yonder bright ci - ty of gold.
Chorus.
There is rest o - ver there, blessed rest o - ver there,
There is rest over there, over there, blessed rest, sweet rest over there, over there;
Sweet rest on that heaven - ly shore; Yes, there's rest o - ver
Rest, sweet rest, o - ver
there, sweet rest o - ver there, Where sor - row will come never - more,
there, over there, sweet rest o - ver there, Where sor - row will come never - more.

From "Songs of Devotion," by permission of W. H. Doane.


1. Tell me the old, old story Of unseen things a - bove, Of Jesus and his glo-ry. Of
2. Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in— That wonderful redemption, God's
Je - sus and His love. Tell me the story sim-ply, As to a lit-tle child.
rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the story oft - en, For I for - get so soon!
Chorus.
For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled. Tell me the old, old sto-ry,
The "early dew" of morning Has passed away at noon.
Tell me the old, old sto-ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je-sus and His love.

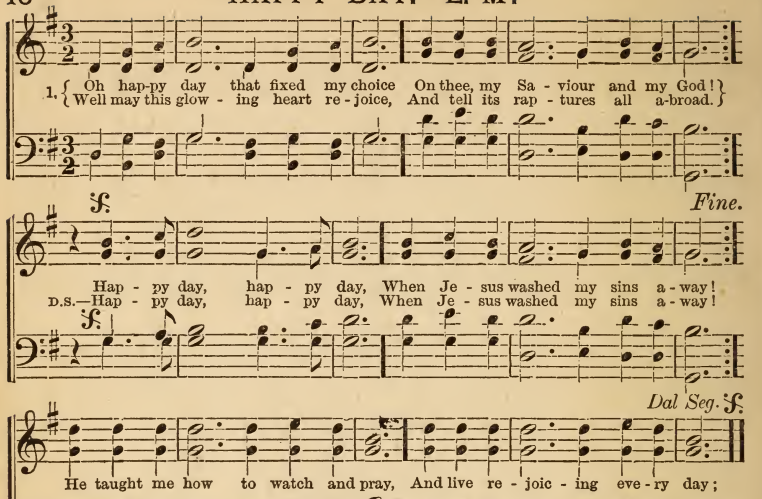
3. Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

Chorus.

4. Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is drawing on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story:
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

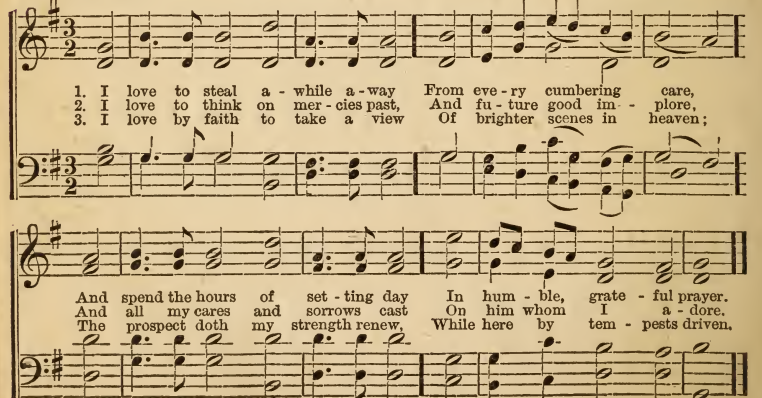
Chorus.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

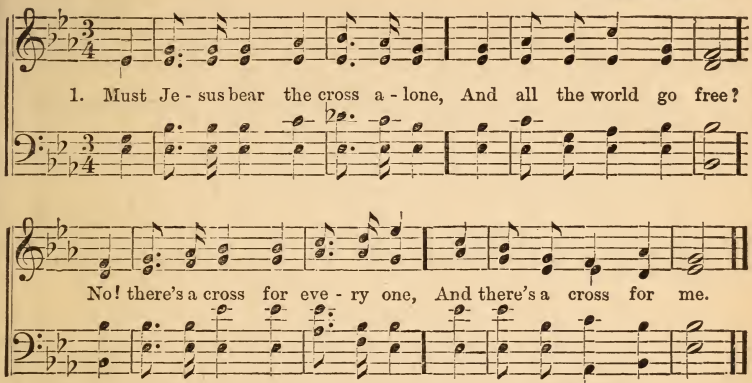

1. { Oh hap-py day that fixed my choice On thee, my Sa - viour and my God!
{ Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a-broad.
Fine.
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
Dal Seg.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing eve - ry day;

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

Mrs. BROWN. D. DUTTON, Jr.

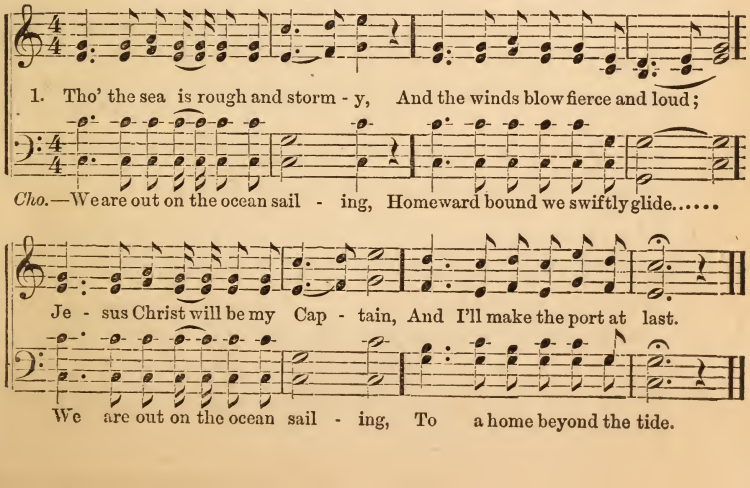

1. I love to steal a - while a - way From eve - ry cumbering care,
2. I love to think on mer - cies past, And fu - ture good im - - plore,
3. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes in heaven;
And spend the hours of set - ting day In hum - ble, grate - ful prayer.
And all my cares and sorrows cast On him whom I a - dore.
The prospect doth my strength renew, While here by tem - pests driven.

M. HENRY KNOX.



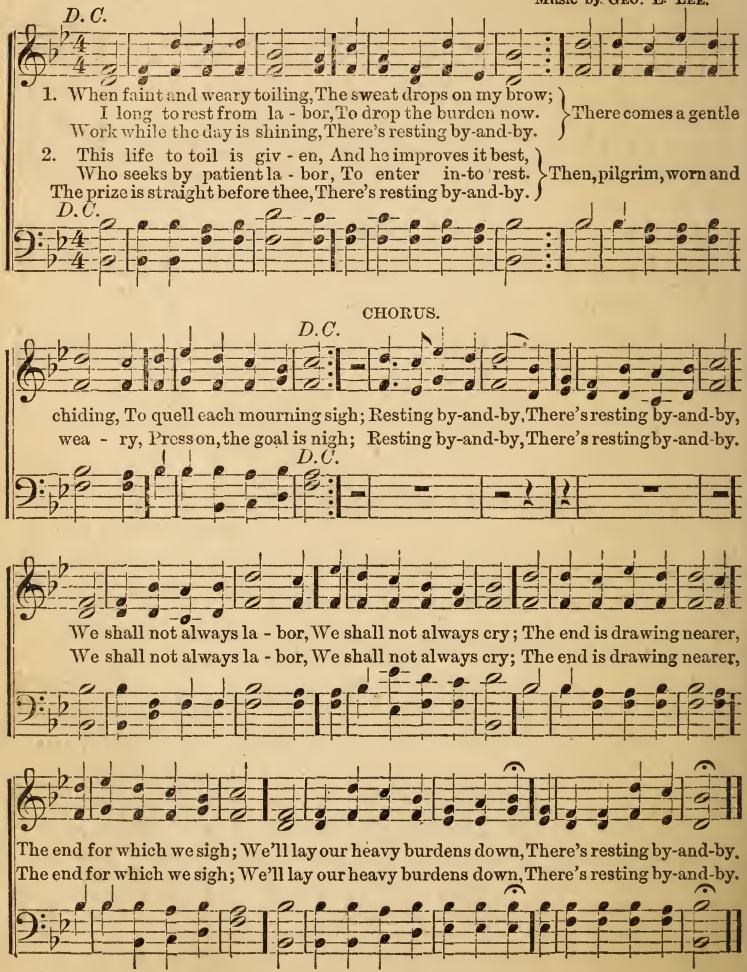
THE CHRISTIAN'S VOYAGE.

Freedmen Melody. Arranged by GEO. E. LEE.

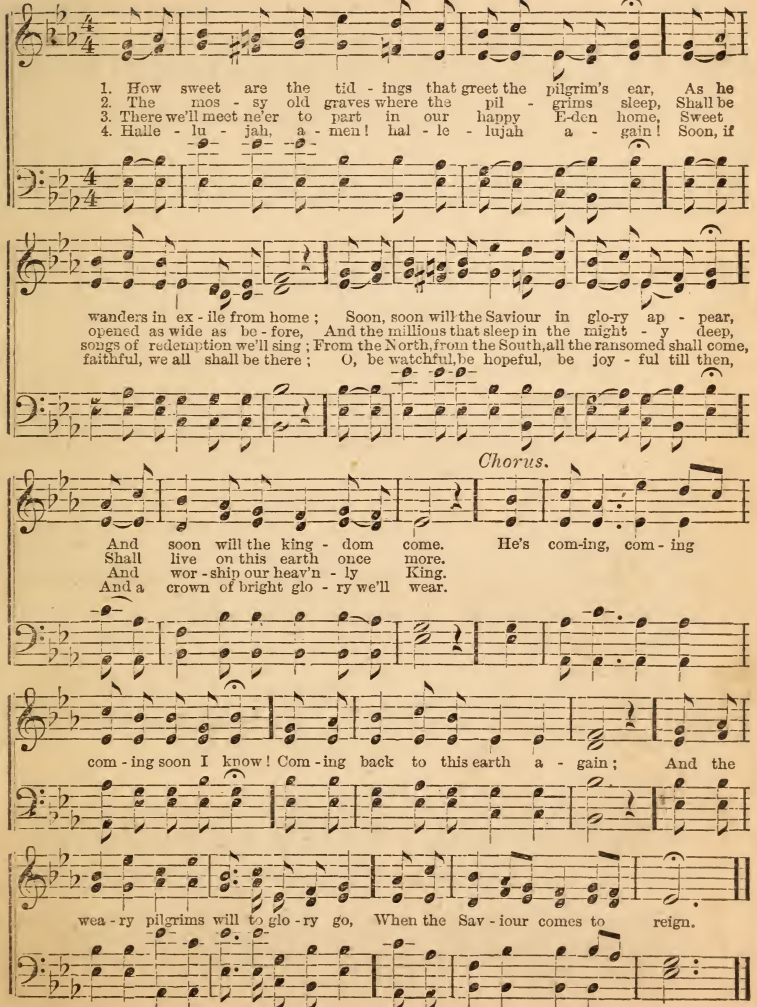

1. Tho' the sea is rough and storm - y, And the winds blow fierce and loud;
Cho.—We are out on the ocean sail - ing, Homeward bound we swiftly glide.....
Je - sus Christ will be my Cap - tain, And I'll make the port at last.
We are out on the ocean sail - ing, To a home beyond the tide.

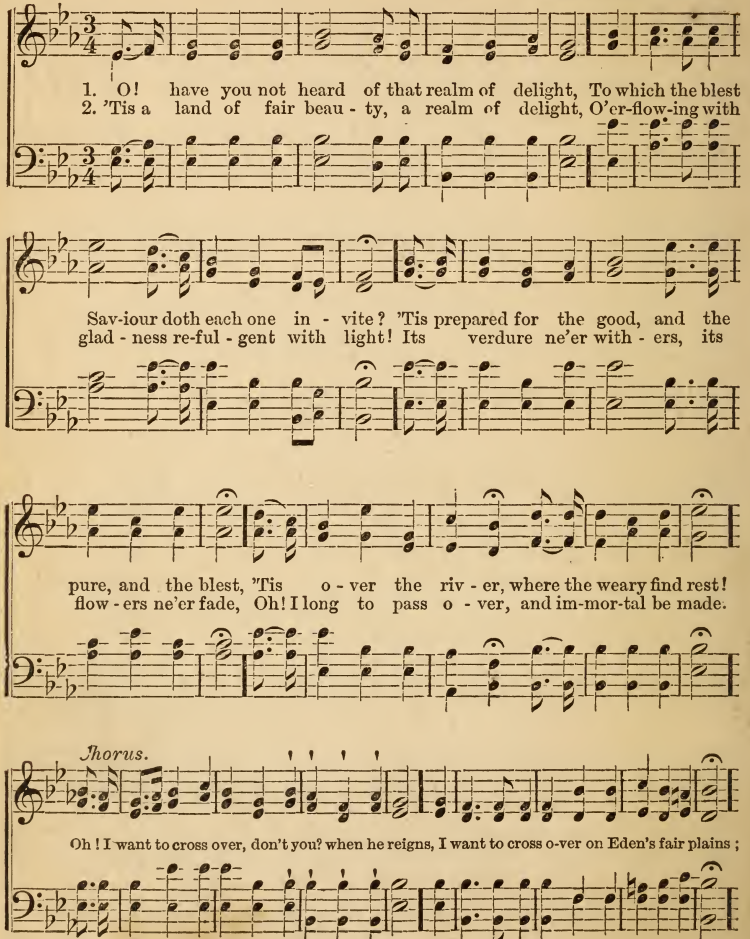
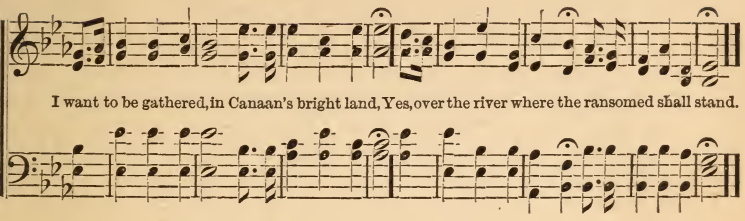
RESTING BY-AND-BY.

Music by GEO. E. LEE.


D. C.
1. When faint and weary toiling, The sweat drops on my brow;
I long to rest from la - bor, To drop the burden now.
Work while the day is shining, There's resting by-and-by.
There comes a gentle
2. This life to toil is giv - en, And he improves it best,
Who seeks by patient la - bor, To enter in-to rest.
The prize is straight before thee, There's resting by-and-by.
Then, pilgrim, worn and
D. C.
CHORUS.
D. C.
chiding, To quell each mourning sigh; Resting by-and-by, There's resting by-and-by,
wea - ry, Press on, the goal is nigh; Resting by-and-by, There's resting by-and-by.
D. C.
We shall not always la - bor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer,
We shall not always la - bor, We shall not always cry; The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down, There's resting by-and-by.
The end for which we sigh; We'll lay our heavy burdens down, There's resting by-and-by.

"HE'S COMING."

Arranged by GEO. E. LEE.

1. How sweet are the tid - ings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he
2. The mos - sy old graves where the pil - grims sleep, Shall be
3. There we'll meet ne'er to part in our happy E-den home, Sweet
4. Halle - lu - jah, a - men! hal - le - lujah a - gain! Soon, if
wanders in ex - ile from home; Soon, soon will the Saviour in glo-ry ap - pear,
opened as wide as be - fore, And the millions that sleep in the might - y deep,
songs of redemption we'll sing; From the North, from the South, all the ransomed shall come,
faithful, we all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joy - ful till then,
Chorus.
And soon will the king - dom come. He's com-ing, com - ing
Shall live on this earth once more.
And wor - ship our heav'n - ly King.
And a crown of bright glo - ry we'll wear.
com - ing soon I know! Com - ing back to this earth a - gain; And the
wea - ry pilgrims will to glo - ry go, When the Sav - iour comes to reign.

Music by GEO. E. LEE.

1. O! have you not heard of that realm of delight, To which the blest
2. 'Tis a land of fair beau - ty, a realm of delight, O'er-flow-ing with
Sav-iour doth each one in - vite? 'Tis prepared for the good, and the
glad - ness re-ful - gent with light! Its verdure ne'er with - ers, its
pure, and the blest, 'Tis o - ver the riv - er, where the weary find rest!
flow - ers ne'er fade, Oh! I long to pass o - ver, and im-mor-tal be made.
Chorus.
Oh! I want to cross over, don't you? when he reigns, I want to cross o-ver on Eden's fair plains ;

3.

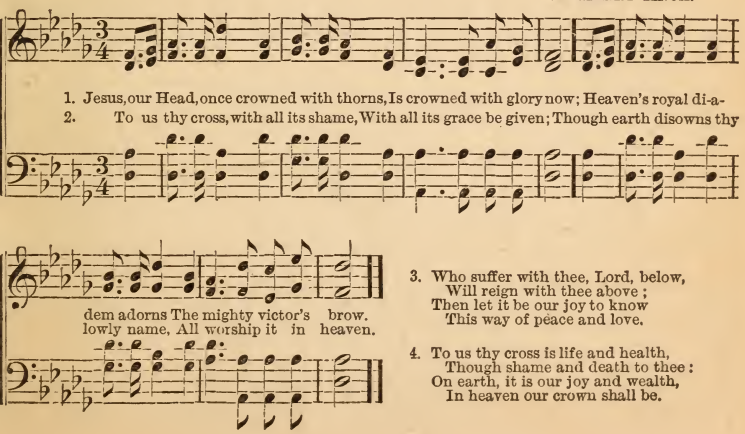
Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold,
Its fulness of joy no tongue can unfold!
How its life-breathing zephyrs float gently along,
While the ransomed are singing redemption's sweet song.

4.

'Tis Jesus invites me, the glory to see;
"To reign with him" there, in the land of the free!
Where the weary saints rest, and the wicked ne'er come!
Yes, over the river, in the saint's Eden home!

HENRY. C. M.

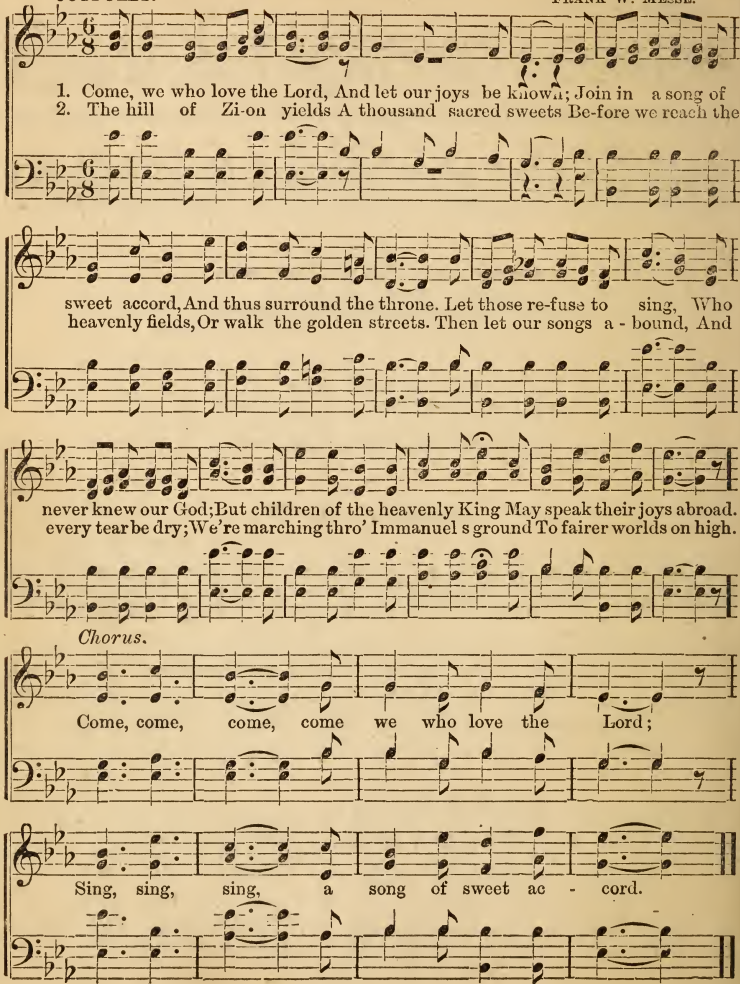
M. Henry Knox.


1. Jesus, our Head, once crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glory now; Heaven's royal di-a-
2. To us thy cross, with all its shame, With all its grace be given; Though earth disowns thy
dem adorns The mighty victor's brow.
lowly name, All worship it in heaven.

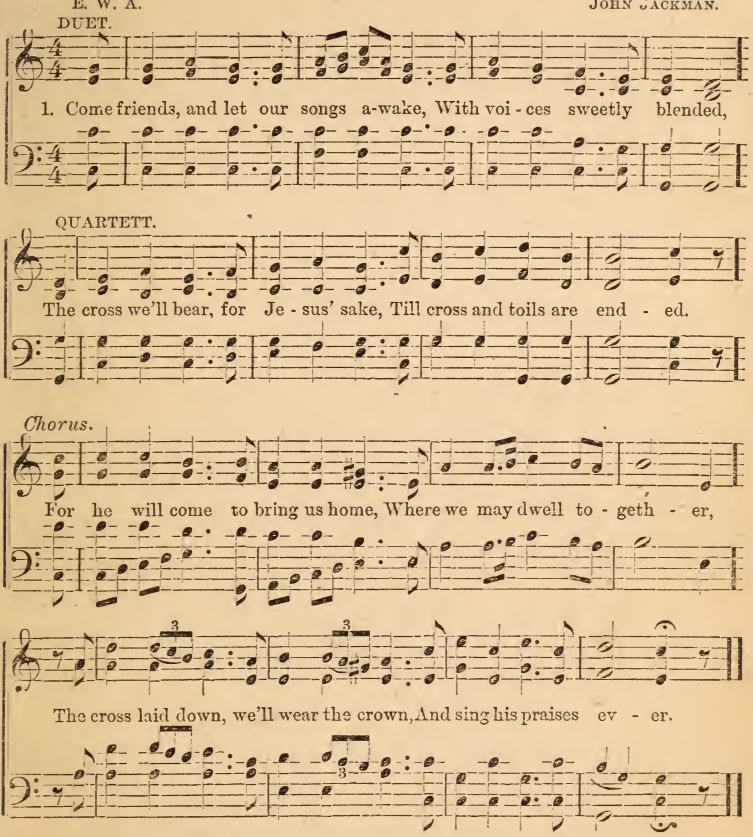
3. Who suffer with thee, Lord, below,
Will reign with thee above;
Then let it be our joy to know
This way of peace and love.

4. To us thy cross is life and health,
Though shame and death to thee:
On earth, it is our joy and wealth,
In heaven our crown shall be.

SONG OF JOY!

JOYFULLY. FRANK W. MESSE.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of
2. The hill of Zi-on yields A thousand sacred sweets Be-fore we reach the
sweet accord, And thus surround the throne. Let those re-fuse to sing, Who
heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs a - bound, And
never knew our God; But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.
every tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel s ground To fairer worlds on high.
Chorus.
Come, come, come, come we who love the Lord;
Sing, sing, sing, a song of sweet ac - cord.

E. W. A. JOHN JACKMAN.

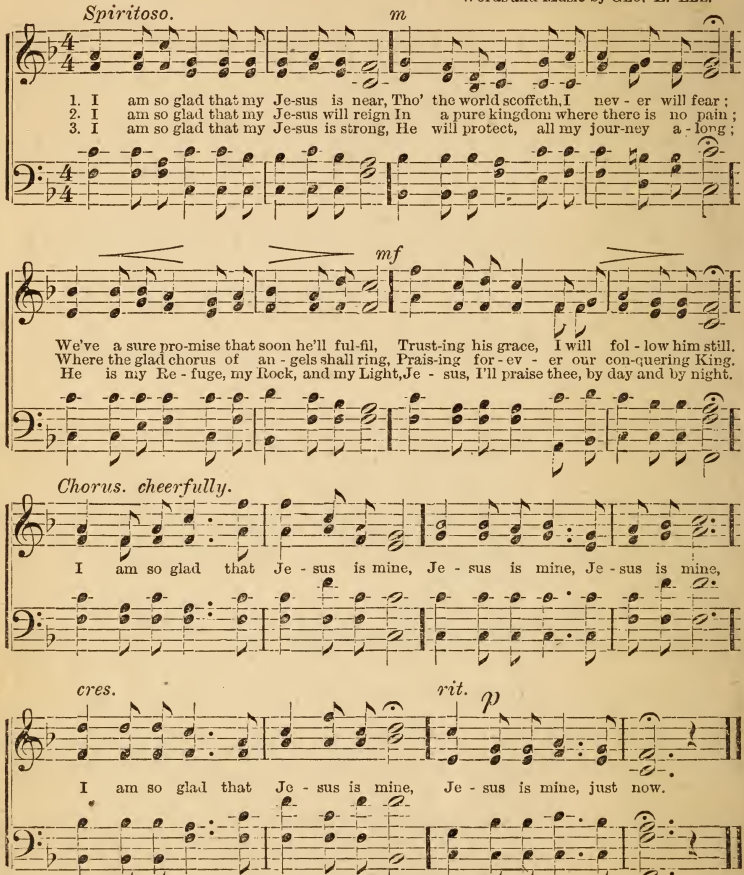

DUET.
1. Come friends, and let our songs a-wake, With voi - ces sweetly blended,
QUARTETT.
The cross we'll bear, for Je - sus' sake, Till cross and toils are end - ed.
Chorus.
For he will come to bring us home, Where we may dwell to - geth - er,
The cross laid down, we'll wear the crown, And sing his praises ev - er.

2. Oh! what amazing love and grace,
Were in the Saviour given,
He bore the cross, to save the race,
And bring us home to heaven.—CHORUS.

3. How can I thank thee, dearest friend,
For all thy love and favor?
To thee let sweetest songs ascend,
Thou blessed, loving Saviour.—CHORUS.

I AM SO GLAD THAT JESUS IS MINE.

Words and Music by GEO. E. LEE.


Spiritoso.
m
1. I am so glad that my Je-sus is near, Tho' the world scoffeth, I nev - er will fear;
2. I am so glad that my Je-sus will reign In a pure kingdom where there is no pain;
3. I am so glad that my Je-sus is strong, He will protect, all my jour-ney a - long;
mf
We've a sure pro-mise that soon he'll ful-fil, Trust-ing his grace, I will fol - low him still.
Where the glad chorus of an - gels shall ring, Prais-ing for - ev - er our con-quering King.
He is my Re - fuge, my Rock, and my Light, Je - sus, I'll praise thee, by day and by night.
Chorus. cheerfully.
I am so glad that Je - sus is mine, Je - sus is mine, Je - sus is mine,
cres.
rit.
p
I am so glad that Je - sus is mine, Je - sus is mine, just now.

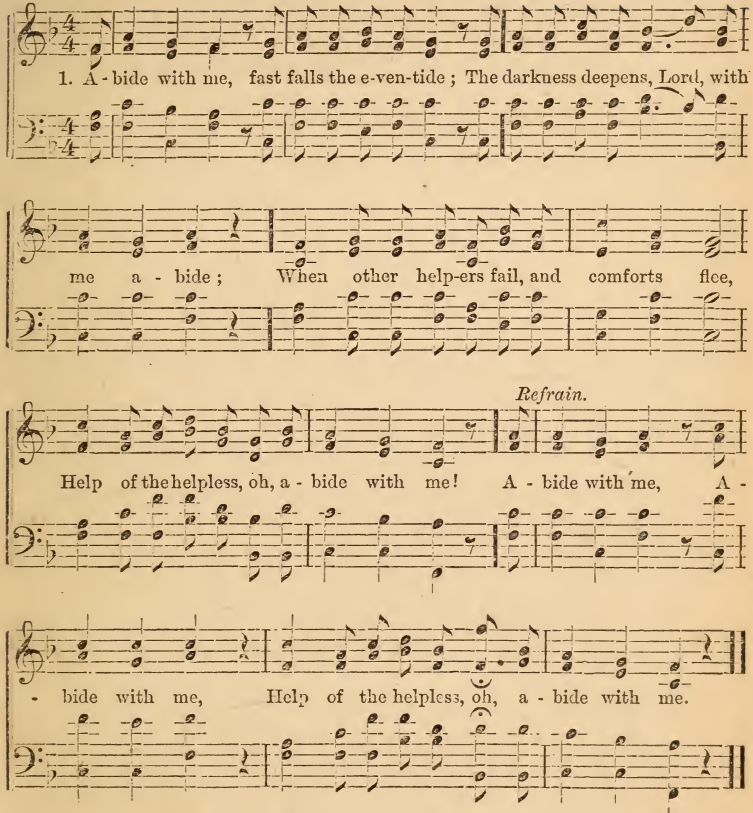
4. I am so glad that my Jesus I love,
Righteous and faithful he always doth prove;
Ever delighting our burdens to share,
If we but earnestly seek him in prayer.

CHORUS.

5. I am so glad that my Jesus doth keep
In his remembrance his children who sleep;
Yes, our long-lost ones immortal shall bloom,
Rising in glory, they'll come from the tomb.

CHORUS.

ABIDE WITH ME.

W. K. Day.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the e-ven-tide ; The darkness deepens, Lord, with
me a - bide ; When other help-ers fail, and comforts flee,
Refrain.
Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me! A - bide with me, A -
- bide with me, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.

2. Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I've left thee ;
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

3. Hold thy dear cross before my closing eyes;
Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
When morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

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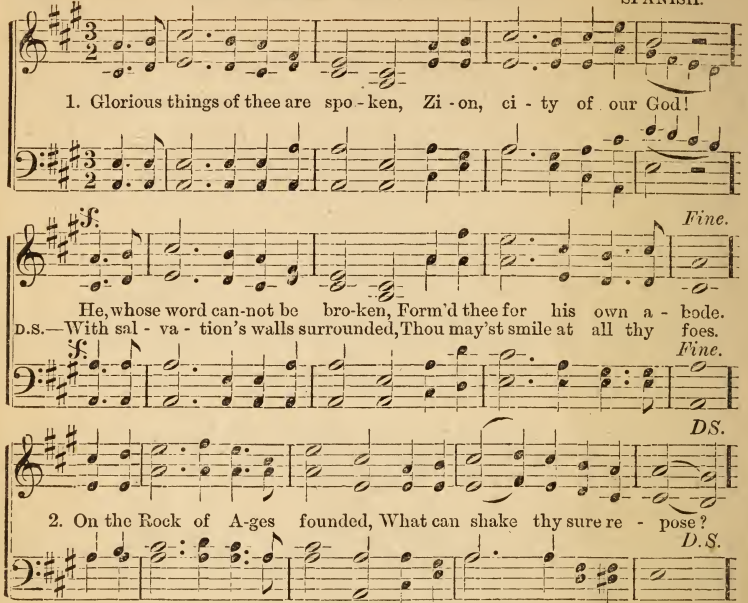
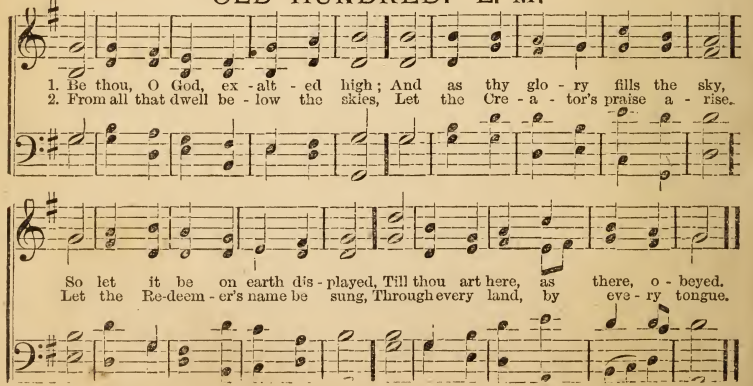
SPANISH.


1. Glorious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God!
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Form'd thee for his own a - bode.
D.S.—With sal - va - tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
2. On the Rock of A-ges founded, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Fine.
D.S.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.


1. Be thou, O God, ex - alt - ed high; And as thy glo - ry fills the sky,
2. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise.
So let it be on earth dis - played, Till thou art here, as there, o - beyed.
Let the Re-deem - er's name be sung, Through every land, by evs - ry tongue.